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ANCIENT CHRISTIAN SARCOPHAGUS USED AS AN ALTAR IN THE BASILICA OF S MARIA MAGGIORE. SEE PAGE 244.

LETTERS FROM ROME

TO

FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

BY THE

REV. JOHN W. BURGON, M.A.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE.

I did not without regret give it my last farewell.

JOHN EVELYN (1645.)

LONDON :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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TO
THE ENGLISH CONGREGATION AT ROME,
(FEBRUARY—MAY, 1860;)

THE MOST 'BEAUTIFUL FLOCK' I EVER SHEPHERDED;

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE DAYS

WHICH THEIR KINDNESS MADE PASSING SWEET TO ME:

AND WITH A HUMBLE PRAYER

THAT, TO SOME MEMBERS OF THAT FLOCK AT LEAST,

THE IMPERFECT MINISTRATIONS OF THOSE DAYS

MAY NOT HAVE BEEN UNBLESSED.

Oriel, 1861.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD, FROM THE CATACOMBS : SEE PAGE 235.

PREFACE.

IN strictness, these were not "Letters *from* Rome." A traveller who resides but a short time in that wondrous city, has no leisure to prepare Letters for the press. Scarcely is he able to jot down, with punctuality, the impressions of the passing hour; especially if, to every other claim on his time, are superadded the duties,—(let me rather say, *the privileges*,)—of a Chaplain. The title of the present volume, nevertheless, sufficiently describes its general character. Its miscellaneous contents must be ascertained from an inspection of the headings of its chapters.

At Rome indeed, in the present instance, the intention of some day publishing anything about Rome, was but faintly entertained, if at all. Friends put such thoughts into one's head. The present writer, even on his return to England, by no means contemplated so serious a respon-

sibility as a volume. It was at first only intended, briefly, to call attention to a few matters of interest,—the Codex Vaticanus, the modern Romish Services, certain Inscriptions from the Catacombs. But a series of Letters, when once begun, has a strange tendency to grow. Twenty of those now published, (No. II. to No. XXI.,) under the title of “Letters to Home Friends,” appeared in the “Guardian,” between August 15th, 1860, and January 2nd, 1861; thus enjoying the advantage of a wide and important circulation. They attracted such favourable notice, and a republication of the entire series was so strenuously recommended, that the intention was at last seriously entertained. Such has been the history of the present volume,—which would have been a less imperfect performance but that a very slender amount of available leisure could be bestowed upon it. Several Letters however have been added; and the former twenty have been carefully revised throughout. It is hoped that the fac-similes of early Christian Epitaphs from the Catacombs, and other Monuments, with which these pages have been enriched, will secure for them a more than ephemeral interest.

Some apology should perhaps be offered for the very unlearned character of the present volume: but in truth, with the exception of two of the letters, (Nos. II. and III.), it has been the writer's desire throughout to address *intelligent*, rather than *learned* readers. Hence the peculiar character of the last three letters; which are intended to embody a popular reply to the popular objections made by Romanists or Romanizers against our own Branch of the Catholic Church.

HOUGHTON CONQUEST,
Sept. 9th, 1861.



MONOGRAM OF CHRIST, AND SACRED ANAGRAM FROM A CATACOMB. SEE PAGES 226 AND 211.

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LETTERS FROM ROME

TO

FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

LETTER I.

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN METHOD OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.—
CHAPEL OF ST. GERVAIS, AT ROUEN.—ANCIENT CHAPEL AT LYONS.—
SCENERY ABOUT VIENNE.—AVIGNON.—ARLES.—ARRIVAL AT ROME.—A
DAY AT OSTIA.

To Miss Anna C., and Miss Gertrude M. Rose.

My dearest little girls,

When Peter Heylyn, in 1654, published "A full relation of two journeys, the one into the main-land of France, the other into some of the adjacent islands; performed and digested into six books,"—(as if he had been composing an Epic poem!)—he began with some remarks on "*The nature of the sea.*" He had so much to say about the winds, and the waves, and even the fishes, between Dover and Dieppe,—(indeed he had leisure to become acquainted with all three, inasmuch as he was thirty-nine hours in crossing the channel,)—that it is quite a relief, on reaching page 9, to find that he ever got to France at all.

Your uncle is not going to imitate Peter Heylyn. Continental travelling has long since lost its strangeness to English people; and so long as a man keeps to the beaten road, a journey to Rome no longer affords scope for romantic adventure. Between St. Paul's and St. Peter's, you could not

B

even lose your portmanteau, if you were to try. It is quite distressing to find the avenues for a picturesque incident everywhere so effectually blocked up. "Clean cab?"—is shouted to you at Rome, as you descend the Piazza di Spagna steps, by one whose knowledge of English literature is restricted to that pair of monosyllables. "Beautiful cascade!"—remarks the guide at Tivoli, who yet cannot advance one step further in the way of conversation. What wonder if an Englishman in the streets of Paris, when he appeals, (in his very best French,) for the redress of some petty grievance, to a 'Commissaire,' is met with a reproachful remonstrance? "Och,—yeu air Anglich mans! Then what for yeu nat tâlk to me Anglasc?"

A mighty convenience, no doubt, Continental Railway travelling must be allowed to be; but it has its own abundant drawbacks. To spin along from place to place at the rate of twenty miles an hour, is not the way to understand even the general features of a country. You enter a capital at its wrong end,—stop where you ought not, and do not stop where you ought,—can no more become acquainted with a lovely scene than with the slide of a magic lantern if the showman is impatient,—are practically often compelled to travel by night,—and are treated to a geological inspection of the strata, the moment you get among hills and are most desirous to contemplate the surface of the earth.—When at last you *do* come to a halt, it is sure to be at a place where all is painfully well known; and where everything is ready done to your hand in "Murray."

And yet, to a watchful eye and ear, it is impossible to get over many yards of foreign ground without noticing something of sufficient interest even for a written memorandum; and such memoranda are generally found to interest those who never saw one's face, and care nothing for one personally. At Rouen, after conducting me down a long flight

of steps into the subterranean church of St. Gervais, the sous-sacristan left me to ring *the 12 o'clock bell*. Another bell, (for early mass,) which generally woke me at 6 in the morning, supplied a further illustration of an English usage of forgotten origin. A thoughtful spirit cannot even contemplate Dieppe, (to proceed no further,) as it first meets the eye,—so picturesque and peculiar in its architectural outlines,—without being impressed for life by the utter severance which may be effected by a few miles of intermediate sea. In fact, setting foot on French soil, to an attentive observer, is really like getting into a new world; so dissimilar is everything,—costume, language, manners, aspect, architecture, religion. However, even if nothing of the kind were the case; if there were a turnpike road all the way to Rome; it would be natural to write somewhat of a preliminary kind in a preliminary letter: and so I have determined to throw together a few of the impressions which survive most vividly in my memory, at the end of a year and a half; and to address the miscellaneous result to your dear little selves.

That subterranean chapel of St. Gervais, which I spoke of just now, is a very extraordinary relic. It reminded me of the crypt of St. Peter's in-the-East at Oxford; but it is far more ancient. The proportions of it are 12 paces by 6, with a semicircular apse beyond, which is $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet higher than the floor of the body of the chapel. The chapel, being divided by an arch, (which, like the roof, is semicircular,) is made to consist as it were of nave and chancel. A stone seat surrounds the little edifice,—the part of the seat in the apse being a few inches higher than the part in the chancel; and this last being higher than the seat in the nave. A semicircular recess in the wall, (one on the north, another on the south,) exactly resembling the arcosolium of the Catacombs, is on either side of the west

end of this chapel: while another recess, 3 feet square, (a large square hole in fact,) is on either side of the chancel. The whole carries one back to a very remote period, I am persuaded. It was more like one of the excavated chapels in the Catacombs than anything I have ever seen elsewhere. . . . The cimetière adjoining the church of St. Gervais occupies the site of the ancient Monastery, where William the Conqueror went to die. As for the little circular crypt which was the scene of the confinement and death of Pothinus, at Lyons, it will hardly bear description: while the ancient subterranean chapel of Sts. Alexander, Irenæus, and Epipodius, also at Lyons; dwells on my memory chiefly on account of the following affecting inscription which may be traced on a stone in the floor of a chapel adjoining:—

“D.O.M. Ci gist Damoselle Marguerite La Barge de Lyon, decedée le 30 Dec. 1692, âgée de 45 ans, à qui l'on na (*sic*) parmi d'élire sa sepulthure dans ce lieu saint ou (?) à cause de la vie penitente quelle y amenée l'espace de neuf ans pour estre eternellement unie aux martyrs de cette église quelle a si fidellement prié pendant sa vie.—Requiescat in pace. Amen.”

Poor creature! to have been incarcerated in that dark hole for nine long years, from the age of 36 to 45. What a burning desire must she have experienced, to be, when she departed, ‘with CHRIST’! The solemn certainty that I beheld the scene of that recent act of intense devotion moved me far more than the tradition, (necessarily a faltering one,) concerning the chapel of Irenæus and the rest.

We shall get to Rome by-and-by. I cannot forbear telling you how exquisitely agreeable, even in winter, is the scenery all about Vienne. Indeed, the colours of winter, if the sun is but shining on them,—the rich browns, the soft greys and pale yellows,—even in England, always seem

to me more beautiful than those of summer. In the sunny south, you get besides projecting roofs of dull yellowish red surmounting white walls, above which they cast broad shadows: and, on the occasion I am thinking of, the Rhone kept beautifully in sight, with its ruffled, and sometimes even rough waters of the *palest* turquoise green, flowing over a bed of yellowish shingle; which by the way is the prevailing soil over which the railway runs all the way to Avignon. (If ever you go over that ground, be sure you fight for the *west*, or Rhone side of the carriage.) Too lovely a spot, (I said to myself,) for Pontius Pilate to have been banished to! These then were the hills among which that troubled conscience retired! The whole place seemed to me full of nothing but *him*. Truly, the thought that I was looking on the sights with which *he* was once familiar, filled my heart so full, that there was hardly room even for the image of those early Martyrs, whose precious memorial-letter is one of the few authentic remains of the first age of the Christian Church.

You cannot imagine what an interesting town Avignon is; so full of picturesque and narrow curvilinear streets. Lyons, with all its interest, is still but an imitation of Paris; and Paris is only a beautiful London. But at Avignon you feel that you have got far away from common associations, and are in another world. Rouen is picturesque and interesting enough for anybody; but at Avignon you know that you have got *into the south*. The only nuisance there is the wind. It was blowing a hurricane when we entered the city, and the tocsin was ringing to give notice of a conflagration. Chimneys were being hurled down, and windows broken.

Some persons call the wind 'Borasque:' but the common name for it is 'Mistrael.' At Lyons, it is called 'Bise.' It upset the omnibus at Marseille, and really was such a visitation as I had never witnessed before in my life. I still hear

the old custode of the Museum:—"Vous ne pouvez pas aller là haut, aujourd'hui,"—in reply to an announcement that I was impatient to see the Cathedral. "Je conçois. Mais où est la Cathédrale?" "O là haut,—tout près du Palais des Papes." "Mais je dois au moins aller voir la Cathédrale!" "*O diable!*"—and he collapsed as he said the word, staggering from leg to leg, and making a dreadful face, just as if some one had struck him a deadly blow in the stomach. And really it was no joke. I thought I should have been blown away. The only plan was to embrace the wall, and creep along like a cat.

The Cathedral is a curious though disappointing structure: but the votive offerings within are numerous and singular,—especially the fashion of hanging up worsted cords. When ill, persons procure cords which have been blessed; bind them about their persons; and when recovered, offer them up to the Virgin,—who is the presiding deity at Avignon, as elsewhere in countries of the Roman obedience.—The Palace of the Popes is very interesting indeed, though reduced to a mere barrack, and therefore nasty enough. But it requires little imagination to fill up the outlines supplied by the sombre feudal ruin,—half dungeon, half fortress, and no palace at all: abounding too in horrible stories, which the guide, (a soldier from Sebastopol,) delighted in making hideous. It was a relief to get into the two chapels, and to scan the mutilated frescoes on their walls. More refreshing however was the view from the windows of square tower, called La Glacière. In the far distance splendidly uprose M. Ventoux; and all in front was seen the city,—an exquisite panorama. As it lay stretched out peacefully in the evening sunshine, it was impossible to behold it, and to suppress an exclamation of delight and admiration. There was the Rhone too, of so exquisite a tint! and everything so ravishingly beautiful as to colour and outline;

. . . . But the air of desolation and desertion was what struck me most. I thought that perhaps this might be a consequence, in part, of the storm of wind which was raging, and which rendered walking disagreeable and even difficult: but the guide said it was always so. Avignon, he said, reminded him of Sebastopol *after the siege*. And really, the place *has* a kind of bombarded, slightly ruinous air; or at least it wears a look of decadence; which, superadded to so much of indescribable beauty and softness, inspires a tender and soothing sentiment, by no means uncongenial to one who comes from a scene of lusty life. I gazed and gazed, and could not help returning to gaze again.

The dialect of Avignon is altogether peculiar, and differs so considerably on the two sides of the city, that a speaker is detected in a moment. It is singular to find in a town two distinct languages going on at the same time. A bookseller talks to you in French, (with a highly provincial accent,) and in the same breath addresses his shopman in Patois which no amount of attention enables you to understand. The Provençal language abounds in proverbs, I find; as well as in Christmas Carols,—*Noëls*, which they pronounce “Nouvés.”

The next place was Arles, which I wanted to see chiefly because three British Bishops attended the Council which was held there, A.D. 814. But I forgot all about the Right Reverend bench the instant I entered the mighty oval of the ancient Amphitheatre, and began to admire the colossal masonry, the excellent contrivance for entrance and exit, the effectual protection of the spectators against the beasts, the provision that all the spectators should be able *to see*. How those ancient architects,—Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks, Romans,—seem to have built for eternity! And how does all recorded Time seem to shrivel to a span while we contemplate their handy-work! . . . This amphi-

theatre was built over, till thirty years ago, and still wants excavation. What a capital fortress it must have made for the Saracens! and what a splendid scene the storm by Charles Martel, a thousand years ago, must have been! . . . On my way back from Rome, I visited Nismes; and scruple not to say that the amphitheatre of that very interesting city is well worth inspection even to one who comes fresh from the Coliseum. It is wonderfully perfect; and what is remarkable, it is still applied to its ancient purpose. Animals are baited in the area, or there is a species of exhibition going on within it, on Sundays, all through the summer, to the present day.

There are also to be seen at Arles the wrecks of what must have been once a most beautiful Theatre. Very exquisite must all its appointments once have been, to judge from the lovely fragments of sculpture which have survived the storm of twenty hundred years. The Church of S. Trophimus charmed me more, — especially its beautiful cloisters. What haunts my memory most, however, is the ancient Cemetery of Arles, popularly called ‘Aliscamps,’ (a corruption of *Elysii Campi*,) — now shamefully desecrated; but which was in use from Roman times until the seventeenth century. Then came the Revolution; then came — the Railway; and the locality, sung by Dante and Ariosto, became a wilderness of ruined graves. The sarcophagi of the ancient inhabitants in pagan times, as well as those of the early Christians, were exhumed, and the dead were heartlessly rifled. I was particularly affected by the narrative of the concierge, who, in the ruined church of St. Honoré pointed to an open leaden coffin in which was a confused heap of bones and a skull. It was the coffin of a girl of 18, which he remembered seeing opened. The teeth were all instantly wrenched out for relics, and the poor body was despoiled. Traces of the girl’s dress were dis-

coverable, and her hair lay on either side of her face. . . . One is led to inquire,—What right have men to act thus by the dead? Surely I cannot be peculiar in feeling that humanity cries out against these barbarous outrages, (of which we have had but too many instances in England!) performed on persons who are no longer able to defend themselves, and whose natural defenders are away! How does it come to pass that St. Cuthbert at Durham, and Edward I. at Westminster, and Bishop Fox at Winchester, and Charles I. at Windsor, may be pulled about, in turn? What possible warrant can the lapse of a few centuries be supposed to convey for the commission of such outrages on the repose of the departed? . . . But to come back to Arles. You approach the ancient place of tombs through two long lines of empty sarcophagi. A more deplorable sight I never witnessed in my life. Let any one who dreams of being remembered after death, or hopes that the place of his rest will be respected,—let such an one go take the walk I took on the wintry morning of the 13th February, 1860; and he will never be able to forget it while he lives.*

Well, we must consider that we have passed the sterile wilderness which spreads between Arles and Marseille; and made all sorts of observations, as well as indulged in every possible form of remark. We have crossed the blue waters of the Mediterranean, dotted over with pretty little sails, like the wings of sea-gulls. We have survived the impertinences

* Since this was written, I have found on the last leaf of the pocket-book I carried with me, something scribbled which shows that exactly what is here offered in prose, sought expression on the spot in verse:—

Let him who dreams of quiet after death,—
And him who, (plumed with high conceit of birth,
And ancient wealth, and all that makes men strong.)
Claims for himself, a quite inviolate grave,—
Go visit Arles!

of Civita Vecchia, and made a sweeping induction, (less incorrect than most inductions based on such slender grounds,) that we have alighted among a race of beggars: for to call them thieves, would be uncivil. We have entered Rome,—and felt disappointed. But Rome does not care about that. We shall learn to like Rome well enough, by-and-by. . . . As for the Carnival, (which was at its zenith when I first beheld the Corso,) I will not tell you how stupid I thought it. Something shall be said on the subject on another occasion. But I will conclude this letter by describing briefly the events of the morrow,—my first day in Rome.

Mr. Thomas, (whom you know,) announced overnight that he had a rare treat in store for me. Miss Howard had lent him her carriage, and he proposed a day at Ostia, (the ancient port of Rome,) where there had been some recent excavations. So next morning, at an early hour, we started,—Thomas, Major Oldfield (and his beard), Mr. Combe, and I.

Winding our way across Rome was all pleasant enough. So was the exit from the city, which afforded a glimpse at the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and the temple of Vesta. But after that, it began to rain hard; and we were in an open carriage; and the scenery grew more and more hopelessly uninteresting every mile we went. I am not slow at finding beauty; but really there was none to find. Heaved up on our left was the waste campagna,—diversified only with an occasional swell in the ground, or by a herd of bullocks, or a flock of sheep: shrubs rare,—trees rarer,—dwellings rarest of all. On the right, the muddy Tiber was to be seen gliding slowly between muddy banks skirted by muddy meadows. There was nothing else to break the singular monotony of the long joyless drive. A leaden sky over-head, and a steady rain. Of course we took care to twit Thomas with the “rare treat” he was giving

us. At last I took refuge in the thought that we were beholding the very sight which must have saddened the heart of every Roman soldier who in ancient days turned his back on the joys of the capital to start for Greece or for Africa, for Britain or for Gaul; the sight which must have been seen by every one who in ancient days came to visit Rome. This speculation amused me; and it grew more vivid as occasional traces of the ancient pavement of the Via Ostiensis came to view. I am sure one needed amusement: for the road at last grew so *execrable* that it seemed problematical whether we should be able to prosecute our journey,—and certainly whether we should ever get to Ostia. It was a relief to one's feelings to hear the driver objurgate every peasant we met: but unhappily all the objurgation in the world was powerless to fill the holes in the road, into which every few minutes our wheels went with a bump which plunged them into the mire above the axle. I kept a sharp look-out all the time in order to ascertain how far it would be possible to walk back to Rome, in case of a grand crash. However we got to Ostia at the end of 3 or 4 hours.

When we arrived there, we found an "Antica Osteria" of the humblest description, in which we despatched our viands; and now, a bright thought struck Thomas. Some half-a-dozen rough fellows were drying themselves and drinking, before the fire; whose huge jack-boots he proposed that we should hire, in order to see the excavations at Ostia (as he said) "with comfort." We bargained for the use of these machines at the rate of two pauls a-pair, and proceeded to get into them. But it was like putting one's leg into a vast ram's horn. "Thank you," I said, (as my friends strode past me, with the air partly of Italian brigands, partly of Cromwellian soldiers:) "you all three look very imposing, to be sure; but I would rather risk the mud

as I am." O if you could but have seen their faces, at the end of twenty minutes,—so cruelly puckered up with something between the affectation of high antiquarian enthusiasm, and the reality of ill-concealed anguish resulting from a galled instep and tortured heel! They limped about, and hung out their tongues, quite piteous for to behold. However, we were all thoroughly delighted with what we witnessed, and which far surpassed our expectations. It quite made amends for the drive. Next to Pompeii, nothing more curious is to be seen anywhere. Whole streets had been excavated, and we stood amidst the remains of an ancient palace, with its baths in excellent preservation, and its mosaic pavements in perfect order; though with an indented surface, as if by the superincumbent pressure of the fallen masonry, now cleared away. There were bases of columns on every side; and the ground was strewed with bits of precious marble, which sparkled after the recent rain.

We made a short visit to Castel Fusano, hard by; a noble château, surrounded by a pine forest, and commanding from the summit a view of the sea. Then we pushed our way back to Rome, after having enjoyed ourselves immensely. As we went along, Thomas made us retract all our impertinences, and confess that the journey to Ostia *had* been a "rare treat" after all. . . . So soon does one learn to forget the petty annoyances of travel! So vividly, at the end of many months, does one retain the incidents of a joyous day like that!

Your loving uncle.

LETTER II.

THE CODEX VATICANUS (B).—DESCRIPTION OF THE CODEX.—MAI'S QUARTO EDITION OF THE TEXT.—HIS OCTAVO EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT PORTION OF THE SAME CODEX.—THE TRUE METHOD OF EDITING SUCH A MANUSCRIPT.

To the Rev. the Principal of St. Edmund Hall.

My dear Principal,

This letter shall be addressed to yourself, because the subject of it will be specially interesting to *you*.

There is hardly any object in Rome which I was more desirous of becoming acquainted with than that famous Greek manuscript of the Bible, about which we had often spoken together, and which scholars designate by the second letter in the alphabet. Though I saw it several times, I never but once had the opportunity of carefully and critically inspecting it. How it happened that this one opportunity was but of an hour and a half's duration, and fell on the very last morning of my stay at Rome,—so that I had literally to decide whether I would leave Rome without packing up my things, or without making a hasty collation of Codex B,—I forbear to explain. It were an uncongenial task: an ungracious as well as a most ungraceful proceeding. Rather would I record that I owed the privilege entirely to the prompt kindness of one of the most enlightened scholars and accomplished gentlemen in Rome,—the Cavaliere G. B. De Rossi; concerning whom I may have occasion to speak in some future letter, in connection with the Roman Catacombs, of which he is the best living in-

terpreter. But lest my foregoing allusion should seem to convey an imputation where really none is intended, let me state in the plainest manner that, as a general rule, I experienced the greatest possible indulgence, liberality, and consideration from all persons who came in my way at Rome; and that if my Vatican experiences on one occasion, presented somewhat of an exception to this remark, there had been enough of kindness already shown me to make me wish to forget what took place *then*. I allude to the hour and a half so markedly, because it constitutes the only apology I am able to offer for having made such a very partial collation of the MS. in question, and examined its contents so very slightly. An hour and a half soon goes when the eye has to find its way through a forest of uncials. This was, moreover, such a very anxious and hurried hour and a half, that I cannot feel as confident of the accuracy of all my observations, as I should have been had there been leisure for a second glance at the page before passing on. Thus, (to begin with what I am convinced was an inaccurate observation,) I find it hastily noted that the Codex begins with the words *πάλιν εἰς γῆν* (Gen. xlv. 28), and ends with *ἄμωμον τῷ θεῷ κατὰ* (Heb. ix. 14); whereas it is evident that I ought to have written that last word with a Θ.

This famous Codex, then, which is numbered (as all the world knows) No. 1209, is a quarto volume, bound in red morocco, about four and a half inches thick; the vellum pages being ten and a half inches high, and ten inches across. Every page contains three columns, and there are about seventeen or eighteen letters in a line. The calligraphy is exquisite, and the MS., though it has not been always well used, is in admirable condition. The letters are very unlike what is commonly represented; thus, ten lines go into the space occupied by seven which Tischendorf

has imitated.^a As for the uncouth woodcut in Horne's *Introduction*,^b it scarcely gives any idea of the Codex Vaticanus at all: even the representation in Sylvestre's *Paléographie Universelle*, is anything but accurate. And the same must be said of the fac-simile which Mai has given of an entire column. It gives quite a wrong notion of the original, which more resembles in the general character of the letters one of the ancient rolls found at Herculaneum than anything else. There is no space between any of the words; nor was there, I believe, originally, a single capital letter to be seen in the volume from one end to the other. No part of the MS. has at any time been miniated. There is an occasional division into paragraphs; but for several consecutive pages the writing is often continuous. Thus, although every descent in the genealogies (St. Matt. i. and St. Luke iii.)—each of the Beatitudes (St. Matt. v.)—and each of the Parables in St. Matt. xiii.—is, if I remember rightly, contained in a separate paragraph; there is no break, I think, after St. Matt. xvii. 22, and 24, until you reach ch. xx. 17.

The plan of the transcriber was to write each book steadily on, column by column, until he finished it. There he broke off, leaving the rest of that column blank; and (with one memorable exception, to be specified hereafter) he began the next book at the head of *the next* column. There is, therefore, *only one* entire column left blank in the whole MS.

Such is the celebrated Vatican Codex; and even from this description, its very high antiquity may be inferred. It is essentially unlike our famous Codex Alexandrinus (A), preserved in the British Museum. Even externally, the two codices present many striking points of contrast. The

^a Ed. 7ma, 1859, p. cxxxiv.

^b Vol. II., P. I., p. 102.

pages of the latter are thirteen inches high, though but ten across. There are but two columns in a page; and every line, on an average, contains 24 letters. The space occupied by sixteen lines of B are occupied by only fifteen lines of A; but the letters in the latter codex seem much larger than those of the former. The whole of Codex A is broken up into paragraphs, corresponding with the sections of Eusebius, to whose canons the margin contains conspicuous references. Capital letters of different sizes abound; not, however, at the beginning of the first word of each section, but at the beginning of the first *entire line*. Vermilion is introduced abundantly. Thus, the first verse of St. John's Gospel is miniated; the beginning of the Acts, down to the first syllable of διδάσκειν, &c. But the most striking discrepancy, after all, is in the general style of the two codices. Thus, though there is a pen-and-ink ornament at the end of every book in Codex A, (and that at the end of St. Mark has a singular family likeness to that at the end of St. John in the Codex B,) you see at a glance that they are executed in quite a different spirit. The general style of the writing and shape of the letters is of an essentially different character. In short, I am not at all surprised to find that Vercellone claims for the Vatican MS. an early place in the fourth century. He argues that it must have been written at Alexandria; and the remarkable correspondence of its text with that used by Cyril of Alexandria in his commentary on St. John, supports this view. He is of opinion that it is one of the very codices, fifty in number, which Eusebius (at Alexandria) procured by order of the Emperor Constantine,* for the use of the Church of Constantinople; and it may reasonably strengthen him in this opinion, that it does not contain the last twelve verses of

* Vit. Const. iv. §§ 36, 37.

St. Mark's Gospel—a peculiarity which Eusebius insists upon as exhibited by the best codices of the Gospels.*

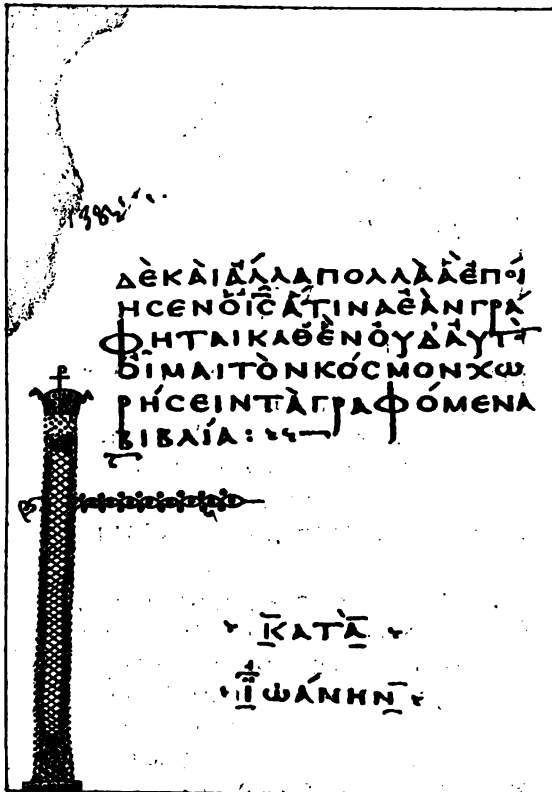
The first thing which strikes even an unpractised eye with surprise in looking at this extraordinary MS. is the fact that the words are carefully accentuated throughout, and the initial vowels as invariably and carefully marked with their proper breathings. (Even the monogram $\bar{\text{IC}}$ has its accent and breathing added.) This was of course the work of a much later age,—the seventh, eighth, or ninth century, for example. Furnished with this clue, one examines the MS. more attentively, and speedily becomes aware of another and a far more striking phenomenon; namely, that (for the most part) a very careful scribe has gone over the MS. a second time from one end of the volume to the other. This was evidently the work of the same skilful pen which added the accents: and not only must a most accurate hand have guided that pen, but a most scholarlike eye and critical judgment must have informed that hand. The scribe (or critic rather) to whom the book belonged, finding himself in possession of a beautifully written MS., but of which the writing was already growing somewhat faint, when he set about deepening the colour of the ink, availed himself of the opportunity in that way to corroborate certain readings, and to express his condemnation of others. Thus, did the $\text{N } \epsilon\phi\epsilon\lambda\kappa\upsilon\sigma\tau\acute{\iota}\kappa\acute{o}\nu$ before a consonant offend him, or the E in such a word as $\alpha\kappa\rho\epsilon\iota\beta\omega\varsigma$? He simply left both letters in pale brown ink. Did he disapprove of the spelling of $\tau\epsilon\sigma\sigma\epsilon\rho\alpha\kappa\omicron\nu\tau\alpha$? He retouched every letter except the second E, and wrote A immediately above it. Did he wish to condemn a whole sentence? Instead of drawing his pen through it, he simply left it pale, and withheld from all those words the honour of accentuation. Thus, happily,

* See the *Quæstiones ad Marinum*, in Mai's *Nova Bibl. Patt.*, vol. iv. p. 254.

one is able to form an exact notion how the MS. must have appeared before it underwent revision : for, as Vercellone ingenuously admits, (and that learned man is far better acquainted with the MS. than any other person living,)—"The mistakes which the original scribe has made are of perpetual recurrence. They almost all, however, consist of simple omissions; omissions of one, two, or three words; sometimes of half a verse, a whole verse, and even of several verses." After accounting for this on the well-known principle that the eye of a copyist is constantly led astray by the proximity of a like word or expression, (which fully explains the omission of such a verse as St. Matt. xii. 47,) the learned author adds,—“I hesitate not to assert that in the whole codex, which at present consists of upwards of 1,460 pages, it would be easier to find a folio containing three or four such omissions, than to light on one which should be without any.” Let me only remark on what goes before, that *all* the omissions in the present codex (1 St. Pet. v. 3, for instance) are not by any means to be attributed to oversight; on the other hand, the *repetitions*, which are very numerous indeed, (and of which neither Card. Mai, nor the learned writer from whom I have been quoting, take any notice whatever,) are clearly, one and all, mere instances of infirmity.

I must also mention that the ancient critical owner of the present codex has been guilty of the weakness of partially scratching out the small initial letter of each book—(originally, an uncial undistinguishable from the rest)—and inserting into the margin, instead thereof, a painted capital letter (blue and red), about three-quarters of an inch high. The style of this letter, and of the broad green bar (surmounted by three little red crosses) at the top of each book, seems (in the judgment of those who are best qualified to pronounce on such a subject) to indicate the same period, and

See p. 19.



J. R. Herod, 1861.

from a photograph

Last verse of the Gospel according to St. John,
from the Codex Vaticanus, (B.)

John Murray, Albemarle Street. Nov. 1861.

even to point to the same scribe who produced the accentuation of the volume. On the other hand, a particular ornament, delicately and skilfully executed with a pen, which is found at the end of Lamentations, Ezekiel, St. John's Gospel, and the Acts, is reasonably presumed to be of the age of the original MS. It is surmounted by a peculiar monogram of Christ (the letter P with a bar drawn horizontally across the prolonged shank), on which the Cav. de Rossi has offered some ingenious remarks. But I must beg to refer you to the excellent facsimile of the last few lines of St. John's Gospel, with which modern skill has enabled me to enrich my volume.

From what has thus been said, it will, I think, appear, that when the Codex B is quoted, it is a matter of no relevancy whatever, that we should be presented with what is found written 2. m. (*secundâ manu*) as it is called. It is interesting, no doubt, to be put in possession of the text of this venerable codex as it was corrected by a critic of the seventh, eighth, or ninth century; but our respect and attention are not divided between 1. m. (the original scribe) and 2. m. (the comparatively modern critic). They are reserved wholly for the witness borne by the former.

What need to relate to *you* the recent history of Codex B? For the sake of others, however, it should be added that after the scholars of Europe had been put off for so many years with a few meagre, unsatisfactory, and contradictory collations of this famous codex,—with promises which still lacked fulfilment, and with assurances which were still destined to remain without proof,—to the gratification of all, there appeared in 1857 Card. Mai's long-promised reprint, in five quarto volumes. What effectually damped the satisfaction with which this splendid contribution to Biblical criticism was received, was the discovery that it was not a faithful exhibition of the codex, after all.

There was, in fact, no making out *what* it was. Mai died in September, 1854. Accordingly, the editorship of his labours (originally undertaken in 1828), devolved upon Vercellone, from whose preface we learn what had been Mai's method. The learned Cardinal had been able to bestow on this great work only the hours which he had stolen from more engrossing duties; so that his five volumes were not finished until 1838. Once in possession, however, of the printed volumes, Mai made the notable discovery that the text of the precious codex had been far too inaccurately followed to make his editorial labours available for severe critical purposes. One would have thought that the learned Cardinal might have anticipated such a result with tolerable certainty, seeing that the text which he had put into the printer's hands was *not the text of the Codex at all*, but another; and that he had been in the habit of simply correcting the proof-sheets of that other text by comparing them with the Vatican MS.! A singular, and almost incredible method, truly—as his learned editor admits. In the New Testament portion, Vercellone was compelled to cancel several sheets, and to make out a list of errata. Finally, with many expressions which showed tenderness for the Cardinal's reputation, and regard for his memory, he gave his friend's five volumes to the world. It was the first time the Greek Testament had ever been published at Rome.

What, in the meantime, made it difficult to judge of the merit of Mai's performance, were the many indications of minute and scrupulous accuracy which every page discovered. Vercellone's candid account of how the work had been executed at once disarmed censure; while Mai's many previous claims to our gratitude conciliated indulgence. On the other hand, what was one not led to expect from Mai's own announcement—"nos in edendo *ad litteram* Vaticano

Codice, (quod nemo antea fecerat, quodque maximi momenti utilitatisque est), multa deprehendimus Birchii et Bentleii sphalmata," &c.: the fifth of these being that Birch had read *ἐοτρῆσεν* for *ἐοτρῆσεν*? In the face of a laborious enumeration of inaccuracies, where a wrong accent, or the omission of an *iota* subscript was noted, who could suppose that whole sentences would occasionally be exhibited inaccurately; and that one word would sometimes be printed for another?—The New Testament portion of this work was instantly reproduced at Leipsic for a London house, and with a fresh crop of typographical errors,—*e.g.*, in 1 St. John iv. 10.

This was followed by a revised and corrected octavo edition of the New Testament portion of the same codex, which edition Cardinal Mai had prepared and printed before his death, and which it fell to the same learned man who had edited Mai's other labours to put forth with a short preface about the middle of the year 1859. This Roman reprint was a great boon, being cheaper and smaller than its predecessor. It has the (modern) pagination of the original codex noted in the margin, which is of incalculable convenience for purposes of collation. But what makes it immeasurably more valuable is Vercellone's assurance that it is more accurate than the quarto edition. On this important subject I shall have a few words to say by-and-by.

Like its predecessor, however, the octavo reprint is open to many obvious objections. Why is the text interpolated throughout,—as the sign (†) shows? Of the entire good faith of Mai and his editor, no one doubts: but, *humanum est errare*: and who can repress a sense of misgiving when it is discovered that the object has been *to produce a text*, not *to print a codex*? What mean the provincialisms in the verse interpolated at St. Matt. xxiii. 18? Why, again, is the original reading often thrust into the margin, while

the correction of the recent scribe is adopted into the page? A well-known crucial test of a codex in uncials is furnished by the omission^a of the words ἐν Ἐφέσῳ in Eph. i. 1. Now, Codex B *omits* these words;—but *Mai actually inserts them!* In a note, he informs his readers,—“ἐν Ἐφέσῳ est in marg. à 2. m.” Just as if *that* were any reason for inserting them into the text! In Acts xviii. 21, δὲ is found,—with a hint in the margin, “δὲ *deest in cod.*”! Graver questions arise on a more careful examination. For the present, I am content to ask only why the whole has been broken up into chapters and verses in the manner of an ordinary English Bible? Of such an important MS. as the present, a facsimile like that which Mr. Scrivener has exhibited, (facing the title of his recent admirable labours,) would be most welcome. Next to a fac-simile, it would be best to see the codex reprinted, page by page, column by column, capital by capital, in the same style as Baber's or even Woide's, reprint of our own Codex Alexandrinus. But there could be no difficulty, at least, in publishing a faithful exhibition of the text, somewhat as follows:—

τὸν μὲν πρῶτον λόγον
ἐποησάμην περὶ πάντων
'ὧ θεόφιλε 'ὦν ἤρξατο
'ὅς ποιεῖν τε καὶ διδάσκει
ἄχρι 'ἧς ἡμέρας ἐντεῖλα
μενος τοῖς ἀποστόλοις
διὰ πνεύματος ἁγίου σου
ἐξελέξατο ἀνελημφθῆ
οἷς καὶ παρέστησεν εαυ
τὸν ζῶντα μετὰ τὸ πα
θεῖν αὐτὸν ἐν πολλοῖς
τεκμηρίοις δι' ἡμερῶν
α
τεσσαράκοντα ὅπτανο
μενος αὐτοῖς καὶ λεγῶ
τὰ περὶ τῆς βασιλείας τοῦ θυ.

^a See Basil, opp. i. 254-5, and Garnier's note.

Invent, if you will, some method of indicating that the letter M (in ἀνελήμφθη) has been left in pale brown ink by the learned corrector of the MS. Call attention to it, if you please, by repeating that letter (μ) in the right-hand margin. Make us aware that a comparatively recent hand has numbered the sections, by inserting the letter A, in a different type, over the initial T. Nay, for convenience' sake, let small Roman and minute Arabic numerals, on the opposite side, inoffensively indicate the division into chapters and verses. But you have thus, surely, had sufficient liberty allowed you! I fear that the method here advocated will offend some critics. But pray let me ask, where is the licence of editorship to stop? Manifest errors (we shall perhaps be told) may be corrected. But is it so? How then is any one but the editor to form an accurate opinion of the character of the codex? And further,—what certainty have you and I that the said editor's judgment or learning ~~is~~ trustworthy? But there shall be no doubt on either score. He shall be at least competent to omit the perpetual diphthong (ει) where a single letter (ι) should appear. Is he not however thereby depriving us of a well-known means of judging where the codex was written? And if γεινώσκετε may be corrected, why not δύνομαι (St. Matt. xxvi. 53), and εἰχόσαν (St. John xv. 22),—forms of orthography which are retained by Cyril of Alexandria, in whose city this MS. is supposed to have been written? But what *can* be the use (it will be rejoined) of printing the infinitive termination, εσθαι, as it is so often found in very ancient MSS.—εσθε? The use of being accurate, I reply, it is impossible to foresee. But (to give a single example) *one* use of printing ἐργαζεσθαι in St. John ix. 4, as it appeared in Mai's quarto edition, and not (as it appears in the octavo) after the modern method, is, that it actually serves to explain the reason of the form in which Origen quotes

that very place in vol. iii., p. 201, and vol. iv., p. 27: Jerome also on Jer. xiii. (vol. iii., 592); on Gal. (vol. iv., 313); and on Eccles. (vol. ii., 767). In the meantime, what can be the use of *misrepresenting* the text of a codex which you propose to exhibit? Well, but anything unreasonable,—for example, spelling *Felix*, in Acts xxiv. 22, Φίλιξ—this, at least, may be corrected. So, I suppose, Mai reasoned; for he prints the word Φῆλιξ, as it usually appears. Yet Vercellone appeals to *this very peculiarity* as a convincing proof that this MS. was written at Alexandria! His words are—“L'altra cosa è, che il nome del preside Romano di cui si fa menzione negli Atti apostolici (xxiv. 22), cioè *Felice*, nel nostro codice è scritto Φίλιξ, come appunto si scrive nei frammenti della versione copta pubblicata dal Woide.” But I must conclude this subject next week.

Turvey Abbey, July 31, 1860.

LETTER III.

THE TWO ROMAN EDITIONS OF THE CODEX VATICANUS (B).—COLLATION OF SEVENTEEN PASSAGES.—THE FIRST EDITION FURTHER CORRECTED IN THIRTY-THREE PLACES.—FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON CODEX (B).—VERCELLONE.—THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

To the same.

My dear Principal,

I resume the subject where I left off last week. Two Roman editions of the text of the Codex Vaticanus of the New Testament being before the world, the question immediately arises—(1) What is the superiority of the one over the other? and (2) With what amount of accuracy does either represent the original codex?

Now, on comparing the two books only superficially together, one is made aware of many points of dissimilarity between them. The earlier (quarto) edition is printed in paragraphs; the later (octavo) is divided into verses. But, unfortunately, the paragraphs of the printed book *do not correspond with the paragraphs of the codex*. Next, the marginal annotations in the two editions are not the same.

(1) Some are found to be most perplexingly at variance. Thus, ἐγενήθησαν (St. John i. 18) is first said to be written ἐγενν. 2. m.; afterwards, we are told, “altera N. (!) verbi ἐγενν. superponitur à 1. m.”—We are left to infer (from the margin of the octavo) that διηνυγμένους is found 1. m. at Acts. vii. 56. But the margin of the quarto informs us expressly that the reading of the codex is διεννυγ.—Hopeless is the confusion in St. Mark ii. 4, 9, 11, between κράβατον, κράββατον, κράβαττον, and κράββαττον, occa-

sioned by the conflicting evidence of the two editions and the table of errata.—The text of the quarto (at Acts xx. 16) exhibits Κέκρικε: the margin, “l. m. κεκρει.”: the octavo, Κεκρίκει,—and nothing in the margin! Which of the three is right?

(2) That the second edition should often supply valuable information where the first edition is silent, was to have been expected. But it is perplexing to find that occasionally a valuable secret, which was duly recorded in the margin of the quarto, disappears entirely from the octavo. Thus, for δν εἶπον (St. John i. 15), we are told (in the quarto) that the codex reads, “l. m. mendose, ὁ εἰπών.” On so important a subject, why is the octavo edition silent?—In the quarto, against Νεικόδημος (St. John iii. 4), it is noted, “ita l. m. Νεικ. Sed antea Νικ.” Why are those last three important words dropped when that note comes to be reprinted in the octavo edition?—Why is the statement of the first edition concerning the last half of Acts xxiii. 28—(“sequentia verba sex in margine codicis sunt”) suppressed in the second edition?

On closer inspection, the existence of many discrepancies in the text (of which no notice is taken in any part of either edition) becomes apparent. A specimen of these will be most conveniently exhibited in two parallel columns:—

Mai's First Edition.

Mai's Second Edition.

1. St. Matt. iii. 14. καὶ σὺ.

om. σὺ.

This place I referred to, and found that the reading of the codex is καὶ σὺ.

2. St. Matt. vi. 4. σου ἢ ἐλεημ.

om. ἢ.

I found in the codex—σου ἢ ἐλεημ.

3. St. Matt. x. 32. ἐν οὐρανοῖς.

ἐν τοῖς οὐρ.

I found in the codex—ἐν τοῖς οὐρ.

4. St. Matt. xiv. 7. αἰτήσεται.

αἰτήσεται.

I found in the codex—αἰτήσεται.

5. St. Matt. xviii. 14. μου τοῦ ἐν. om. τοῦ.
 I found in the codex—μου τοῦ ἐν.
6. St. Matt. xxiv. 17. ἄραι τι. ἄραι τὰ.
 I found in the codex—ἄραι τὰ.
7. St. Mark v. 29. ἐξηράνθη. ἐξηράνθη.
 I found in the codex—ἐξηράνθη.
8. St. Mark vii. 33. ἐστέναζεν. 34. ἐστέναζε.
 I found in the codex—ἐστέναζε.
9. St. Mark viii. 14. ἐπελάβοντο. ἀπελάβοντο.
 I found in the codex—1. m. ἐπελάβοντο,—2. m. ο written above the third ε.
10. St. Mark viii. 17. συνείτε (marg.) συνείτε (marg.).

I fear my observation here is not trustworthy ; for I have made a memorandum to the effect that one line ends thus—οὐδὲ συνί, (the last two letters being beyond the column) ; and that ἔρι, in the text line (a word which Cod. B is said to omit, but which exists in the *textus receptus*) is spelt with a diphthong (ει).

At all events, συνίετε is certainly the reading of the codex,—not συνείτε.

11. St. Mark viii. 19. ὅτε. καὶ ὅτε.
 I found in the codex—ὅτε, without the καὶ.
12. St. Mark xii. 4. ἐκεφαλῶσαν. ἐκεφαλῶσαν
 I found in the codex—ἐκεφαλῶσαν.
13. St. Luke vii. 1. Ἐπεὶ δέ. Ἐπειδὴ.
 I found in the codex—ἐπειδὴ.
14. St. John viii. 23. ὑμεῖς ἐκ τοῦ τούτου. ὑμεῖς ἐκ τούτου τοῦ.
 I found in the codex here—τούτου τοῦ.
15. St. John viii. 23. εἰμι ἐκ τοῦ κόσμου τούτου. εἰμι ἐκ τούτου τοῦ κόσμου.
 I found in the codex here—τοῦ κόσμου τούτου.
16. St. John ix. 10. ἠνεψύχθησάν. ἐνεψύχθησάν.
 I found in the codex—ἠνεψύχθησάν.
17. The title of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians is thus exhibited by the two editions :—

ΚΟΛΑΣΣΑΕΙΣ.
 (marg.). 2. m. Κολοσσαείς.

ΚΟΛΟΣΣΑΕΙΣ.
 (marg.) al. m. Κολασσ.

But why “*alia manus*” ? Why not “1. m.” ? The first

edition of Mai represents the truth of the codex—both in its title and in its subscription.

The result of this collation is not very satisfactory. Out of the seventeen places enumerated above, in *seven* instances the earlier (quarto) edition of Mai is the more accurate: in *ten*, the later (octavo) edition exhibits the truth of the codex. As for the marginal capitals, often omitted in the first edition, and supplied in the second, I believe they may be assumed to be always correctly supplied. I verified three in St. Matthew—viz., PIZ, PM, PMB. And now, let us endeavour to look a little further.

In several points of discrepancy which I had not leisure to verify, it is easy to perceive that the *second* edition of Mai must almost infallibly exhibit the truth. Such are the following:—

St. Mark xiv. 37. (<i>margin.</i>) 2. m. εἰσχ.	(<i>margin.</i>) 1. m. εἰσχ.
St. John vi. 18. (<i>margin.</i>) 2. m. κρεῖθ.	(<i>margin.</i>) 1. m. ἡεῖκ κρεῖθ.
St. John xiii. 27. (<i>margin.</i>) 2. m. τάχειον.	(<i>margin.</i>) 1. m. τάχειον.
2 Cor. xii. 11. (<i>margin.</i>) 2. m. λείαν.	(<i>margin.</i>) 1. m. λείαν.
Col. iii. 7. (<i>margin.</i>) 2. m. νυνεί.	(<i>margin.</i>) 1. m. νυνεί.

In all these cases the diphthong is doubtless the original reading of the codex.

St. Luke ix. 12. Ἡ δέ.	Ἡδη.
St. Luke xv. 29. πατρί.	πατρί αὐτοῦ.
St. Luke xxiii. 35. ἐκ λεκτὸς.	ὁ εκλεκτὸς
St. Luke xxiii. 38. βασιλεὺς.	ὁ βασιλεὺς.
St. John i. 50. Ἀπεκρίθη.	Ἀπεκρίθη αὐτῷ.
St. John iv. 5. Συχαρ.	Συχαρ.
St. John iv. 9. σαμαρείτιδος.	σαμαρείτιδος οὔσης.
St. John iv. 42. ὅτι οὐκέτι.	οτι. ὅτι.
St. John xiii. 8. Ἰησοῦς αὐτῷ.	οτι. Ἰησοῦς.
St. John xvii. 6. οὐς δέδικας.	οὐς ἔδωκας.
St. John xx. 17. πατέρα μου. πορεύου.	οτι. μου.
Acts vii. 56. διανοιγμένους.	διανοιγμένους.
Acts xvii. 20. θέλοι.	θέλει.
Acts xxiii. 28. γνώται.	ἐπιγνώται.

Acts xxiv. 11. ἡ δώδεκα,	om. ἡ.
Acts xxv. 26. γράψαι.	γράψω.
Acts xxvi. 4. μου τὴν.	om. τὴν.
St. James iii. 4. βουλῆται.	βούλεται.
St. James iv. 10. ἐνώπιον τοῦ.	om. τοῦ.

Either Birch, or Bartolucci, or both, confirm the readings found in *the second* column, which represents Mai's second edition.

1 St. Pet. i. 14. συσχηματιζόμενα (so corrected by hand).	συσχηματιζόμενοι.
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The margin of the octavo edition happily explains that the actual reading of the codex is—*ναι*.

2 St. Pet. ii. 18. marg. 1. m. ματαιότης.	cod. ματαιότητης.
1 Cor. iii. 2. δύνασθε.	ἐδύνασθε.

The reading of the earlier edition of Mai, in both the above places, was clearly a typographical error.

1 Cor. xii. 19. τὰ πάντα.	om. τὰ.
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Birch confirms the reading in the second column.

Gal. iii. 29. σπέρμα.	σπέρματος.
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I infer from Tischendorf that σπέρματος is the reading of the codex.

Eph. v. 14. ἔγειραι.	ἔγειρε.
Eph. v. 19. ὡδαὶς πνευματικαῖς.	om. πνευματικαῖς.
Phil. ii. 9. ὄνομα.	τὸ ὄνομα.
2 Thess. ii. 16. ὁ θεός.	om. ὁ.

Birch confirms the readings found in the second column.

In the foregoing thirty-three places, therefore, I think it may be assumed that *the second* edition of Mai exhibits the truth of the codex. Of its superior accuracy in Acts xxvii. 14, Vercellone twice assures us (p. v. and p. 201); and eight or nine places he corrects in his preface; (where, by the way,

for προφητεύσαμεν we are doubtless to read προεφητεύσαμεν). In the following places, I suspect that *the first* edition is right:—

Acts xvii. 34. (*marg.*) 2. m. ἀρεωπαγίτης. (*marg.*) 2. m. ἀρεοπ.

Acts xxi. 28. (*marg.*) κεκοινώνηκε. (*marg.*) 2. m. κεκοινώνηκεν.

1 St. John iii. 21. ἔχομεν. ἔχει.

Certain words in either edition I pass over; assuming them to be mere typographical errors. As, in the quarto—ἀλεξανδρινῶ (Acts xxviii. 11). In the octavo—φυλάδελφοι (1 St. Pet. iii. 8); ἀδειαλιπτως (1 Thess. i. 3); 2. m., ὑμεῖν (St. John viii. 24), &c. In both,—ἀγωπῶν (St. John xiv. 24); τὸ (Rom. vii. 22); τοῦτο (1 St. John iv. 10), &c.

A discrepancy between the two editions of Mai is also found (as you have yourself shown me, by furnishing me with the result of our learned friend's* patient collation), in the following places, where it would be agreeable to know which is the actual reading of the codex:—St. Matt. xxvi. 60. St. Luke ii. 38: iii. 14: vi. 17: viii. 51: ix. 10, 37: x. 39: xii. 20: xvi. 4: xvii. 24: xviii. 9, 30: xix. 8: xxii. 30, 42: xxiv. 21. St. John v. 10: x. 6: xii. 40. Acts vii. 11: x. 11: xiii. 26: xvi. 11, 31: xvii. 21: xviii. 21: xx. 9, 16, 23, 29: xxiii. 22: xxvii. 21: xxviii. 11. St. James iii. 5. 2 St. Peter ii. 12. 1 St. John iv. 10. Rom. viii. 5: ix. 20, 38. 1 Cor. i. 11. 2 Cor. x. 10. Eph. iv. 20: v. 11. 1 Thess. iii. 8. Heb. vii. 4: viii. 11.—How easily might this list be extended! and in how many places must there still lurk an error in *both* editions! Such I suspect to be the following:—

(1) St. Luke viii. 12. ἀκούσαντες.

(2) St. Luke viii. 16. λυχνίας τίθησιν.

(3) Acts xx. 32. δοῦναι τὴν κληρονομίαν.*

(4) 1 St. Pet. iii. 18. εἰ τοῦ.

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- (5) 1 Cor. ii. 13. διδακτοῖς πνεύματος.
- (6) Phil. ii. 3. μὴ δέ.
- (7) Col. i. 4. ἀγάπην εἰς.
- (8) Col. i. 16. πάντα ἐν.
- (9) Col. i. 18. ἐστὶν ἡ ἀρχή.
- (10) Col. i. 20. ἐπὶ γῆς.
- (11) Col. i. 27. ὃ ἐστίν.
- (12) St. Matt. xxvi. 17. ἡτοιμασμέν.

Muralto says that in the above places he himself read as follows:—(1) ἀκούοντες. (2) λ. ἐπιτίθ. (3) No art. (4) ἐὰν τοῦ. (5) διδακτῶ πν. (6) “Birchius, et Majus nobis retulit μηδέν.” (7) ἀ. τὴν εἰς. (8) π. τὰ ἐν. (9) No art. (10) ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. (11) ὃς ἐστίν.

Most of these observations are, as you may easily divine, the result of subsequent study. Had I been as familiar when I was at Rome with the text of Codex B as I have become since, I should have examined it to far better purpose. Let me, in conclusion, state what else struck me in the manuscript, and so dismiss the subject.

At St. Matt. xxi. 4, one's eye is arrested by the following inaccuracy of the original scribe. I place between crotchets what has been left unaccentuated:—

τὸ ρήθε [δια του πληρωθη το ρηθεν] διὰ τοῦ.

At St. Matt. xxvi. 56, I read—ἔφυγον [οἱ δε κρατησαντες τον Ιησουν εφυγον] οἱ δέ, &c.

At St. Luke i. 37, the words—ὅτι οὐκ ἀδυνατήσῃ—are repeated. They make a line.

At St. John xvii. 18, 19, I found—κἀγὼ ἀπέστειλα αὐτοὺς εἰς τὸν κόσμον. [καγω απεστειλα αυτους εις τον κοσμο] καὶ ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν ἐγὼ κ. τ. λ.

It would have been desirable, I think, for the editor to allude to this class of errors. It helps a man to form his own judgment of the amount of care with which a codex has been copied.

In St. John ix. 4, the reading is—δεῖ ἐργάζεσθε, 1. m. Above the final ε is written (2. m.)—αι. . . . In ver. 11, can the reading of the codex be τὴν Σειλωὰμ; or is my hasty pencilling incorrect?

In St. John viii. 24, the reading, I think, is εἶπον οὐ ὑμεῖν,—not 2. m. but 1. m.

In St. John xvii. 15, the codex reads οὐκ ἐρωτῶ ἵνα ἄρῃς αὐτοὺς ἐκ τοῦ κόσμου, ἀλλ' ἵνα τηρήσῃς αὐτοὺς ἐκ τοῦ κόσμου. (Then comes a line 1. m. which has been so tampered with 2. m. that without more time than I had to bestow it was *impossible* to decipher the words. The next line goes on,) οὐκ εἰσιν καθὼς κ. τ. λ. . . . Not a hint of all this is given in either of Mai's editions of the text,—which is certainly to be regretted. It creates an uneasy misgiving as to what may exist of the same kind elsewhere. And this place in St. John is not a mere error of the transcriber. Athanasius quotes the words, *as they are found above*, at p. 1035 (*al. edit.* p. 825) of his works.

You have now before you the sum of my observations on Codex B. My eye was arrested by several other peculiarities which interested me not a little, and which I very carefully noted; but which, on obtaining access to a copy of Mai's reprint, I found were before the world already; so that it would be of no use to repeat them. You may imagine, for example, how perplexing it was, amid an unbroken page of uncials, to observe that the only commencement of a fresh paragraph was with the words—Μέλλων δὲ ἀναβαίνειν Ἰησοῦς εἰς Ἱεροσόλυμα a formula which, as my memory told me, occurs *nowhere* in the Gospel! Elsewhere, to light on the word *συστρεφόμενων*—which I was *sure* is not found in the Gospels at all. So at St. John ix. 11, I could hardly believe my eyes when I read ἐκεῖνος ὁ ἄνθρωπος ὁ λεγόμενος Ἰησοῦς, &c. &c. And so in other places.

To conclude. The more I reflect on this celebrated

codex, the more convinced do I feel of its very remote antiquity. After comparison with other of the oldest extant codices, I see not how it can be thought more modern than the beginning of the fourth century. The fact that it has marginal references to a system of sections wholly diverse from those of Eusebius, is in itself a strong evidence of its very high antiquity. May it not be assumed that it is anterior in date to the Council of Nicæa? Why should it not belong to the third century?

But the antiquity of a codex, and the authenticity of its text, are very different things. I have always thought that the text of Codex B is one of the most vicious extant. It abounds in most important omissions, a vast number of which are not to be accounted for by the carelessness of the transcriber; and in the peculiarity of some of its readings it is found to be supported by none but the Cambridge Codex D, the character of which (and a very bad character it is) may be seen at the end of Middleton on the Greek Article. Tischendorf, I am aware, has made the text of the Vatican MS. the foundation of his own (7th) edition. This is not the place for inquiring whether he has acted judiciously in so doing, or very much the reverse.

That Codex B omits St. Luke xxii. 43, 44: St. John, v. 3, 4, and vii. 53 to viii. 11,—as well as the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel,—is a matter of general notoriety; but it is not so generally known, with reference to this last omission, that besides the blank remainder of the column after the words *ἐφοβούντο γάρ*, it leaves *a whole column blank*; thereby intimating, in the most eloquent manner possible, that there has been something consciously left out. For *that* blank column at the end of St. Mark's Gospel is the only blank column in the whole Codex.

As for the two editions of the text now before the world, enough has been said to enable you and others to form some

idea of their value. They are of the utmost importance, (the octavo edition especially,) and for the most part, they are trustworthy. (That there has been no *intention* to deceive, what need to state?) But the possession of neither renders the other quite superfluous. Nor are they, both together, such a faithful exhibition of the Codex as to supersede the necessity of further collation. A singular illustration of the difficulty of achieving perfect accuracy in such undertakings is furnished by the enumeration of 211 errors charged against Birch by Mai, in his Appendix, whereof no less than *fifteen* are corrected by Mai in his second edition, in a manner inconsistent with the actual readings of that edition of his own text! Vercellone could render no more acceptable service to Biblical scholars than by presenting them with the text of the Codex Vaticanus in a new and corrected form, somewhat after the fashion recommended in my former letter—*verbatim et literatim*.

Some words of that scholar were quoted above. They are found in his Dissertation "Dell' antichissimo Codice Vaticano delle Bibbia Greca" (Rome, 1860), which is a pamphlet worth your reading. I cannot name this learned gentleman without recommending to your notice the very laborious and admirable edition of the Vulgate which he has now in hand, and of which part has already appeared. It ought to have a place in all our college libraries. Vercellone assured me, by the way, that it is a mistake to suppose that there was no established Latin text of the Bible before Jerome's Vulgate. There *was* a "Vetus Itala,"—which, in the main, has continued the Vulgate text of the New Testament to this day.

Here I lay down my pen on the subject of Codex B. I did not imagine, when I took it up, that I was going to write two such dry, and long, and unreadable letters,—dry, I mean, to the generality; for to the initiated I trust they

will not prove unacceptable. I felt so entertained myself, that I flattered myself I was going to be entertaining. It is impossible, in truth, to approach the subject without being transported in imagination back to the gorgeous Library of the Vatican, in which the Codex is preserved. And *who* that has ever surveyed that long suite of apartments, (there are forty apartments in all, and I think nineteen in a suite,)—those ceilings and walls glittering with arabesque paintings, and those many mysterious presses full of MSS., of which only a few choice specimens are ever produced to vulgar eyes, such as yours and mine: *who* can recollect it all,—the costly objects of art displayed within, and the delicious gardens spread without,—unconscious of a thrill of pleasurable emotion; of sincere admiration and delight? So present have those many gorgeous accessories been to my own memory, all the time I have been writing, that I can hardly divest myself of the delusive expectation that they will have suggested themselves to the reader also, and compensated in part for my own dryness and dulness.

Houghton Conquest, Aug. 8, 1860.

LETTER IV.

MODERN ROMISH SUNDAY SERVICES.—HEARING MASS.—THE ROSARIO AND BENEDEZIONE. — TRIDUOS AND NOVENAS. — THE VIA CRUCIS IN THE COLISEUM.

To the Rev. the Regius Professor of Divinity.

My dear Dr. Jacobson,

It used to be a frequent subject of secret wonder with me, before I went to Rome, how in the world the spiritual life of a Roman Catholic population is sustained. The Breviary and the Missal,—*their Prayer-book*, in short,—being in Latin, (which cannot, of course, be generally “understood of the people,”) how, do the unlearned,—how, in other words, do the great bulk of the population,—contrive to satisfy their own spiritual necessities and yearnings? Let Romanism be as corrupt as it will, splendid churches Rome certainly possesses; and we hear that these are generally open, and often largely frequented. How do the worshippers occupy themselves there? Are they content to listen to Matins and Vespers, week after week, without understanding more than a few words of either? How is it possible that they can, in this way, learn the common principles of morality; or master the necessary outlines of the Christian faith? It was no answer to these questions to be assured that the Breviary services,—Matins, and Vespers, and Compline, and the rest,—are *not* used for purposes of parochial worship in church. This rather increased the difficulty than removed it.

For it suggested the additional inquiry,—If then, practi-

cally, the Breviary and Missal are *not* the Romish people's Prayer-book, what becomes of that boasted possession of theirs? With *us* (God be praised!) our ancient Breviary and Missal,—revised, condensed, and improved in every page,—are *to this hour* the people's Prayer-book. Has Rome, then, practically *parted with* her inheritance? . . . What she *has* done with it may reasonably form the subject of a separate letter. Enough on the present occasion that I should recall, as faithfully as I am able, how the Romish Church sustains the spiritual life of her children, when they present themselves in the courts of the LORD'S House, and come together *to worship*. The Breviary services she certainly *does not* give them.

Not to waste words,—if *Going to Church* be a correct popular description of the Anglican notion of being externally a religious person, *Hearing Mass** describes accurately the Romanist view of the same character. By "going to Church," we mean, of course, attending either "Morning Prayer," or "Evening Prayer," or both: and these, as we know, involve alike, almost invariably a Sermon; while the former implies inevitably the Communion Service also. But "hearing Mass" is a very different affair. It consists simply in seeing and hearing, or at least *observing*, the priest *celebrate*. An undevout person will join a Mass which has begun already; and thus get his devotions over in twenty minutes or less. However, it is no more fair to cite the practice of the undevout of one communion than of another. Let me rather describe the practice of a devout worshipper. He, (I should perhaps rather say *she*,) tries to

* In the popular devotional manuals, is generally found the "Modo di *udire* la S. Messa." So in French books of a similar class: "Prière avant la Messe pour se disposer à la bien *entendre*." In the Compendium of Christian Doctrine, it is asked, "Quanti e quali sono i Comandamenti della Chiesa? Sono sei: *Udir la S. Messa*," &c.

hear Mass as often as daily (just as the more devout of our own people try to get to church every day); and communicates (just as among ourselves) once a month, or oftener. Carefully performed, the service of the Mass lasts half an hour,—which is felt to be but a small space of time to give weekly to public worship. Accordingly a pious person will attend *two or three Masses in succession*, on Sundays; and, on occasions of communicating, will stay to hear one Mass more. Such are the devotions of the forenoon. What need to remark on the contrast (not to go any further) between the method of the two Churches? To say nothing of the language employed, *our* general practice is to have the ancient Prayers, Hymns, and Creeds of the Church,—a portion of the Psalms,—a Lesson from either Testament,—the Litany, and a Sermon,—together with such parts of the Communion Service as are read when there is no celebration. *Their* general practice is to have none of these; but *the whole* of the Communion Service, on the contrary; at which the congregation are present *without* communicating,—a thing which we, with the ancient Church, entirely disallow.*

The ordinary forenoon devotions of a Roman Catholic are further attended with the following differences of detail—viz., that a person goes to *any* church (for the parochial feeling is unknown in this respect); enters at *any* time between 5 a.m. and noon; kneels in the vicinity of some altar where Mass has not yet begun; follows the Latin service as closely as the worshipper knows how; and seldom makes responses. (These are made by the little boy who waits on the priest.) When a person intends to communi-

* The detailed proof of this assertion, (which would be out of place here,) will be offered by myself in a separate publication. I should not have thought such proof necessary, but that the statement in the text has been (with more vigour than learning) assailed.

cate, the usual practice is to go early,—at five, half-past five, or six o'clock, for example; on other occasions, at ten or eleven. At that time *Messa Cantata* is commonly celebrated. This is the Mass most largely attended, and lasts for an hour.—I believe I have now fairly described the sum total of the ordinary public worship of a respectable Romanist on Sunday. For perhaps he does not go to church in the afternoon at all.

A yet closer approximation to the Anglican method is exhibited by those people who are careful, on Sundays, to listen to that celebration of Mass, (called, I believe "*Messa conventuale*,") in the course of which the "*paroco*" delivers a discourse on the Gospel for the day. I believe this is *invariably* a "*spiegazione del' Evangelio*," and lasts for three-quarters of an hour. Half an hour would be thought distinctly too short a time. (A "*predica*," or sermon, lasts for a "*piccola ora*," and is a different thing.) This service occupies, in all, from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half. Persons who are careful to attend it will probably be of the number of those who make a point of entering a church in the course of the afternoon, "*per visitare il Sacramento e la Vergine*." * This "*visita*" occupies a few minutes, and is employed in reciting five "*Pater-Nosters*," as many "*Ave-Marias*" and "*Glorias*," in honour of the five wounds of our Blessed LORD; or three of each, in honour of the Holy Trinity. To these are added three *Ave-Marias* to the Blessed Virgin. In the popular devotional manuals, prayers are commonly found which pious persons are instructed to use on the occasion of this *visita*.

I believe the only other ordinary service on Sunday evenings in a Roman Catholic church consists of the *Rosario della Madonna* and the *Benedizione*. Saying the Rosary,

* There is a little manual of Liguori's,—*Visita al SS. Sacramento ed a Maria Santissima, per ciascun giorno del mese*, 1857.

(a method stated to have been devised by St. Dominic in the twelfth century,) means nothing else but repeating 150 Ave-Marias, 15 Pater-Nosters, and as many Glorias, in honour of the Virgin; and at every tenth Ave and single Pater-Noster, meditating on one of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, five of which are "gaudiosi," five "dolorosi," and five "gloriozi." Thus, the first "mistero gaudiozo" was the Annunciation; the second, the visit to Elizabeth, &c. To this devotional exercise certain indulgences are annexed. Benediction, (which the French call *Salut*,) denotes the display of the consecrated wafer, with the Litany of the Virgin, and the "Tantum ergo," (or two last verses of the hymn "Pange lingua gloriosa.")—Into that Litany, by the way, has been lately introduced the invocation, "Regina, sine labe originali concepta, ora pro nobis."—Such is the "evening service" at Rome. But there are churches, of course, in that city, where Vespers, (often with music,) may be attended: because at Rome there are so many conventual societies, one or other of which is attached to every principal church. For this reason, by the way, Rome itself does not furnish a fair sample of the Romish system. However, it is of Rome only that we are now to speak.

The question, of course, obviously and immediately arises,—How can the spiritual life of a people, or rather the yearnings of a devout soul after public worship, be sustained upon such meagre diet as this? Yet more,—How can the common sort, without more public instruction than has been described, pick up the necessary outlines of divine Truth,—the very elements of religious knowledge? The answer is, that though what is spoken of above is the whole, or almost the whole, of *our* public method, the foregoing meagre outline is not by any means the whole of the provision made by the Church of Rome for the lay members of her own Communion. Banish from your mind all thoughts of the Bre-

viary services. With *them* the laity have nothing at all to do. No. The remedy is found in something vastly more modern, something vastly different from *that*,—as I am about to explain.

Opportunities are afforded to devout people of frequenting the church for the purpose of congregational worship by the often recurring announcement of a *Triduo* or a *Novena*, as it is called, in honour of a certain Saint. These special services, extending (as their name implies) over three or nine days, originate occasionally with the ecclesiastical bodies themselves; on great festivals of the Church, for example. More often, I believe, they are the expression of individual piety. Any one desiring a favour at the hands of one of the saints, —S. Giuseppe, S. Luigi, S. Ignazio, or more likely the Madonna,—orders a Triduo or a Novena in their honour. But in time of national trouble, this is done by public authority, and seven years of indulgence are promised to those who are present on any one of the days: plenary indulgence to as many as, after confession and Holy Communion, shall attend devoutly, on each day. A confraternity very often institutes a Triduo; the precise character of which depends on the liberality of those who set it on foot, and on the usage of the church at which it is celebrated; for every principal church has a method of its own. There is a strong family likeness, however, between them all. Certain prayers in the vernacular tongue, the Litany of the Virgin, hymns, and the Benediction, together with sundry pieces of vocal music,—these elements commonly make up the office. A sermon is also often introduced. Then, the walls of the church where the function (*funzione*) is to be performed are invariably hung with *pariti*, or silk hangings (pink, white, blue, and yellow), fringed with gold. The effect of this is tawdry, and very much indeed the reverse of solemn; but it evidently delights the people. Some chan-

deliers are also hung about, and a profusion of candles are lighted above the altar.

I can recall two such services very distinctly. One was at the church of S. Maria della Pace. At 5 p.m. there was, the Litany of the Saints, and by 6.30 all was ended. The church was small and dark, and densely crowded with persons of a very humble class, presenting an affecting spectacle; for though the devotions were partly in Latin, the poor people responded freely. At 7.30 began a second service, (for men only,) consisting of the Litany of the Virgin and a Predica. There was some lively music, of course.—A Triduo at S. Andrea delle Fratte was a more considerable affair; as brilliant, in fact, as eighteen cut-glass chandeliers and some hundreds of candles could make it. After a sermon by a friar, which lasted an hour, (a pagnirico on S. Francisco de Paolo,) eight or nine persons in a temporary orchestra performed some pieces of vocal music, an organ and a species of horn accompanying. These sounded like airs out of an opera, but the words were, of course, meant to be solemn. One of the men had such a ridiculous falsetto, that all the congregation began to laugh whenever his part became conspicuous. Then came some prayers, followed by the *Te Deum*. What was striking and beautiful, at the petition, "We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants," &c., the whole congregation suddenly *knelt*. The church was full, and the people were for the most part highly attentive; but there was very little real solemnity in the thing, of course. It was clear that the dense assembly present regarded the whole affair in the light of a musical entertainment, combined with a certain amount of religious ceremonial, which happily reconciled the often contending claims of duty and pleasure.

Another devotional exercise which is highly popular with the people is the *Via Crucis*. Our LORD is feigned to have

either halted with His Cross, or to have sunk beneath the burthen of it, fourteen times before He reached Calvary. These are called the "stations" of the Cross. Accordingly, to move from one station to another with the priest and his attendants, and to join in the prayers which are offered up at each, or to listen to the short exhortation which is often delivered at the same time,—constitutes a distinct *funzione*, or office. What need to say that it is written in the vernacular tongue, and is altogether a modern invention? Here is a short and not unfair specimen:—"Stazione IV. *Gesù incontra la sua SS. Madre.* O Divin Figlio de Maria! O Santissima Madre del mio Gesù: eccomi a' vostri santissimi piedi umiliato e compunto: son' io quel traditore, che fabbricai, peccando, il coltello di dolore, che trappasso i vostri tenerissimi cuori." The "Via Crucis" is practised in the highest perfection in the Coliseum, which has been consecrated, and around the area of which, large stations are set up. Every Friday the "Via Crucis" is to be seen there, about two hours before Ave Maria; but on the afternoon of Good-Friday the exhibition is altogether of a remarkable character. This year the impassioned friar, apostrophising the bleeding wounds of his huge *Crocifisso*, melted the contadini, or country people, to tears. A motley crowd attended the procession round the vast oval of the Coliseum, much excited as well as much affected. It was described to me as a truly extraordinary spectacle.

I was not able to be present; but it is not difficult to picture the scene from what one has witnessed on other occasions. There is something exceedingly striking in the contrast between that awful ruin, standing up in severe massive grandeur, and any short-lived modern pageant which is transacted within it. One can quite understand Gibbon's statement, that "as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in

the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to his mind." *That* was in 1764,—a hundred years ago: but a hundred years are as nothing when you stand among the wreck of ancient Rome On the evening when I saw the "Via Crucis" in the Coliseum, twelve members of a confraternity, (their faces concealed,) together with about as many ladies in black, (one of the foremost bearing a cross,) entered; a Capuchin preceding, attended by two persons carrying lighted lamps. A few score of piously disposed people brought up the rear. After a short predica, the visit of the Stations commenced. Meanwhile, the soft sunlight fell in a flood on the mighty ruin, making it look exceedingly beautiful as well as exceedingly grand. More than half was in shadow. The wild flowers were all in bloom, and the birds were singing as in England; a colony of rooks in particular kept up a continual cawing,—a sound which one seemed to understand. The exhibition was not the less striking because it was so unostentatious, and as it were private.

This "esercizio" (the "Via Crucis") is sometimes performed with considerable variety. At the Caravita, on the evening of Good-Friday, for example, there is a scenic representation, with lively tunes played on a barrel-organ, and short hymns sung. On other great days, as the Invention of the Cross, it is preceded by a procession.—I will continue this subject in my next.

Houghton Conquest, Aug. 21, 1860.

LETTER V.

THE QUARANT' ORE.—RELIGIOUS CONFRATERNITIES.—PROCESSION TO THE CHURCH OF S. PRASSEDE.—STAZIONI.—ADORATION OF RELICS.—RELICS ENUMERATED.—THE TITLE OF THE CROSS.

To the same.

My dear Dr. Jacobson,

To continue my enumeration of the several modern public devotional exercises of the Romish Church.

There is another solemn act of worship, which consists in the adoration of the Sacrament of the LORD'S Body. "L'Orazione dell' Quarant' Ore ad onore di Gesù Sacramentato," is an act of devotion performed in several of the churches of Rome in succession, throughout the year, according to a printed scheme,—a copy of which hangs in the sacristy of every church. One priest kneels before the sacrament until he is relieved by another; and persons devoutly disposed who enter the church, join silently in the act of adoration. The altar is profusely lighted, and the church is hung with *pariti*; the pavement being strewed with box and other evergreens. At night, members of the "Pia unione di Adoratori del SS. Sacramento" present themselves at the church doors, and are admitted for the purpose of prayer. This Office, said in round numbers to last for "quarant' ore," lasts really for forty-eight hours, beginning at noon on Wednesday, 1st February (for instance) at the church of SS. Vincenzo ed Anastasio; at noon on the ensuing Friday, at S. Maria in Vallicella; at noon on the Sunday after, at the Trinità de' Pellegrini; at the same hour

on Tuesday, at S. Maria del Popolo; and so on throughout the year; so that never for an instant, night or day, shall the sacred object be without worshippers. But observe, the Service of the "Quarant' Ore" ceases abruptly at noon on the Thursday in Holy-Week, and for twenty-four hours is entirely discontinued. It is resumed at noon on Easter-Eve; this year, at the splendid Church of S. Ignatius, where, as you may imagine, the effect was very solemn and striking. The sacrament is exposed for worship in many other churches of Rome besides those contained in the "giro ordinario," but without the same circumstances of outward solemnity. The devotion of the people at this "funzione" is remarkable.

Mentioning the "pia unione," &c., reminds me to advert next to the number of Confraternities at Rome, and to the great extent to which religious associations are there carried. Every parish has such a "confraternita,"—one of men, another of women. But these voluntary associations are more than twice as many as the parishes, (of which there are only 50,) and are formed for all sorts of purposes,—as for accompanying the Sacrament when it is carried through the streets to be administered to a dying person; for visiting the sick; for burying the dead; for praying for the conversion of sinners, and so forth. The point to be here noticed, however, is rather the outlet for religious feelings ensured by these institutions; the opportunities they supply for acts of social worship; and the scope they afford for the exercise of many other of those instincts which are written deep in the nature of Man. Shortly before Ash-Wednesday, a public notice ("Invito Sagro") is issued by authority setting forth that inasmuch as certain of the principal Relics and "sacre Immagini" are to be exposed during the ensuing season of Lent, in certain churches specified, the Confraternities of Rome are exhorted by the Pope to resort in procession to

those churches. Then follow the names of six,—St. John Lateran, S. Maria Maggiore, St. Peter in Vinculis, S. Croce in Gerusalemme, St. Peter's, S. Prassede; to each of which are assigned about fifteen Arch-Confraternities; two or three of which are appointed to visit that church on the day specified. Thus, on the first Sunday in Lent, "the Capella di Sancta Sanctorum e S. Giovanni in Laterano," was visited this year by the "Archiconfraternita del SSmo. cuore di Gesù in S. Teodoro": "Di M. SSma. Addolorata in S. Tommaso in Parione": and "Delle Sacre Stimmate di S. Francesco." In all, 87 of these Associations are enumerated.

The visit to the church is paid in the evening, at about five o'clock,—two hours or so before the Ave Maria. I witnessed three such visits, which were made in quick succession at the Church of S. Prassede, on the last Sunday in Lent. The first indication of the approach of a confraternity was a veiled crucifix appearing at the door, immediately after which the procession entered. On either side of the chief functionary walked one bearing a huge candle; and about thirty or forty persons followed, walking two-and-two, among whom were certain officials, recognisable by their wands or staves. The Cappellano of the society, attended by a few who bore candles, brought up the rear. All wore the same dress,—a *sacco* or skirt, and a *mozzetta* or cape, of white, violet, or blue; and a badge on the left arm. A *cappuccio* concealed the features of every person, except in the case of the ecclesiastic who accompanied the confraternity. A small party of females in black closed the procession. The three or six in front were evidently ladies, the chief of whom supported a large crucifix in her hands; one on each side of her carrying a large candle. They wore black veils, but their faces were visible, and nothing could exceed the decorum and propriety of their demeanour. They

appeared wholly unconscious of anything but the religious act they were engaged in.

The ceremony is soon described. The procession entered slowly at the west door, moved up towards the altar, and when the foremost were within a few yards of it, all knelt down for a few minutes on the pavement of the church to worship. At a signal given by one of the party, (he tapped the pavement with his wand,) they rose, and slowly defiled off in the direction of the chapel wherein is preserved the column of the Flagellation (!). By the way, no one of the other sex may ever enter that chapel, except on one day in the year,—the very day of which I am speaking; and on *that* day men are as rigorously excluded. Well, all knelt again for a few minutes; then rose, and moved slowly towards the door, departing as they came, and making way for another procession to enter. It was altogether a very interesting spectacle. Utterly alien to our English tastes and habits, certainly; but the institution evidently suited the tastes of the people exactly, and I dare say may be conducive to piety, and recommend itself to their religious instincts. Coming from their several parishes, and returning, they chant Psalms.

It follows naturally to speak a little more particularly about the adoration of Relics; for this is just another of those many definite religious acts which make up the sum of popular devotion, and supply the void occasioned by the entire discontinuance of the old Breviary offices.

In the “Diario Romano,” (a little book describing what is publicly transacted, of a religious character, during every day in the year,) daily throughout Lent, and indeed on every occasion of unusual solemnity, (of which, I think, there are 85 in all,) you read, “Stazione,”—at such a church. This (whatever it may imply beside) denotes that Relics are dis-

played for adoration in that church, on the day indicated. The pavement is accordingly strewed with box; lights burn on the altar; and there is a constant influx of visitors to that church throughout the day. For example, at S. Prisca's, a little church on the Aventine, there was a "Stazione," 3rd April. (In the Romish Missal, you will perceive that on the *Feria tertia Majoris hebdomadæ*, (this year, Apr. 3,) there is *Statio ad S. Priscam*.) A very interesting church, by the way, it proved, being evidently built on a site of immense antiquity,—traditionally said to be the house of Prisca. You descend by 31 steps into the subterranean edifice. At this little out-of-the-way church, there were strangers arriving all the time we were there. Thirty young Dominicans from S. Sabina, hard by, streamed down into the crypt; knelt for a time; and then repaired to perform a similar act of worship above, at the altar. Mr. and Mrs. Payne, who conducted me to the spot, showed me, in the vineyard immediately opposite, some extraordinary remains of the wall of Servius Tullius. On our return, we observed fresh parties straggling towards the church, bent on performing their "visita." It should, perhaps, be mentioned that prayers have been put forth by authority, to be used on such occasions.*

I must not pass by this subject of Relics so slightly; for it evidently occupies a considerable place in the public devotions of a Roman Catholic. Thus, the "*Invito Sagro*," already adverted to, specifies *which* relics will be displayed in each of the six churches enumerated—(*e.g.*, the heads of SS. Peter and Paul, their chains, some wood of the Cross,

* *E.g.*, "*Orazioni da recitarsi nella visita delle Stazioni*" (1828). And so, elsewhere; for instance in a curious little volume, "*Notizie compendioze delle sagre stazioni, e chiese stazionali di Roma*" (1833).

&c.);—granting seven years of indulgence for every visit, by whomsoever paid; and promising plenary indulgence to every person who, after confessing and communicating, shall thrice visit each of the aforesaid churches, and pray for awhile on behalf of Holy Church. There are besides, on nine chief festivals, as many great displays of relics at Rome: the particulars of which may be seen in the *Année Liturgique*, pp. 189—206. I witnessed *one*, somewhat leisurely, at the Church of the Twelve Apostles, on the afternoon of the 1st of May.

There was a congregation of about two or three hundred in church, while somebody in a lofty gallery displayed the Relics, his companion proclaiming with a loud voice what each was. “Questo e il braccio,” &c. &c., which such-an-one gave to this “alma basilica,”—the formula being in every instance very sonorously intoned. There was part of the arm of St. Bartholomew and of St. James the Less; part of St. Andrew’s leg, arm, and cross; part of one of St. Paul’s fingers; one of the nails with which St. Peter was crucified; St. Philip’s right foot; liquid blood of St. James; some of the remains of St. John the Evangelist, of the Baptist, of Joseph, and of the Blessed Virgin; together with part of the Manger, Cradle, Cross, and Tomb of our LORD, &c., &c. Of course many persons knelt, (though by no means all), while this strange (and painful) exhibition was going on. . . . Are we to suppose, (one feels inclined to ask oneself,) that these people believe all that they hear; or that they disbelieve it? If they believe,—how exceedingly infatuated must they be! If they disbelieve,—how damaging to the religious life must the insincerity and holowness of such a service become! Above all, how must it provoke unbelief in things which are worthy of all acceptance!

The veneration of Relics in the Romish Church is really carried to an extent which is scarcely credible. If, by a desperate effort to be complaisant and accommodating, one could wink at certain of the relics shown one, would not the most ordinary instincts of piety, not to say the merest common sense, compel one at last to turn away with sorrow and displeasure? At Amalfi, they assert that St. Andrew is buried; St. Matthew at Salerno; St. Mark at Venice. Good. Let us suppose that a skeleton, traditionally reputed to be the skeleton of an Apostle, was long since conveyed to Amalfi, &c. But what of the *many* skulls, arms, legs, &c., of the same saints which are to be seen at Rome, and elsewhere? St. Andrew's skull, for instance, at St. Peter's,—his leg at the Church of the Twelve Apostles, and one of his ribs at S. Maria in Campitelli,—St. Matthew's arm at S. Maria Maggiore and at S. Prassede, &c. &c. &c. *Why*, again, (if they *will* invent such things,) display (of all heads in the world!) the head of John the Baptist?^a *Why*, (of all fingers,) pretend to show the unbelieving finger with which St. Thomas touched the side of his risen LORD?^b

. . . What *grotesque* notions, too, are they for ever laying hold of! The idea, for instance, of showing the porphyry slab on which the soldiers cast lots for the seamless coat: the stone on which the cock stood when he crowed twice: a column of the Temple which was split when the veil was rent in twain! (it has been sawn lengthways, evidently:) the impression made in a block of marble by our SAVIOUR's feet, (and good gracious! *such* feet!) when He was taking leave of St. Peter in the Via Appia (!): the identical column against which He used to lean when He taught in the Temple,—and which possesses miraculous

^a At the Church of S. Silvestro in Capite.

^b At S. Croce in Gerusalemme.

properties in consequence,* &c. &c. . . . Must not all this, sooner or later, produce irreverence? It certainly seems to destroy the faculty of intellectual perspective; for one finds "a napkin stained with the blood of St. Philip Neri," mentioned in the same breath with "a veil steeped in the blood and water which flowed from our REDEEMER's side"! . . . I am not now dragging into light a thing which the authorities of the Romish Church desire to keep back; or which they seem half ashamed of; or which is disappearing from public notice. If such were the case, I should certainly have passed it by in silence. But it is not so. Wherever you turn, you are shown nails of the Crucifixion, or fragments of the Cross, or thorns of the Crown. It is no secret. These relics are appealed to in the printed *affiches*, put forth by authority; nay, they are proudly blazoned on the walls of the churches. At St. Peter's, for example, above the four most conspicuous statues, one reads in large letters, of,—"*Partem Crucis quam Helena Imperatrix e Calvario in urbem avexit:*" (this is over St. Helena:)—"*Longini lanceam quam Innocentius VIII. Pont. Max. à Bajazete Turcarum Tyranno accepit:*" (this is over "Sanctus Longinus Martyr,"—a name invented

* This column is enclosed within iron rails, and kept under lock and key, in the right-hand corner of St. Peter's, as you enter. The inscription on the base, (which follows,) is very singularly cut, with many strange contractions:—

HEC EST ILLA COLUMNA IN QUAM DOMINUS NOSTER JESUS CHRISTUS APPODIATUS, DUM POPULO PREDICABAT, ET DEO PATRI PRECES IN TEMPO EFFUNDEBAT, ADHERENDO STABAT: QUE UNA CUM ALIIS UNDECIM HIC CIRCUMSTANTIBUS DE SALOMONIS TEMPO, IN TRIUMPHUM HJUS BASILICE, HIC LOCATA FUIT: DEMONES EXPELLIT, ET AB INMUNDIS SPIRITIBUS VEXATOS LIBEROS REDDIT: ET MULTA MIRACULA COTIDIE FACIT: PER REVERENDISSIMUM PATREM ET DOMINUM DOMINUS CARDINALIS DE URSINIS ORNATA ANNO DOMINI, M^oCCCC^oXXX VIII.

for the soldier who with his spear (λόγχη) pierced the REDEEMER'S side):—" *Sancti Andreae caput* quod Pius secundus ex Achaiâ in Vaticanum asportandum curavit:" (this is over St. Andrew):—" *Salvatoris imaginem Veronicæ sudario exceptam*,"—which is above the statue of " *Sancta Veronica Ierosolymitana*;" a name which I suppose has been in like manner coined in allusion to the phenomenon of the handkerchief. These several relics are exposed on great days. . . . At S. Prassede, on either side of the tribune, is an enumeration of relics, (inscribed on a large marble pannel,) which would make you stare. I copied, (thanks to the patience of a brother and sister who were unwearied in giving me pleasure,) the right-hand inscription, which is *verbatim* as follows. (That on the left is in the same strain exactly.)

HIC SITAE. SUNT INFRASCRIPTAÆ RELIQUIAÆ.

Dens Sancti Petri Apostoli.	De brachio S. Severini Martyris.
Dens Sancti Pauli Apostoli.	De Reliquiis S. Benedicti Abbatis.
Dereliquiis S. Ananiæ Apostoli.	De Reliquiis S. Sabae Abbatiss.
Sancti Terentiani Martyris.	De Reliquiis S. Galli Abbatiss.
De camisia (!) Beate Mariæ Virginis.	De Reliquiis S. Constantiæ Imperatoris Filiæ.
De cingulo D. N. JESU CHRISTI.	De Reliquiis SS. Quadraginta Martirum.
De brachio S. Philippi Apostoli.	De velo Sanctæ Agatæ.
De virga Moysi.	De arundine et spongia qua potaverunt DOMINUM nostrum JESUM CHRISTUM.
De brachio S. Barnabæ Apostoli.	
De terra super qua D. N. JESUS CHRISTUS oravit ante Passionem.	

De capitibus Sanctor. Petri et Pauli.	Pudentio patri Sanctae Praxedis.
De Reliquiis SS. Cosmae et Damiani.	De Reliquiis Sancti Joannis Baptistae.
De costa Sancti Alexii.	De linteo quo DOMINUS ab- stersit pedes Discipu- lorum.
De brachio Sancti Colum- bani.	De pannis quibus involutus fuit DOMINUS JESUS in suâ Nativitate.
De brachio Sancti Sebas- tiani.	De veste inconsutili D. N. JESU CHRISTI.
De brachio Sancti Nicolai.	Tres spinæ de Coronâ D. N. JESU CHRISTI.
De sepulcro Beatae Virginis Mariae.	
Imago SALVATORIS quam S. Petro Apostolus donavit	

When a fragment of human bone is shown you, you cannot of course disprove the assertion that it belonged to any Apostle or Evangelist who may be named. So, of the hay said to have come from the stable of Bethlehem. But of the inscribed Title of the Cross, (preserved at the Church of S. Croce in Gerusalemme,) one takes leave to form a private opinion. It may be, (for aught that I see to the contrary,) a thousand years old; but it was evidently the fabrication of some person who did not understand Greek. He took the words from the Vulgate, (St. John xix. 19,) and traced them from right to left,—out of respect for the Hebrew, I suppose. Above the word *Nazarenus*, he wrote what he evidently considered a sufficient Greek equivalent, —*ναζαρεναῖος*. Now, once more, let me not be thought ungenerous in bringing forward this transparent forgery. If well-informed Romanists disbelieved and rejected, or openly disallowed and were ashamed of it,—I should have been the last to call attention to it. But, on the contrary, Cornelius à Lapide, (in his Commentary on St. Matth. xxvii. 37,) de-

liberately informs his reader,—“This title is extant at Rome in the Basilica of S. Croce, &c. where I have often seen and done my devotion to it,” (“veneratus sum.”) He goes on to describe it minutely. The same writer inserts several personal details concerning Veronica, and notices her handkerchief in the same way, in his note on ver. 32.

The Abbé Barbier de Montault, a very zealous Romanist, has the following remarkable statement on the subject of Relics, in the *Année Liturgique à Rome*, p. 151. With reference to the “foule d’ossements de martyrs extraits des catacombes,” exposed on a certain Friday in Lent at the Church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, he says—“Le plupart des corps saints trouvés dans les catacombes manquant de noms propres, ont reçu, lorsqu’ on les a exposés à la vénération publique, *des noms de circonstance, qui n’ ont qu’ une signification vague*, comme Felix, Fortunat, Victor,” &c. Is this then the *avowed* history of the skeletons in glass cases one sees in many of the churches? The skeleton of S. Felix, for instance, at the Church of S. Maria de Angelis,—dressed, and crowned with flowers, and kneeling on one knee; with a palm-branch in one hand, and a bottle of his own blood in the other? The simplicity of such a confession silences criticism; for it calmly transfers the whole question of Relics to a region with which criticism has no acquaintance,—the world of shadows! But it is exceedingly difficult,—(practically, God grant that it may ever be impossible!)—for a people like ourselves, who have been taught, above all things, to seek for THE TRUTH, to understand the intellectual position of one who can reverence what he knows to be a nonentity; and who does not hesitate to use language which, by common consent, has been consecrated to severe matters of fact, concerning matters which, according to his own showing, only pretend to be matters of fable.

I have dwelt somewhat disproportionally on Relics; but they play so conspicuous a part in the religious system of the country, that, in enumerating the several substitutes which have been invented for the old Breviary Services, it would not be nearly enough to have discussed the subject in a few lines. A visit paid to a church where such objects are exposed, is a distinct as well as popular religious exercise; and it always seemed to me to be performed with great reverence and devotion. I will proceed to something else in my next letter.

Houghton Conquest, Aug. 22d, 1860.

LETTER VI.

VISIT TO 'SAGRE IMMAGINI.'—MIRACULOUS PICTURES, &c.—THE 'CROCI-FISSO' IN THE CAMPO VACCINO.—MARIA SANTISSIMA DEL PARTO.—SCENE IN THE CHURCH OF S. AGOSTINO.—ANOTHER IN THE CHURCH OF S. CARLO.—REMARKS ON THE DEVOTIONS OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

To the same.

My dear Dr. Jacobson,

I resume the subject of the public religious Services of Rome.—Besides visits to Relics, (which are only occasionally displayed,) distinct mention should be made of the visits paid to Images; for these evidently constitute an integral part of the popular religion of the day,—at least among the lower classes.

About what is so well-known as the daily act of homage paid by devout Romanists to the statue of St. Peter,—whose bronze foot is well nigh kissed away in consequence,—it is needless to say much. Sufficiently *picturesque*, it certainly is, in that vast and sumptuous shrine, to a bystander,—either when some very humble, or some very exalted personage is the chief performer. At Easter time, one is perpetually strolling into St. Peter's; and thus it happened that one often witnessed the devotions of the peasantry from the remoter provinces. There was no mistaking the class of individuals who had come on this pilgrim-visit,—men so wild in their appearance and strange in their costume; often with rough shaggy beards, long black elf-locks, and bronzed features. From their suppliant behaviour and awe-struck mien, it was evident that they thought

they had reached, as it were, the very gate of heaven, when they were able to crouch down before the grim, graceless image of the patron-saint of Rome . . . A strange contrast to such scenes, was witnessed on the 9th March,—when the Pope performed the ceremony of salutation. (I believe he repeats it at noon, every Friday in Lent.) He was preceded and surrounded and followed by a considerable escort of ecclesiastics, gentlemen, and guards. The prevailing colours were lilac and black. Some of the costumes were interesting enough. All reminded me of what is to be seen in pictures and ancient drawings.

The Cardinals, (about thirty in number,) knelt in a line on either side: then, sundry bishops, and other dignitaries. The Pope was dressed like no one else—in white, with a scarlet cape, and white skull-cap. He first repaired to a kind of prie-dieu in one of the chapels, for a few minutes, and prayed; then rose, and all moved to another chapel, where he prayed again: after which, he repaired to the statue. He approached, kissed the foot, placed his head under the sole of the foot, and kissed it again. An attendant wiped the place. Then each of the Cardinals in succession kissed once, with an inclination of the head, so as to let the extremity of St. Peter's foot touch the centre of their forehead. . . . All this, however, and more perhaps, is so generally known that apology should be offered for its insertion. Let me speak of what does not lie so entirely on the surface.

Of certain pictures, statues, and crucifixes in some of the churches of Rome, a marvellous opinion is entertained.*

* There is a scarce volume on this subject, (of which however no use has been made in the text,) entitled, *De' Prodigj avvenuti in molte sagre immagini specialmente di Maria Santissima secondo gli autentici Processi compilati in Roma*, (by D. G. Marchetti "Esaminatore Apostolico del Clero e Presidente del Gesù.") *Con breve ragguaglio di*

A portrait of the Blessed Virgin at S. Maria in Cosmedin,—(a very interesting old church near our English burial-ground,)—claims to have worked miracles. Another, in a church on the Coelian, is stated to have spoken to Gregory the Great. At the church of S. Agostino, there is a fine statue, called “*Maria santissima del Parto*,” which has also wrought sundry wonders. But among all the objects of this class to which the people of Rome “*ha fatto particolare ricorso in tutte le più grandi affezioni della Chiesa*,” (I am recalling the words of an “*Invito Sagro*” dated 27 March), “*speciale fiducia*” has always been shown to an “*antichissima imagine di Gesù Crocifisso*” preserved in the Campo Vaccino. After a triduo had been duly performed at the Church of S. Giuseppe de' Falegnami, where this crucifix was exposed to public veneration, (30 and 31 March and 1 April,) it was carried in procession to the noble Church of S. Carlo, in the Corso, in order that a larger number of persons might visit it; and thence it was carried back to its ordinary abode, by the Pope, in person.

The ceremony of conveying this image in procession down the Corso, was witnessed on Sunday afternoon, April 15th. A great crowd of persons attended. The windows and balconies, (all full of people,) were hung with red cloth, as during the Carnival; and when the crucifix came by, every one knelt. It was about five feet high, with a red canopy over it, and was borne on men's shoulders; several confraternities attending, and a large body of ecclesiastics, with the usual accompaniment of lighted candles: altogether a most strange sight! While this image was at S. Carlo, I stepped in repeatedly to observe the devotions

altri simili Prodigj comprovati nelle Curie Vescovili dello Stato Pontificio—Roma, 1797, pp. 298. Engravings and accounts are given of twenty-six pictures of established efficacy. Many others are enumerated. The book was issued by authority.

of the people ; and it was impossible not to be struck by their reverence, and the devotedness of their demeanour. Whatever my own personal convictions may have been,—whatever, on such occasions, the prevailing sentiment cannot but be, of a man whose religion is exactly symbolised by that most Catholic of all manuals, the English *Book of Common Prayer*,—it cannot be wrong to bear faithful witness to what I *saw*. It should be added that Romanists often shook their heads when they heard me express delight at the apparent piety of the common people in church. I can but say that *I* seldom saw levity of any sort : but, on the contrary, repeatedly witnessed acts of devotion which affected me to tears. Let me recall two distinct occasions, out of the many which present themselves to my memory.

One, was at the Church of S. Agostino, which stands in an unfashionable part of Rome, and where there are always plenty of poor people,—which made me go in the oftener to see what they were all about. As already stated, there is a remarkable image there, of the Blessed Virgin and Child,—so bedizened with finery, (necklaces, crown, ear-rings, &c.,) that you see, at a glance, it must enjoy very special favour. On every great day, (St. Joseph's for instance, 19 March,) the attendance is very considerable. Lights stand in front ; and there is a little lamp which burns at the side, (a glass cup of oil with a floating wick,) into which almost every one dips a finger. Scores of poor women came up, knelt devoutly for a time before this image in prayer, often folding to their bosoms a swaddled infant, or holding by the hand a little creature hardly able to walk ; then they rose, dipped the tip of their finger in the oil, and anointed their own head, forehead, temples, inside the mouth, behind the ears, and under the chin ; or made the sign of the cross. This done, they proceeded to administer the same kind of thing

to the child. (Such a droll part of the operation *this* often was! Can't you fancy your little Longley's face, or better still, Robert, while submitting to it?) Next came a genuflexion to the image, and perhaps a finger dipped in the holy water at the door, or a kiss to a small picture of the image, close to the entrance of the church; and away they went, leaving their place to be filled up by another, and another, and another. Under this image of "Maria santissima del Parto," you read,—“N. S. Pio PP VII concede in perpetuo 100 giorni d' indulgenza da lucrarsi una volta il giorno da tutti quelle che divotamente baceranno il piede di questa immagine, recitando un Ave Maria per li bisogni di S. Chiesa, 7 Giug. 1822.”

I ought to have mentioned that every one, on coming up, kisses the foot of the image with the same honours which are paid in St. Peter's to the famous statue of that saint. It is considerably worn away in consequence. A little money-box beside the foot seemed to be receiving many a widow's mite. A more busy scene, or a more devout ceremony, cannot be imagined.

The other occasion above alluded to, occurred at S. Carlo's Church in the Corso (18th April,) while the "Crocifisso" was there. A poor countrywoman entered; a thorough *contadina*, with large clouted shoes, faded finery, and a face which had apparently seen the scorching suns of some five-and-forty summers. She first eyed the image at the extremity of the church with attention, and then slowly advanced up the middle of the nave, with an expression of awe which caught my vacant eye at once. Nobody else was heeding her a bit; and *she*, certainly, was heeding nobody. The congregation (for there were hundreds in church) were listening to the sermon; (not a little unction in *that* quarter, I assure you, but I could not quite understand what the man said;) and she was much too ordinary a personage, bent on

performing much too ordinary an act, for any one to arouse her self-consciousness by staring at her. Down she knelt, when she had reached about the middle of the church; folded her arms in her apron, and began to pray. A more picturesque poor wretch you never saw. At the end of about six or seven minutes, she raised her eyes, crossed herself; then slowly bowed down and kissed the floor. Then she rose, curtseyed to the crucifix with something between love and reverence, and crossed herself again. This done, her business in church was clearly ended; and she went, swinging along, towards the right-hand door, (*i. e.* the left-hand entrance), where she dipped her finger in the holy water and again crossed herself. But she was lingering somewhere,—and a quick ear soon detected the rattle of some baiocchi which she was dropping into a box. (It proved to belong to the *Instituto di Carità*.) Just below the box, is another receptacle for holy water, in which the poor creature again dipped a finger; after which she slipped out, as unperceived as she had entered,—except by One above. It was very heathenish,—but it was very beautiful.

Talking of the mixture of love and reverence in this poor creature's manner, reminds me of a sailor's conduct, in the neighbourhood of Cape Misenum, which is not far from Baiæ. On a little rocky headland there, stands a so-called statue of the Virgo Immacolata; but it seemed to me antique,—a very pretty draped figure of dazzling white marble, fished up out of the bay somewhere in the neighbourhood, probably. The devotion of the rough sailor who rowed us the spot, (29th May,) was really touching. He kissed the statue's feet, patted it under the chin with his finger and thumb, (uttering a low sound of endearment, as if he were caressing a favourite child,) and then kissed his own fingers. I asked him if he was fond of the figure,—just by way of 'getting a rise' out of the man. He tossed

up his head, as much as to say,—What a question ! then waved his hand to the image, with a significant farewell smile, before beginning to descend the rock.

In describing these acts of individual devotion, you will of course observe that I am expressing no manner of approval of the occasion which called them forth. About *that* there can be but one opinion among persons who have had the happiness to be nurtured in the principles of the English Communion. It would be easy enough, only too easy, (alas!) to launch out concerning the many corruptions of the Faith which are patent to one visiting countries of the Roman obedience ; but this has been done a thousand times already. My present object is only to enumerate the public services of the Romish Church ; and to describe the methods which that Church employs for sustaining the spiritual life of her children,—which were new *to me*, and perhaps will be new to yourself and others. In our studies, we weigh the Romish Breviary, Missal, and Ritual, against the English Book of Common Prayer ; and we congratulate ourselves, (as well we may,) on the contrast. Many a time have you directed my attention to this subject in your own library. But in these letters, besides saying that the Breviary does not, in any sense, represent the devotions of the Roman people, (which is very soon said,)—I am bent on showing the nature of the method which has been substituted in the place of that ancient book.—Neither will *you*, of all men, be so unjust as to suspect me of a sneaking kindness for a system which is wholly alien to my sympathies, because I draw an agreeable picture of some of the sights which I witnessed. He must have a very cold hard heart who should be able to pass the solemn season of Lent in Rome, untouched by the number and variety of the methods he sees employed for stimulating the piety of the people. He may, he *must*, secretly bless God, every day of his life,

that his lot was not cast within that Church ; and yet, the common instincts of pastoral sympathy, (you, as a clergyman, will know what I mean,) must make his heart overflow with pleasure at every indication that the system, (however vicious in itself,) is at all successful in training hearts for heaven. I would defy any clergyman, let his views be what they might, to survey, in some out-of-the-way church, the large circle of seated persons, commonly of the humblest class, listening with rapt attention to some very familiar exposition of Christian duty, which was being delivered to them with infinite unction and gesticulation by an impetuous, earnest, speaker, standing on a *palco*, (or little low scaffold,) just above their heads,—without experiencing the liveliest emotions of pleasure ; and, (if the truth must be spoken,) a secret ejaculation,—“I only wish *I* could make people attend half as well to *me!*” What need to say that, *on the whole*, what the man said was generally sound and true enough ? . . . That the pleasure of the imagined spectator of such a scene will be wonderfully disturbed on getting into the street, and seeing written under the effigy of the Blessed Virgin the words, ΕΛΠΙΣ ΗΜΩΝ,*—it cannot be necessary, I suppose, that I should assert. *That* is quite a different question, and can admit of no manner of doubt or opinion. “So did not St. Paul speak, when *he* trod these streets!” said I to myself; (thinking of Acts xxviii. 20). But I have been so diffuse on this subject, that I must conclude for the present.

Houghton Conquest, Aug. 31, 1860.

* A lady did the writer the honour to send him word that if he expected these letters to be read by any of her own sex, he must instantly improve his style : for that, “*Codex was very dry.*” For *her* sake, I shall henceforth interpret any Greek or Latin words I may be compelled to use. So, to begin,—the two words above written, mean OUR HOPE.

LETTER VII.

A PROCESSION TO THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN DESCRIBED.—THE CATECHISMI.—THE 'TRE ORE DI AGONIA DI GESU CRISTO' DESCRIBED.—THE 'ORA DESOLATA DI MARIA SS.'—JOHN EVELYN AT ROME.

To the same.

My dear Dr. Jacobson,

It seems natural to say a few words next about Processions. This kind of exhibition, so utterly alien to our English habits, is a well-recognized method of public devotion in countries of the Roman obedience. Indeed, to judge from what was to be witnessed at Nismes, (12th June,) Processions must be even more popular in France than in Italy. To count the numbers present was quite impracticable. The whole town appeared to be taking part in the pageant.

Not to travel out of the proposed field, however: at Rome,—whether to accompany an image; or, because it is one of the Rogation days; or, (as on St. Mark's day,) because on that day all the clergy in Rome walk from St. Mark's Church to St. Peter's,—Processions are common. Well understood by the people, conducted with zest and spirit, and taken part in by members of numerous religious associations, (whether conventual or secular,) who are accustomed to act in concert, and are undistracted by commercial avocations,—it is needless to say how readily they supply a popular outlet for devotional sentiment. Of all the processions which it fell to my lot to witness, none was so picturesque as one which I overtook on Rogation Tuesday,

(15th May,) on its way to the Church of St. John Lateran, which is about a mile or so beyond the limits of Rome. The procession had not long set out, having only recently formed itself in the Forum; but it seemed to be trending away for a long distance ahead,—members of different religious orders, thirty or forty of each, walking two and two; and every fresh society being preceded by a coloured banner, and a crucifix, or some similar object. They were accompanied by several lesser dignitaries of the Church, and (I think) by a Cardinal.

But to say truth, it was more the inanimate accessories of the scene, on the occasion alluded to, than the procession itself, which made the sight so striking. In front, in all its colossal grandeur, standing out in sweetest sun and shade, uprose the Coliseum,—a structure which it was always a joy even to look at! Then, there was on every side something to attract and charm the eye. The exquisite freshness of the early vegetation,—the unearthly beauty of every tint,—the sharp transparent shadows,—the warm red colour of the travertine stone, in striking contrast with the delicious blue sky overhead,—above all, the profound air of desolation which seemed to brood over the entire scene,—could not fail to affect the spirit of the beholder. And thus it wound along, amid the wrecks of ancient Rome, past all those fragments of ancient temples,—the procession I spoke of,—reciting the Litany. Meanwhile the little bells rang out as it passed the different churches on its way, until at last it reached the Basilica of St. John Lateran. There, between two rows of ecclesiastics who were expecting its arrival, and over a pavement strewn with evergreens, the procession moved, with many a cross and candle, towards one of the side-chapels, where stands the altar of the Sacrament. At this spot, the Litany was again solemnly recited; after which the procession moved towards a temporary altar in the body

of the church, chanted the *Te Deum*, and offered prayers to St. Peter and St. Paul, whose heads (!) were exposed above the high altar of the basilica. This done, the procession dispersed. . . . I have attempted to recall what was really a beautiful scene; but you are not to suppose that it was altogether without drawbacks. The whole was rather picturesque than devotional; and the childish effect of the feeble little organ playing a kind of opera-tune as the procession wound along eastward from the great entrance of that glorious basilica was inexpressibly ridiculous to an English ear. For grand and pure devotional expression there is certainly nothing in the world to be compared to an English cathedral service. The testimony of the Abbé X. Barbier de Montault (a very zealous Romanist) on this subject, is quite unexceptionable. "*La musique*," (he says,) "*se maintient à Rome dans une sphère d'idées et d'harmonie, qui ne conviennent point à l'église: elle est légère, bavarde, stérile, et sans inspiration.*"*

At Rome, as elsewhere, Lent is the special season for devotional exercises. As already hinted, it is then that the confraternities frequent certain of the principal Churches; then, chiefly, that Relics are exposed; and it is the great season for Sermons also. I was so unfortunate as to miss the *Catechismi*, which were held for a week,—from the fourth to the fifth Sunday in Lent,—at forty of the churches in Rome. This is an institution of Pope Benedict XIV. The method observed was, two hours before the Ave Maria, to ring a bell; and while the people were assembling, to recite a third part of the *Rosario*. Then followed the catechising, which lasted for an hour; after which came the *Atti Cristiani*,—four short Italian prayers which seem very popular, and which are called acts of Faith, Hope, Charity,

* *L'Année Liturgique à Rome*, p. 4.

and Contrition. The Litany of the Virgin, and a few collects, commonly closed the service; but in some churches there was the Benediction, (or display of the Sacrament,) with the hymn "Tantum ergo." These Catechismi are reckoned a very important method of giving instruction to the people. As an inducement to be present, one hundred days of indulgence are promised for one attendance, and plenary indulgence to any one who shall be present five times: such indulgence being applicable to souls in Purgatory.

Other Lenten services there are which I did not see: but of the service called the *Tre Ore*, I am able to give you some account, for I saw it performed at the splendid church of the Gesù, and a very singular exhibition it was. It is restricted to a single day in the year, Good-Friday; and may be witnessed in about a dozen churches at Rome, where it begins at one, and is over at four o'clock in the afternoon. The church, which was partially darkened, contained some two or three thousand people. A large crucifix, with candles on either side, was seen above the altar. On a low scaffold, or *palco* stood (or rather, *moved*) a very eloquent Jesuit. At his side, but a little below him, was an assistant. Both had chairs, and a low table by their side; but the Jesuit made very little use of either, as you shall hear.

The "Tre Ore di Agonia di Gesù Cristo" is the name of a peculiar devotional exercise, singularly characteristic, as it seems, of the taste and method of the Roman people. It is not unaptly described in the *Année Liturgique*, as a "Sermon entrecoupé de différents morceaux de musique." It had been going on for some time when I entered. The assistant official, from his lower palco, first read from a book, (tamely enough,) a kind of meditation in Italian

on one of our LORD's seven sayings on the Cross; but he had not proceeded for more than five minutes, when the Jesuit preacher, starting up refreshed, began to pour himself out in an eloquent rhapsody, the theme of it being the same saying of our LORD—viz., His address to the repentant malefactor. How the man did fume and rave! At the end of a few minutes he became like one frenzied. To say the truth, it was rather the vehemence of a ranter than the impassioned utterance of an artist. He worked himself up at last into a kind of fit. What was curious,—when, at the end of ten minutes, he dropped on his knees, (where he remained for about two minutes, and, as I afterwards found, was supposed to be engaged in prayer,) he went on in the same vehement style. His body still underwent the same paroxysm of passion, as while he stood preaching. He still threw his arms about, clasped his hands together, gesticulated, and raved. He literally *walked about* on his knees. At the end of two minutes, however, he ceased; and a fine bass voice came to his relief. A famous singer was stationed in a little gallery, who, for the space of about five minutes, sang some Italian verses, ("Quando morte coll' orride artiglio," &c.,) in very admirable style. But however solemn the subject of this "strofe," there was no manner of solemnity in the performance. It was altogether like a lively air from an opera, (sung in the "amor mio," "questo cuore" fashion,) and the people evidently listened to it with the same satisfaction as if they had been in a theatre. By the way, it was a singular indication of the prevailing sentiment, that on inquiring in the sacristy who the preacher was, the sacristan kept on giving me the name of *the singer*; feeling sure that I must be inquiring after *him*. This singular exhibition, then, was repeated seven times. First, one of the seven sayings on the Cross, read by an

assistant, together with part of a printed meditation thereon. Then, an impassioned harangue, lasting for about ten minutes, during which the preacher apostrophised everything and everybody who came in his way. Next, on his knees, he went off into an agony (or whatever it is to be called) of prayer. Last of all, the operatic performance from the gallery brought *the act* to a conclusion. . . . The interest depicted on every countenance was intense. Wholly unconscious was the audience of any impropriety in the spectacle. It shall only be added that this function of the "Tre Ore" was the invention of the Jesuit Alfonso Messia, who composed it in Spanish for the use of his own church at Lima in Peru. So successful was it in all the parishes of Lima, that it rapidly spread through Peru, Chili, Quito, Carthagena, Panama, and Mexico, and was finally naturalised at Rome. A considerable indulgence is enjoyed by those who assist at its celebration.

But a yet more singular and characteristic function takes place in about five churches on the evening of Good-Friday, beginning one hour after the Ave Maria. It is called the "Ora desolata di Maria SS." It combines the operatic and the theatrical element even more successfully than the "Tre Ore," and may therefore well be a great favourite with the common people, who flock to it as they would to a melodramatic entertainment. They certainly behave with exemplary propriety, though not exactly as if they were in church.

The east end of S. Marcello was hung with silk curtains, red, white, and blue, so as to resemble rather the stage of a theatre than anything else. Above the altar, behind a row of candles furnished with shades of coloured paper, (which discharged the office of foot-lamps,) was a representation of the scene of the Crucifixion, (like a scene in a play,)—the

Blessed Virgin being conspicuously stationed in front, (a figure the size of life,) sitting by the side of the Holy Sepulchre, wearing a crown, and dressed, like a tremendous doll, in pink and blue satin. The "Ora desolata" consists of a recitation of the Rosary for about two minutes, (during which, all kneel who can;) operatic music and singing for the space of five minutes more; and then, twenty minutes spent in preaching,—nothing very thoughtful of course, but an earnest apostrophe to the feelings.—In the church of "S. Lucia de Ginnasi alle Botteghe oscure," (which is in a yet humbler quarter of Rome,) the exhibition was even more strange and perplexing. It would be hard to describe it accurately without using ridiculous expressions in connection with very sacred things, so it may be as well to pass it over: but I shall never forget the jaunty look of the image of the Virgin,—with her blue shawl, pink silk dress, rosy cheeks, black hair, and golden crown. What would "Simon Bar-jona," or "Saul of Tarsus," have said to *this*? thought I. Nothing less than irreverence of course was either intended or conveyed; but it was nevertheless impressibly distressing to an English eye. The same indulgence as before is promised to those who partake for an hour, or less, in this act of devotion.

John Evelyn, describing the doings in Rome on Good-Friday, 1645, says,—“At night there was a procession of several who most lamentably whipped themselves till the blood stained their clothes, (for some had shirts,) others upon the bare back, having vizors and masks on their faces; at every three or four steps dashing the knotted and ravelled whipcord over their shoulders, as hard as they could lay it on, whilst some of the religious orders and fraternities sung in a dismal tone, the lights and crosses going before, making altogether a horrible, indeede heathenish pompe. . . . The

next day, there was much ceremony at St. John de Lateran; so as the whole weeke was spent in running from church to church, all the towne in buisy devotion, greate silence, and unimaginable superstition."^a

I must continue this subject next week.

Houghton Conquest, Sept. 10, 1860.

^a *Diary*, vol. i. p. 277.

LETTER VIII.

THE ORATORIO AT THE CHIESA NUOVA.—THE VISIT TO THE SEPULCHRES : TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES : AND TO THE CEMETERIES.—ASCENDING THE SCALA SANTA.—A BEATIFICATION.—THE SERMONS AT ROME DESCRIBED.—THE ‘MISSIONE URBANA.’

To the same.

My dear Dr. Jacobson,

This enumeration of modern Romish Services has extended to a greater length than I expected. It shall not be prolonged much further.

Two other Lenten Offices yet to be referred to, are the “Oratorio” and the “Visit to the Sepulchres.” The former, an invention of St. Philip Neri, is, as its appellation (well known in England) declares, a musical entertainment of a religious character. It takes place every Sunday evening during Lent at the single church of the Oratorians, the Chiesa Nuova,* (properly the Church of S. Maria in Vallicella,) half an hour after the Ave Maria. None but men are admitted. These performances took the name of *Oratorio* from the Oratory founded by St. Philip Neri, which is annexed to the Church. So effectually has this appellation been naturalised among ourselves, that its origin is probably little suspected.—The visit to the Sepulchres is quite a different affair, being transacted only on the evenings of Thursday in Holy-Week and of Good-Friday. From the account I heard, it must be a very strange spectacle. A representation of our LORD’s Sepulchre is prepared, and made so attractive that hundreds resort to the Church where

* Mentioned by Evelyn (Easter Monday, 1645,)—vol. i. p. 277.

it is to be seen. I will not pretend however to describe what I did not witness. A little manual, entitled "*Divota maniera di visitare i santi Sepolcri*" lies before me. "In every famous church," (says John Evelyn, writing on Holy Thursday, 1645,) "they are busy in dressing up their pageantries to represent the Holy Sepulchre, of which we went to visit divers."

Another devotional exercise which I never had the opportunity of being present at, (also the invention of St. Philip Neri,) is the visit to the Seven Churches.—I am not able either to say much about the visits to the Cemeteries of Rome, which are undertaken as a distinct religious exercise, though of a more private character. Strange to say, there is one Cemetery, (that of S. Giovanni dei decollati, where criminals are buried,) which is resorted to by persons of the humblest class, in order to obtain, (I believe from the souls in purgatory,) a suggestion as to lucky numbers for the lottery!—Gambling, (be it remarked in passing,) is as much the popular vice of Rome as drunkenness is of our own people.—Word was brought to a friend of mine that her laundress had met with a fall on the staircase. "I hope" (she said to her informant) "you helped her to get up?" "Not I," (exclaimed the servant,) "I went off to see what number I should buy in the lottery."—A young lady told me that, one morning, not being quite awake, she told her maid to look on the floor for a gold scudo she had dropped. "Ah, you may leave off looking," (she presently added;) "I was only talking in my sleep." But the girl, shouting with laughter, was already half-way down stairs, in quest of her lottery-book, to see what number was indicated by "*moneta perduta*." But to return.

The number of exercises of a religious kind at Rome is truly surprising. The Oratory of the Caravita is the scene of not a few of these, and of not the least singular. Very

many, however, there are which present no feature sufficiently distinctive to entitle them to special description. Not so the ascent of the *Scala Santa*,—or identical marble steps of Pontius Pilate's house in Jerusalem (!) up which our Blessed LORD ascended before His Passion. Quite distressing, in truth, it is, to see the ladies coming up those stairs on their knees, looking so hot and miserable. An indulgence of nine years, applicable to souls in purgatory, is granted to all who with a contrite heart perform that ascent, praying as they go, and meditating on the Passion of our LORD. "In going up the Holy Steps, it is not necessary to stay long, or to recite long prayers on each step," (says a little devotional manual published at the Propaganda press). "It is sufficient to ascend devoutly from one to the other, thinking meanwhile on the Passion of our LORD, or reciting the Our Father or Hail Mary, so as not to hinder or disturb those who follow." A meditation for each of the twenty-eight steps is subjoined.^a

As for the services of Holy-Week, transacted in the Sistine Chapel, they are no more a part of the Romish system than a diamond necklace is a part of every lady's dress.—The extraordinary functions, again, which attend a Beatification are so entirely exceptional, that they cannot properly be described in this place. And yet, as methods of administering periodically to the religious appetite of the people, they require to be thus mentioned in passing. Perhaps you can imagine the effect of painted representations of the miracles and sufferings of the person to be beatified, hung about St. Peter's,—*pariti* suspended on the walls,—a profusion of lighted candles at the east end of that glorious Basilica,—and the bronze statue of St. Peter himself attired in splendid vestments, with the triple crown on his head, and a huge ring on his finger ! . . . The entire ceremonial

^a *A Devout way of ascending the Scala Santa.* 1857.

becomes a kind of *Festa*. Troops of persons are attracted to the spot, and stand all day under the portico, gaping up at the extraordinary scenes which are depicted on acres of canvas, hung above the doors; together with long laudatory inscriptions, in somewhat stiffish Latin. On Sunday, the 6th May, John Sarcander, a German; on the 13th, Giovanni Battista de Rossi, an Italian; on the 20th, Benedict Joseph Labre, a Frenchman,—were beatified. Little books, containing a memoir and portrait of the Saint, &c., were of course being vended; and the place was as crowded, and the common people seemed as giddy, as at a Fair. Their tastes and habits are utterly unlike our own! Not to dwell on all this however, let me rather, having spoken at so much length of the Liturgical substitutes, (as they may be called,) for the Breviary Services, devote the present letter and the next to a brief notice of some other of the methods employed for conveying *instruction* to the people of Rome. I am conscious that in passing over the Confessional in silence, I am omitting to notice one very important part of the Romish system; but this is a subject on which I have nothing whatever to add to what is universally known.

The Catechismi have been already adverted to, with an expression of regret that it is not in my power from personal observation to describe their character.

It hardly needs to be stated that the most obvious, and probably the most important method which Rome employs of warming the religious affections of her children, consists in appointing set Sermons to be addressed to the people at certain seasons. With them, preaching is a *distinct institution*. There is indeed a sermon every Sunday at certain churches. At S. Carlo in the Corso, and at the Gesù, for instance, at 11 a.m.; at St. Agostino, the Ara Cœli, and the Minerva, at 5½ p.m. (At the Gesù, by the way, there is

also a *bonâ fide* exposition of a portion of the Holy Scriptures, every Sunday, at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 p.m.; which is much frequented.) But besides these, there are (generally in Lent) courses of Sermons preached by eloquent men at certain of the principal Churches of Rome. And it is astonishing how cleverly these sermons are adapted to the respective auditories.

At the Gesù, on the Fridays in Lent (at 11 a.m.), the preacher is of a high order, and his predica is delivered in a style to suit the most fastidious,—“full of Italian eloquence and action,” as Mr. John Evelyn phrases it.* But if you go, (as I delighted to do,) to more out-of-the-way parts of the city, to see how the stragglers of the flock are being looked after, you will hear something altogether different. What a contrast there was between a sermon at the Minerva on the night of Thursday in Holy-Week (5 April); and another (20 March) at the Church of S. Maria Trastevere! The one, oratorical and grand, poured forth from a lofty pulpit by a man of immense eloquence and power, in a vast gloomy church where (to give a guess) about 3,000 persons, (quite a sea of heads it seemed,) were assembled: the other, plain, practical, and explanatory, almost colloquial. The preacher sat on a little scaffold, or *palco*, and with infinite gesticulation went over several practical points concerning the nature of temptation and sin. It was hardly possible to keep from laughing to see his droll little figure, so excited with his subject that he was never quiet for an instant; and certainly he was never once fairly down in his seat. The phenomenon described by the poet was reversed. Not *the audience* were ἐπ’ ἄκρων πρυγίδων, but *the performer*. . . . Both these preachers however achieved the one great object,—they kept their auditory in rapt attention. It was very beautiful, and even affecting, at

* *Diary*, vol. i. p. 275.

S. Maria Trastevere, to see how attentive the poor people all were. At other times, and I think more often, the discourse was not of this explanatory kind ; but the rough exhortation of a bare-footed friar ; not at all artistic, (as it seemed to me ;) but vigorous, loud, impassioned, and very fluent.

Such are the Sermons at Rome. They are a distinct institution, and are not to be confounded with the "*spiegazione dell' Evangelio*," which takes place once on Sunday, in the course of the service of the Mass. To the best of my remembrance, the Sermons I heard were always prefaced by a text from the Vulgate. They last for an *oretta*, which means more than three-quarters of an hour, but not so much as fifty-five minutes. While the Crocifisso was exposed at S. Carlo in the Corso, for eight days three Sermons were preached daily,—at 11 a.m. ; at 5.30, and at 7.15, p.m. ; and there were three preachers. As for the contents of these Italian Sermons, or rather the style of them, unhappily one was seldom able to follow the more rapid and eloquent speakers sufficiently closely, to be warranted in saying much on the subject. But generally speaking, they seemed to be less calm, thoughtful, and didactic,—more glowing, rhetorical, and exclamatory,—than our own discourses. The preacher dealt largely in apostrophe, and appeals to the feelings. He practised a good deal more action, or rather gesticulation, than is ever observed among ourselves. Their method appears to have been most successfully imitated by Mr. Spur— well, never mind : only they were *reverential*, and not *vulgar*. The quietest man never thought of keeping his arms quiet for a moment : whereas I suppose that we (do we not ?) feel that we are behaving with questionable taste if we move our arms about much, or even at all. The common practice of preaching from a palco, which enables the preacher to walk hither and thither, doubtless gives him a considerable advantage Written

sermons are of course without example. I think that, on the whole, there is far less devotional propriety and decorum observed while an Italian predica is going on, than while an English sermon is being preached. *There*, people enter the church and depart again, without hesitation; loungers walk about; little children play, cry, and squabble; dogs are not excluded. The business of the Confessional is going on in other parts of the building. The effect of all this is highly picturesque, no doubt, but not altogether devotional. I am bound however in fairness to say that the practical gain of the method is great. Mothers are present who else undoubtedly would never hear the Sermons at all; and it is very honourable to the preachers to see how steadily they keep on amid distracting influences which would drive *me* crazy. They seemed not to mind the yelping of a child a bit; but went on, just as if nothing at all were the matter.

You will have observed, in all that precedes, that the same liturgical elements recur again and again;—the Rosary of the Virgin, and the Litany of the Virgin, the Benediction, the “Atti Cristiani,” and certain Italian prayers and hymns of recent date. There is little or no savour of antiquity in all this. Even when an opportunity of adhering to an established formula presents itself, it is not embraced. For instance, when the “Atto di fede” is recited, instead of the Apostles’ Creed, another composition (quite faultless, but still quite modern) is rehearsed. In what I am now about to describe the same elements reappear; and yet what is transacted is in the main so strange and original that it may well have a page entirely to itself.

In the *Diario Romano*, at the beginning of every month, is read as follows. (Take for example the month of May.) “In tutte le feste di questo mese, due ore e mezzo prima

dell' Ave Maria, si fa la Missione nella chiesa di S. Vitale." This function, (the "Missione,") takes place in a fresh church every month; and is an expedient for conveying to the common people the main outlines of Christian Doctrine. The full phrase is "Missione Urbana,"—*City Mission*, literally; which indicates the purpose for which the institution was originally set on foot by the Jesuits,—namely, in order to carry the Gospel into the dark places of the metropolis; or rather, (as it seems,) in order to induce the humblest and most careless sort to enter the walls of a church. The method adopted is, for several of the society, each bearing a conspicuous black cross, to proceed in different directions, attended by a little boy ringing a bell. Attention is in this way attracted; a small concourse of persons is gathered together; and, at a given time, the missionaries return to the church, each at the head of his own little band of recruits,—very poor men, women, and children. Indeed, there is not to be seen in the whole church a person well dressed. All are very attentive, however, and perfectly orderly. No one would desire to have a better congregation. Considering the great number of children present, the amount of decorum was extraordinary.

While the missionaries are on their travels, several persons, as you may suppose, have assembled in church; and stragglers keep dropping in every minute; so that, at last, the handful of boys and very poor adults has thickened into a tolerable congregation. By way of keeping up the attention of those present, they are entertained with the life of a Saint,—which is, of course, very much of the nature of an interesting story. This is read, in a clear ringing voice, from a low palco, or scaffold, by a young man seated on a faldstool before a crucifix. He simply prefaces it with the words, "La vita di S. Isidoro," or "Pasquale Baylon," or whoever the Saint may happen to be; and no one ever had a

more attentive auditory. The entrance of the missionaries is the signal for him to leave off. A little bell rings, and all join in chanting certain verses (evidently well known to all present) ; after which the Atti de fede, speranza, &c., are recited. Then another hymn, the last verse of which is recited by a man in plain clothes kneeling before the altar. Then comes Ave Maria. But I have more to add about the Missione than will conveniently go into a single letter. One letter more shall conclude the entire subject.

Houghton Conquest, Sept. 12, 1860.

LETTER IX.

THE MISSIONE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. VITALE, DESCRIBED.—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIALOGO.—GENERAL REMARKS ON THE ACTUAL ROMISH METHOD.

To the same.

My dear Dr. Jacobson,

To go on with the account of the "Missione."—On the occasion alluded to, (Ascension Day,) a Jesuit of a far higher stamp now took his stand on the palco; and began addressing to the people a "predica" of the plainest and most colloquial kind imaginable; yet not wanting in fluency or methodical arrangement either. To the best of my remembrance, he did not give out any text. He spoke of Prayer, and explained its nature. He said that although men ought to reverence the Blessed Virgin and the holy Angels, yet that our true devotion is to be reserved for JESUS CHRIST alone; that *He* ought to be the one great object of all our prayers and affections. At the end of seven or eight minutes he sat down, in order to spit and rest himself. Meantime, it was impossible to survey the audience without interest and pleasure,—all so attentive, and entirely engrossed, as it seemed, by the emphatic, important, and *very* plain address of the preacher. He was on his legs again in less than two minutes, and resumed his useful sermon.

In connection with the Festival, he spoke of our LORD'S Ascension, and said something, on Jerome's authority, about the impression left on the Mount of Olives by our SAVIOUR'S

feet. This sent him off into a description of the account which "an Englishman named Beda," (rather startling for the Englishman who was resting his elbow within a yard of the preacher's feet,) has given of the Church which the Empress Helena tried to build on the spot where CHRIST ascended, but on which no roof could be persuaded to stop. This portion of the sermon was weak enough, but the people evidently liked it; and he was far too clever a man to keep *boring* on at any part of his subject long. He said that our LORD's having ascended from a *mountain*, was not without a mystery: that "*mortificazione*" and "*orazione*" are the two wings on which the soul must soar to Heaven. Then he spoke about suffering; and inquired *what kind* of suffering is accepted in God's sight. *All men suffer*: but *in what spirit* do they suffer? Having brought out this point clearly, he spoke again of Prayer: which (he said) does not consist in gabbling Paternosters; but it is talking "*cuore al cuore al Dio.*" This part of his sermon was admirable. He then put an imaginary case of humble distress, and in a very simple pathetic manner gave a specimen of the prayer which a poor woman might reasonably be expected to offer up in the fulness of her misery,—folding his hands, raising his eyes, and really looking as if he *meant* what he said. He was an oldish man. There was no manner of humbug in the whole proceeding. He was in fact making a very successful hit, as the tearful eyes of many a poor creature who seemed to have known the taste of grief, clearly showed. He improved his opportunity without abusing it; and then returned to the subject of the day, breaking into an eloquent exhortation, based upon the great fact of our LORD's Ascension ("*Lift up your heads,*" &c.). As he went on, he waxed warmer and warmer, and carried us all along with him, while he spoke of the short-lived nature of earthly sorrow, and drew a picture of the happiness of

Heaven. If, after much suffering here on earth, we may but enter into those joys, O how blessed! . . . And with this, he sat down. He had been preaching for thirty-five minutes. It was passing pleasant to read his success in the earnest faces of the Roman poor.

Such an excellent sermon was it, that I quite forgot my disappointment; for I had come to hear the *Dialogo*, as it is called; but which it seems is no essential part of the *Missione*. The old man now looked at his watch, and explained from his chair that the *Missione* with the *Dialogo* would be next Sunday; for it had been found impracticable to-day. He exhorted all present to "elemosina," (on which some boys came round with bags;) and said that if any desired to be enrolled as *fratelli* and *sorelle* of the *Missione*, they were presently to give in their names. He also made an announcement concerning next Sunday's service. After this, he got up, (after having been scarcely seated three minutes,) and began to preach again; but the exhortation, which was purely practical, lasted for only six or seven minutes. All now knelt down, which seemed to be a signal to all the babies in church to give tongue. *Such* a caterwauling they kept up! while the Jesuit standing on the *palco* suggested an impassioned kind of prayer. I believe what closed the service was five *Paternosters*, and as many *Aves* and *Glorias* for the extirpation of blasphemy; followed by "*Tantum ergo*" and "*Benedizione*." All was over at 6.45; having lasted, at the outside, for an hour and a half.

On the following Sunday evening, of course, I was careful to repair again to S. Vitale's, in order to hear the *Dialogo*; and this time there was no disappointment. The devotional exercises commenced, as on Thursday; but after the "*Atti Cristiani*," two Jesuits took their seats on the *palco*: one, (the preacher of last Thursday,) to assume the character of the "*dotto*," or learned man; the other, (an older person

with white hair,) to play the part of the "insipiente" or "ignorante." The latter had a most merry eye, and a gravity of manner which when he relaxed into drollery gave point to every ridiculous thing he said. It was impossible to mistake him for a fool, for a moment.—The "dotto" proposed the eleventh article of the Creed for discussion; and looking gravely towards his companion, enunciated with a clear loud voice the great truth of "*La resurrezione della carne.*" "Very well," cried the other, "very well;" (with the air of a man who wants time to recollect the difficulties which have sometimes struck him on any given point :) "O," (he suddenly exclaimed,) "I have a private sentiment of my own concerning *that*. Did you not say 'the resurrection of *the flesh*'?" "Certainly." "Well then, my own private belief is that oxen and sheep, dogs and horses, will all rise again; inasmuch as they all are '*flesh*.'" The congregation, (which consisted as before of the poorest class, including a large proportion of children,) all laughed audibly.

"No!—no!"—(solemnly returned the other, in a clear loud voice.) "Men's bodies will not rise again because they are *flesh*; but because man has a reasonable soul. *Our* resurrection is a matter of express revelation." And so on. So far, he silenced the objector,—who, (while he took a pinch of snuff,) begged pardon for his "sentimento," with the air of a man who thinks it rather hard he may not be allowed to enjoy a little quiet heresy of his own without hearing so much said about it in public. He backed out, amid the titters of the congregation. Then, plucking up all of a sudden, he told the "dotto," in rather a saucy way, that he had heard of a new discovery in science whereby human life can be restored even when it is extinct. "Then why does not some one come and do it?" cried the other. "There are for ever impostors coming from Paris and

London: but their impostures, like those of the Egyptian magicians, are done by the aid of the devil." "You make out that the devil has a great deal of power at all events," rejoined the "insipiente." . . . And in this way the two went on for I think about three-quarters of an hour. As for the Dialogue, it was so conducted on the part of the Insipiente, as to embody popular doubts, and to start obvious difficulties, without evincing the least desire to obtain a victory over his adversary. Keener rejoinders, more sophistical arguments, and the plausible profession of a difference of opinion, might easily have misled such an auditory. On the side of the Dotto, the answers were such as the people present would be likely to understand and to appreciate,—*not* answers which really met and demolished the proposed difficulty. Having stated an absurd or incorrect view on some subject, and got his answer, the Insipiente readily shifted his ground; content with the triumph of having raised a laugh in the first instance, and with the consciousness of retaining the sympathy of the audience all along. They were, to say the truth, very attentive to all that was spoken on either side: but especially alive (as might have been expected) to any drollery on the part of the Insipiente.

The temptation to be funny at the wrong time, was clearly too much for the old man's flesh and blood. Even when the Dotto announced "*comunione generale*" at S. Maria Maggiore for the ensuing Sunday, in the morning,—"*E dopo pranzo?*" inquired the other. . . . Rather fairer was a shot which he aimed in a different direction. Two English ladies had conveyed me to S. Vitale's in their carriage, and their dress abundantly betokened them to be the only persons of similar condition in the congregation. Their horses were pawing at the door. The Insipiente so worked the dialogue that the other speedily got on the sub-

ject of riches and poverty, and the chances which people of fortune have of going to Heaven. "Do you think then," he inquired, looking as cunning as he knew how,—“Do I understand you to mean that every one who keeps a carriage must inevitably”—you can imagine the rest. “By no means,” exclaimed the Dotto, “only they will find it *more difficult* to get to Heaven.” In the meantime, the arrow had hit the mark. The eyes of all in our neighbourhood were instantly directed, with a good-natured expression of drollery, towards the two astonished sisters in crinoline.

Enough, however, about the Missione and Dialogo, and of modern Romish Services in general. This last method which I have been describing is by far the most original and startling of all. You will perceive that it is an ingenious device for arresting the attention, and sustaining the interest of an humble auditory: for getting them to listen to many points of doctrine which, delivered didactically, would be voted insufferably dry and dull; and if collected together in a sermon, would make it as miscellaneous, (without being nearly so attractive,) as a patchwork counterpane. The Dialogo combines almost all the advantages of public catechising, and entirely escapes all its evils; while it introduces facilities for which conversation with a half-frightened child can never furnish an opportunity. The only thing which one would think ought to be studiously eschewed is any approximation to unseasonable drollery on the part of the Insipiente; or indeed any amount of drollery at all. But whether the Missione and Dialogo would have attained its present popularity without this element of humour, is more than I shall venture to assert. And here I take leave of the subject,—heartily wishing that you had been at Rome with me. *Longley and Robert* I am sure, would have given to everything their *unqualified* approval. A good deal of it was distinctly *in their line*. About their

Father's probable private "sentimento" I do not presume to be by any means so sanguine.

But to end, (as I began,) seriously. Without the remotest intention, or inclination, (God knoweth!) to be the apologist of Romanism, it ought perhaps to be said, in discussing this subject, that there are a hundred things in the Romish method, which, however alien to our own national tendencies and sympathies, however undesirable and unworthy of imitation among ourselves, are yet tolerable and even commendable in their own place; among a people whose veins are unconscious of the influence of Anglo-Saxon blood; who have grown up in different tastes and habits from ourselves; who live under a hotter sun, and inherit widely dissimilar traditions. It seems to me possible thankfully to recognise our own loftier position in respect of incorruptness of Faith and antiquity of Ritual; in respect of learning, and of candour, and of morality, and of much besides; and yet,—(as conscious that we ourselves, neither in theory nor in practice, are altogether, to a man (!) what our Prayer-book teaches,)—to view with charitable indulgence the religious method of a community, which, with many dreary shortcomings, many fearful corruptions of the Truth, is yet, as we hope, a living branch of the Church Catholic. If you were to sit up at Rome all through the night to write your sermon, (as I am ashamed to remember I did regularly once a week,) you *could* not hear the hundred little bells which from a hundred turrets make the whole atmosphere musical towards the dawn of day, without acknowledging that there is zeal in that ancient city, though "not according to knowledge." It is impossible to turn over the pages of the "Diario Romano," without being reminded that Religion, (I say not *pure* Religion,) is the very business of the place. I even think that not a few ministerial hints are to be picked up by an earnest man

at Rome, trying to divest himself of some of his fiercest prejudices; and honestly asking himself at all hours,—“Faulty as all this is, and utterly inferior to our own method *on the whole* as every part of their system *must* be acknowledged to be,—cannot I get from it all a hint or two for my own guidance? Many a solemn *warning* I have obtained from practical Romanism: many a time have I been reminded of the wisdom and prudence of our own Church in closing, aye, putting a padlock on the door which, once left open, has here let in so much of unmitigated corruption and wholesale mischief;—but may not I take example, here and there, from what confessedly works very well? Dissent has given me many a precious hint at home. Shall not Romanism give me a single useful hint abroad?” . .

It would, at all events, be most ungrateful not to remember the indulgence with which one was invariably treated by persons who, (so ignorant of our Apostolic constitution are they, one and all!), regarded one throughout as a heretic: the kindness with which all one’s inquiries were met: and the confidence which they ever seemed prepared to repose in an utter stranger. What need, before I lay down my pen, to add, that while the doctrinal errors of Romanism remain what they are, so great a gulf is fixed between the two Churches, that they which would pass from hence to them, cannot with any safety to their souls? Would to Heaven that they of the other Church would abjure their errors, and come over to us!

But I have detained you long enough to make you weary of me: so, Farewell!

Houghton Conquest, Sept. 12, 1860.

LETTER X.

SOURCES OF OUR ENGLISH PRAYER-BOOK.—THE ANCIENT OFFICES OF THE WEST SURVIVE WITH OURSELVES ALONE.—‘MATINS,’ ‘MASS,’ AND ‘EVEN-SONG,’ THE ENGLISH SERVICES BEFORE THE REFORMATION.—GENERAL LAXITY OF MODERN ROMISH CONVENTUAL PRACTICE WITH REGARD TO THE BREVIARY HOURS.—HOW ACCOUNTED FOR.—INSTANCES OF STRICTNESS.—THE CAMALDOLI CONVENT NEAR NAPLES.—VIEW OF MODERN MONASTIC LIFE.

To the Rev. Philip Freeman.

Dear Mr. Freeman,

I trust I may be permitted to assign the debt of gratitude which you have already laid me under, in common with thousands of others, by your great liturgical work, as a plea for desiring to address to yourself a few humble remarks on the hours of the Romish Breviary Offices. I use the epithet “humble” advisedly; for I am not about to offer anything either theological, or speculative, or antiquarian, or historical; either recondite or learned. But only to say a few words on the *practical* question,—namely, as to how those Offices are recited by conventual bodies at the present day.

One approaches the inquiry into the modern Romish usage in this respect, (if I may judge of others’ feelings by my own,) with no little curiosity. The case of our own Church and nation, (as yourself have fully demonstrated,) is just this:—our forefathers, in the fulness of their wisdom, and in the free exercise of their own undoubted prerogative, about three hundred and eleven years since, consolidated those ancient Sarum Breviary Services which were in general use throughout England at the era of the Reformation;

and out of "Matins," "Lauds," and "Prime," constructed our present Morning Service, ("Mattins" as it is still called in the Calendar;) out of "Vespers," and "Compline," our Evening Service,—which the Calendar still calls "Evensong." It was a work, as you have taught us of the present generation, (but our fathers knew it very well,) not of mere abridgment, much less of fusion or selection; but of *consolidation*. For, in consequence of a general resemblance between the first three and the last two services just named, both in respect of the elements out of which they were constructed, and also in respect of the order and sequence in which those elementary parts anciently stood,—it was found possible to preserve not only essential continuity, but practical identity as well, between the ancient and the revised service; and yet to abridge and to consolidate into one, the three and the two Offices respectively, which had before been distinct. Those Bishops and Doctors of our Church to whom the work was intrusted accordingly "expected the people and Church of their day to accept the Services as, for all practical purposes, *the same services revised*; and what is more, as such the Church and people manifestly *did* accept them."

You have shown us that "in the earliest age, and down to about the fourth century, the Church thought it good to have in effect *two*,—at the utmost they may be called three,—solemn Services of ordinary public worship in the day; and no more. At the last-mentioned epoch, she was induced under the influence of the monastic system, or in emulation of it, to institute public Service at other times—viz. the 1st, 3rd, 6th, and 9th hours, and late in the evening. . . . How far, in this respect, she acted the part of a wise householder, may surely now at least be questioned. The system, as a system of numerous daily Offices of public worship, prescribed for the use of the members of

the Church, has been practically for hundreds of years abandoned throughout Christendom." With ourselves, who reverted at the era of the Reformation to primitive usage,—with ourselves alone, at this day, survives a public form which retains the characteristic outlines and essential organisation of the ancient Offices.

But it is not a little curious,—even more as (what may be called) a question of Liturgical experience, than as a matter of ecclesiastical history,—to bear in mind what had been the state of things among ourselves with regard to the daily service immediately before the period of the Reformation. It is found that there had been *three public Services and no more*, celebrated in our English Church previous to 1549. "Matins," "Lauds," and "Prime" had been said by accumulation early in the morning, and the whole service had been called "*Mattins*." "Mass" had been said rather later. "Vespers" and "Compline" (also by accumulation) had been said in the afternoon; and "*Even song*," (the Anglo-Saxon equivalent for "Vespers,") had given its name to the Service. . . . This, in a few words, was the sum of the knowledge of the subject with which I went to Rome; and bearing in mind how it had fared with ourselves as to the practical question, not a little curiosity did I feel to ascertain how the case stood at present with our elder sister in the same behalf. That for public congregational purposes, in every Communion except our own, (as already explained,) the Breviary Services are a thing of the past,—I was aware: but besides desiring to know what had been substituted for them in the churches, I was excessively curious to ascertain what *the Conventual* practice in respect of the Breviary actually is. The result of the former inquiry filled my six preceding letters. The present letter shall be devoted to the other question.

The first thing I ascertained, and which filled me with no

small astonishment, was, that Matins and Lauds are all but universally said *overnight*,—at 8 p.m. for instance; and that they are said by accumulation; the two services together occupying an hour and a quarter. Prime is said at 7.15 in the morning, and occupies a quarter of an hour. The time of Mass is not fixed. Tierce, Sext, and Nones, (occupying half an hour,) are said by accumulation at 11.30: Vespers and Compline together, (also occupying half an hour,) at 2.30. This was the method of certain Camaldolese at Rome, observing the rule of S. Benedict.

Certain "Canonici Regolari di S. Agostino, Rocquettini" gave me their hours as follows:—Prime and Tierce at 7.30, lasting till 8 a.m.: Messa Conventuale at 8: Sext and Nones from 8.30 till 9: Vespers and Compline from 3.50 till 4.50 p.m. Matins and Lauds, occupying an hour, were recited at 8.15 p.m.

From a society of Franciscans, I obtained the following striking table of hours:—Mass at any time from 5 to 8 a.m. Prime, Tierce, Sext, and Nones, (by accumulation!) occupying half an hour, are said at 11.15 a.m. Vespers, Compline, Matins, and Lauds, (also by accumulation!) at 3 p.m. These take an hour. How nearly does this correspond with our own ante-Reformation English use,—with the exception of the impropriety of reciting Matins, (with its collect referring to "*the beginning* of this day,") overnight! . . . Another small society of Franciscans told me they had the same usage: namely, of reciting Vespers, Compline, Matins, and Lauds by accumulation at 3.30 p.m. It occupied an hour and a quarter.

Very similar was the scheme of hours observed by another convent of Augustinians. They had Mass at 6: Choral Prime, lasting twenty minutes, at 7 a.m. Tierce, Sext, and Nones, lasting three-quarters of an hour, at 10.15. High Mass at 11. Choral Vespers, lasting twenty minutes, at

11.45 a.m. (before dinner, by special license during Lent.) Compline, Matins, and Lauds, by accumulation, (lasting in all three-quarters of an hour,) at 3 p.m. These again are practically *two Services*, you see,—one at 10.15, the other at 3. But only think of having Vespers said in the *forenoon*, and Matins in the *evening*! At other seasons of the year, these same Augustinians recite Vespers, Compline, Matins, and Lauds, by accumulation. The four Offices occupy an hour and a quarter. As for the time,—when the Angelus is at 8, Vespers begin at 3.45 p.m.

The members of a famous Jesuit establishment at Rome repeat Vespers and Compline (together) at 3 p.m.: Matins and Lauds (also together) at 8 p.m.

The chief body of Franciscans at Rome told me that their practice was to say Vespers at *twenty o'clock*—i. e., (in winter,) 2.30 p.m.; and Compline at 3. Matins at 6.30; and Lauds at 7 in the evening.

But how does all this happen? (I often inquired.) We, in England, are under an impression that Conventual societies and Monastic bodies keep the hours accurately. How is it you do not say Matins and Lauds in the morning? . . . The inquiry was I am sure very kindly made; and it was invariably as courteously answered,—without the least wish to shirk the question, or to conceal the actual state of the case. (It was always a pleasure to converse with the superiors of a Convent, though I perceived plainly enough that they often regarded me as a poor, ignorant creature, and wondered where I had been caught.) I was reminded that before celebrating Mass, Matins and Lauds *must* have been recited. To avoid the possibility therefore of any breach of ecclesiastical rule in this respect, it is now the almost universal practice to say Matins and Lauds *overnight*. Next, it was urged that so many of the society were engaged in visiting the sick, and in other ways, that

practically it had been found necessary to modify the practice with regard to the hours in that particular convent. And sometimes illness was alleged,—the prevalent feeble health of many of the society,—as a reason for suspending until warmer weather the due discharge of the earliest Offices. The confidential tone and manner of one amiable old Carthusian, (a very pious creature, I am persuaded,) who, laying his hand upon the part affected, said something about “mio stomacho,”—spoke volumes. “O quite so: I quite understand,” (was frequently the rejoinder.) “The cogency of such causes as you name, and many others besides, was so keenly felt by our English forefathers, that, long before the Reformation, it had become the custom in our Churches to have only two services in the day. *That* was why we consolidated our old Breviary Offices; and why the Offices of our existing Breviary are but *two*.” (The incredulous look of the acuter sort when I spoke of “our Breviary” was often too much for my own powers of face; especially if they turned short upon me with,—“What! are you a Catholic then?” and I had to reply very composedly, “Why; of course! What do you take us all for?”. . . . But it was so disappointing to find that the fine old Breviary theory was extinct even in a convent, that I inquired further; and soon discovered plenty of cases where, especially in warm weather, and above all by the severer and stricter orders, the rule of the Romish Church is followed very closely. I will give some examples,—mentioning names, this time, since it is to the praise of the persons concerned.

The Francescani Cappucini, (whose head-quarters are at the Church of the Conception,) chant Matins and Lauds at midnight. It lasts for an hour and a half. Mass is said at 6 a.m. lasting (with Tierce) for another hour and a half. Sext and Nones, (occupying half an hour,) are chanted at

11 a.m. The hour of Vespers varies. They occupy half an hour, and are chanted at any hour between 1 and 8 p.m. Compline is at 5.30.

The Passionists at Monte Cavi, (above Albano,) have Matins and Lauds, (occupying an hour,) at 1 in the morning: at 5.15 Prime and Tierce. Mass lasts from 6 till 7. At 10, come Sext and Nones,—occupying, like Prime and Tierce, half an hour. Vespers are at 2 p.m., and occupy the same time. At 5, Compline, followed by an hour of meditation. The same is very nearly the method of the Capuchins at the Convent of Albano.

I thought that the view from the *bosco* of the last-named convent must surely be the loveliest in the world, until I visited the Camaldoli, a convent of Benedictine monks on an eminence near Naples. At the extremity of their little domain is a projecting cliff which commands a glorious view, beginning on the left with Naples; and taking in Castellamare, Vico, Sorrento, Massa, Cape Campanella, Capri, Nisida, (with Lake Agnano in front,) the Solfatara, (with Astrone in front and Lake Avernus behind,) Misenum and Baiæ, (with Monte Barbaro and Monte S. Angelo in front, and Ischia and Procida behind,) the remote Islands of Vendolane, Ponza, and Zannone, the promontory of Circello, Terracina, Gaieta, Mola di Gaieta and the Gulph of Gaieta, (with the Lake of Patria in front,) and last of all the chain of Apennines trending away far far to the right. I can scarcely conceive anything more enchanting, about an hour or two before sunset, when the weather is fine, than this view. . . . But to come back to the Breviary,—these same Camaldoli monks, (for the Benedictines are almost the only order which claims the dignified appellation of *monaci*,) say Matins and Lauds at 1 in the morning. Their hour for Prime is 5, and this is followed by Mass. At 9 is Tierce, and Sext at 10.30. Nones are at 11.30. Then, in the

afternoon, Vespers at 4, and Compline, (the bell was ringing as I entered the convent-gate,) at 6.30. What with "lettura spirituale" for three-quarters of an hour, study for an hour and a half, "lavoro manuale" (from 7 till 9 a.m.) daily, and silence every day in the week except Tuesday and Thursday;—those twenty-seven monks must lead a severe life. They seemed happy.

In all that precedes, (which, as you will observe, mostly regards Rome and its environs,) I have not adverted to one part of the conventual practice, which materially increases its severity, although it must be admitted to impair the primitive simplicity of its character. Besides "meditazione," to which half an hour is commonly assigned, and often twice a day, the frate repeatedly mentioned, while enumerating their Offices, the *Litany of the Virgin*, and the *Rosario*.

I am detaining you too long. One word more, and I will lay down my pen.—A Monastery, or rather a Convent (for only the Benedictines have a right to the former title,) is always an interesting object: not unfrequently does it deserve a stronger epithet. The pillared cloister encloses a sunny quadrangle where vegetation abounds. How picturesque are those many little columns! How delicious is that cool shade! In the centre of the court is a well, and a few old cedar trees. One drawing water, looks as if he had gone there on purpose to be sketched. You saunter along that chequered perspective, sure of a civil word of greeting from every one you meet; until you emerge into a quiet little garden full of orange-trees, which commands an enchanting view. The inoffensive, hard life of the inmates, and the exceeding urbanity of all in superior station, disarms your prejudices and conciliates your good-will.

But the day has gone by when Learning flourished in the cloister, and Piety made it her favourite refuge. Nor may we dream that we are living in the days when architectural

taste and ecclesiastical splendour took up their abode at Glastonbury and at Tintern. Convents are no longer the nurseries of the Fine Arts, or the retreats of learned men : nor do they prove on inspection what one's indulgent fancy paints, contemplating them through the grey mist of more than half a thousand years. The Convent library is little resorted to : and its contents are but very imperfectly known, even to the appointed "*custode*" of the books. The very library is seldom what one would expect or desire to find,—as, for example, that it should contain a respectable collection of some of the early Fathers ; or at least rejoice in the most famous modern expositions of Holy Scripture. It was painful to witness the bewilderment and confusion which a few questions occasioned in certain quarters,—the suspicion and surprise, in others. I doubt whether one ecclesiastic in five thousand can read Greek. . . . The very Breviary hours, as we have seen, are generally found impracticable. They everywhere exhibit a strange tendency to result in the same fatal phenomena of *accumulation*, *anticipation*, and the rest, which were witnessed in this country upwards of three centuries since, and which led in the end to our *consolidation* of them. To be brief ; without judging others, or desiring to condemn any part of the machinery of foreign Churches, have we not good reason to thank God with all our heart that *our* lot,—yours and mine,—has been cast where it is ? and that *their* institutions are not *ours* ?

Let me end as I began, with an allusion to your book,—which I devoutly wish were in the hands of all English Students of Divinity. Would to God, also, that the mottoes on your title-page might become the very guiding principles of all our lives :—"Stare super antiquas vias"; and, (that motto of my heart !) Σπάραυν ἔλαχες ταύταν κόσμει Farewell

Houghton Conquest, Sept. 12, 1860.

LETTER XI.

MODERN ROMANISM.—DISREGARD TO TRUTH.—NEGLECT OF THE BIBLE;
AND OF ANTIQUITY.—WORSHIP OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—‘CATHOLIC’
AND ‘PROTESTANT.’—IMPOSING CHARACTER OF THE ROMISH SYSTEM.—
UNBOUNDED LICENSE, AND MODERNNESS OF THE ROMISH SERVICES.—
THE CHURCHES AT ROME.—COMMON FALLACY OF ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.
—EXTERNALS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.—IMAGE WORSHIP.—IMPRESSIONS
ON AN ENGLISHMAN AT ROME.

To the Rev. Canon Wordsworth.

My dear Friend,

Before passing on, as I must now do, to speak of the Roman Catacombs, which will in a manner carry me out of the domain of Liturgical practice into that of Antiquity, I wish to offer a few remarks on Modern Romanism : remarks which will be not unfitly addressed to yourself, as perhaps the most able living champion of the Truth. It is hardly possible, I feel, to dismiss the subject of the modern Romish Offices, without adverting in some such general manner to the practical working of the system of which they are the devotional expression. I did not anticipate the necessity of doing this, when I began. It seemed quite possible to describe those Offices as they are, without reopening the discussion of the system to which they belong : to describe the *phenomena*, (which happen to be picturesque enough,) without calling attention to the fatal flaws in the *theory* on which they depend. But I perceive that the impression left on the mind of an inattentive reader may very easily prove an incorrect one, unless, side by side with such graphic details, a few living words of caution are added. The skilful physician indeed does not require to be told that the hectic

flush and sparkling eye are symptoms of fever ; that languor betokens disease ; and that the fluttering pulse is a prelude to decay. But however superfluous to the learned such reminders may prove, the inattentive and the thoughtless may yet require them ; and for *their* sake, they shall be now subjoined. What I have hitherto written has rather been addressed *ad Clerum*. The present letter is *ad Populum*, emphatically.

The fatal principle which lies at the root of all Romish practice is a general *disregard for Truth*. Ten times a day, at Rome, will any thoughtful man be constrained to remember the singular stress laid in the Gospel on that attribute of the Most High, which He has indeed assumed to Himself as one of His awful Names.* One learns to perceive *the reason* for the great prominence thus given to *Truth* in Scripture, by noticing the fatal, all-pervading consequences of its disregard : and Truth has been so systematically disregarded in the Romish system, that it has come at last to be actually lost sight of ; and, in a manner, *not understood*. Our instinctive English rejoinder,—“ But is it *true* ? ” seems to be altogether alien to the genius and temper of the Romish mind. What has already been offered on the subject of Relics forms no unapt illustration of my meaning. It might be further most instructively illustrated by an appeal to the Romish Breviary ; and by enumerating the legends of fabulous personages, no less than the legends *known* to be fabulous of persons who really did exist, which are to be found there. Much of Romish doctrine is essentially *untrue*,—witness the theory of Indulgences. Very striking is it to observe that members of our own branch of the Church Catholic, “ going over ” to the Romish

* St. John xiv. 6. Consider i. 17 : viii. 44 : xiv. 17 : xv. 26 : xvi. 13 : xvii. 17. 1 St. John v. 6. 2 St. John v. 4. 3 St. John v. 3, 4, 8, &c.

branch, become demoralised conspicuously in this very respect: they seem to lose the perception of the sacredness of *Truth*.

From the fountain-head thus indicated, many and various are the streams of bitterness which have flowed down. I will not stay to inquire whether the systematic *neglect of Holy Scripture* is to be regarded more as the cause or as the consequence of the phenomenon. It is doubtless to be regarded both as a cause and a consequence: the neglect of the deposit having first let in the tide of Untruth, the prevalence of Untruth has subsequently made it convenient to neglect the deposit. That the Bible *is*, at this day, a sealed book to the Laity of the Romish communion, all are aware who know ever so little of the practical working of Romanism. By the Clergy themselves the Bible is not, as it is with us, *the Book*. How generally the original verity suffers neglect, is sufficiently attested by the very significant fact that Mai's publication of Codex B (in 1858) is the first instance of a Greek Testament being ever printed at Rome. As might be expected, the Romish clergy do not generally understand Greek.

From the neglect of the Bible has naturally resulted a neglect of Catholic Antiquity. The ancient Fathers are not the favourites with the Romish Church, as they are with our own Divines. Rome indeed *speaks* as if the Fathers were all her own exclusive property. It is probably not generally remembered by the unlearned of our communion that, on the contrary, *scarcely one* of the Fathers of the first five centuries was a *Roman* writer at all; nor is it, perhaps, by the same persons known, that of all the Fathers there is certainly *not one* who expresses the opinions which are known as *Romish*. They would all have condemned Romanism,—to a man.

But what it concerns us far more to notice is, that out of

the neglect of the Bible has sprung, as a necessary consequence, general *corruption of Faith and Practice*: Image-worship,—the entire system of Indulgences,—the doctrine of Purgatory,—adoration of Relics,—Divine honours paid to Saints,—the withholding of the cup from the Laity.

And still, the crowning iniquity of all remains to be specified. In truth, it calls for distinct and separate mention. It is the great sin of modern Romanism, that the Blessed Virgin is put *in the place* of God. Quite useless is it, worse than useless, for any to pretend to disguise the plain fact that the Mother of our LORD is more than worshipped at Rome. Not only are the incommunicable attributes of the Creator eagerly transferred to the creature; but she is set *before*, and *in the place of*, her Divine Son. *She* (not *He*) is styled the “*unica spes peccatorum*.” *Her* image, (not *His*,) meets you at the corner of every street. In her Litany, she is addressed as “*Salus infirmorum, Refugium peccatorum, Consolatrix afflictorum, Auxilium Christianorum*.” The popular teaching with respect to her is reflected in such verses as the following, which are found at the close of the most approved popular manual of devotions:—“*Se l’infernal nemico Va l’alma mia tentando, Maria, Maria ohiamando, in fuga il metterò. Ripeterò Maria in ogni mio periglio, Mi è Madre, io son suo figlio, Mai non la lascerò. Il mio maggior conforto Nell’ ultima agonia Sarà chiamar Maria, Chimarla e poi morir.*”^a Is it possible to read such sentiments without turning sick at heart?—What? Under temptation,—in all seasons of adversity and peril,—on my dying bed, and in the very hour of death, shall I make, *not* the tender mercies of my SAVIOUR and my GOD, but *the Virgin Mary* (!), the strength and stay of my fainting soul? Is it possible that a Chris-

^a *Massime Eterne, &c.*, 1858, ad fin.

tian man can seriously intend it?—That she was indeed a great Saint, incomparably the chief of female Saints, *who* can doubt? That she was Θεοτόκος, (for which a fair English equivalent is, “Mother of GOD,”)—*who* shall presume to deny? ^a But then, she was *human*, not Divine: and, “being by nature born in sin,” (as Augustine repeatedly remarks,^b) she herself needed a SAVIOUR! . . . Is not the folly, not to say the blasphemy of the teaching above alluded to, patent and horrible?

What I have been describing pervades the system. In the month of May, the same honours are paid in Church to the Blessed Virgin which at other times are paid to our LORD; and with far more enthusiasm. The “Année Liturgique” enumerates twenty-two festivals in honour of *Him*: in honour of *her*, no less than *two-and-forty*.—What need to advert to the fatal dogma of 1854, whereby Rome has effectually cut herself off from the rest of Catholic Christendom,—ancient and modern? A marble column with figures, recently erected at the corner of the Piazza di Spagna, commemorates the publication of that dogma; and a conspicuous inscription at the extreme east of St. Peter's,

^a The Greeks, (as early as the days of Origen,) had invented this appellation,—the precise Latin equivalent for which is *Deipara*. The Latin Church, substituting for *Deipara* the stronger expression *Dei Genetrix* and *Mater Dei*, was in turn followed by the Greek Church, which hesitated not to call the Virgin Μήτηρ Θεοῦ. See the two learned notes in Pearson on the Creed.—Art. III. p. 177.

^b “*Maria . . . de carnali concupiscentiâ parentum nata est.*” (Opus Imperfectum, lib. vi., c. xxii. Opp. x., p. 1334.)—Again: “*Virginis, cujus caro . . . de peccati propagine venit.*” And again: “*Corpus CHRISTI, quamvis ex carne feminae assumtum est, quæ de illâ carnis peccati propagine concepta fuerat, tamen, quia non sic in eâ conceptum est, quomodo fuerat illa concepta, nec Ipse erat caro peccati, sed similitudo carnis peccati.*” (De Genesi ad litteram, lib. x., c. xix., § 32. Opp. iii., pp. 268–9.)—See more in Bp. Beveridge on Art XV. note (c): Works, vol. ix., p. 350.

on the north side of the altar, records how the present Pope, on the 8th of December, 1854, there proclaimed it, "and satisfied the longings of the whole Catholic world"!!! Whereas, surely, no one deserving the name of Catholic can read that inscription, or contemplate the class of phenomena to which I have been adverting, (phenomena which are not of rare occurrence, but which meet one at every step,) without the profoundest sentiment of perplexity and sorrow. How, in the face of profanity so patent, any one of sound mind who has been nurtured in the bosom of our own holy Church, can apostatise from it in order to adopt the communion of Rome, is more than I am able to understand.

The diversity, (popularly and practically speaking,) between the Romish method and our own, is sufficiently apparent: but it may not be a waste of time to advert to some points of contrast. Conscious of our own Apostolicity of descent, and of the impregnable platform of doctrine on which we stand, we have been singularly neglectful in several respects, where Rome has not failed to turn our remissness to her own advantage. Thus we have *popularly* surrendered to our opponents the epithet which they so eagerly claim, of *Catholic*: while some of us have acquiesced in the appellation of "Protestant," which they have been altogether as industrious in fastening upon us. This is especially the language of the Newspapers,—which help to fix the popular vocabulary; even where they fail to influence the popular belief. And yet, so long as we daily profess to "*believe in the Holy Catholic Church*:" so long as "*more especially we pray for the good estate of the Catholic Church*;" and beseech the ALMIGHTY "to inspire continually *the Universal Church* with the spirit of Truth, Unity and Concord:"—what need to say that the Church of England holds very different language from what the more

thoughtless of her children are content to employ? The point to be noticed however is, that Rome's exclusive assumption of a title to which we have an infinitely better claim than she, is just one of those many pretentious acts which gives her a great advantage in addressing weak, superficial, unstable souls. They require to be reminded that no *branch* of the Church can claim to be the *whole* Church: while, in strictness of speech, the epithet "Catholic" can scarcely be accorded at all to a branch of the Church, many of whose dogmas were unknown to Antiquity, and would have kindled the wrath of those ancient Fathers to whom nevertheless she professes to appeal,—(I do not say that she *does* appeal to them),—as confidently as ourselves.

The same pretentiousness which shows itself so wide awake to the importance of "a name," has not failed to be in readiness with a proud theory also, in order to dazzle the imagination and mislead the judgment. True, that *that* theory will not abide the ordeal of sound criticism. True, that it collapses under the threefold test of Scripture, Reason, and Fathers; and that the searching evidence of History refutes it altogether. The bulk of mankind does not care to reason. Ingenious as well as proud, a very masterpiece of human craft, the theory of Romanism addresses itself successfully to every dominant instinct of Man's corrupt nature: to his carnal curiosity,—his impatience of doubt,—his desire of assurance,—his appetite for variety and novelty,—his party instincts,—his love of what is marvellous, sensuous, tangible, *seen*. . . . How entirely the reverse of our own method in all these respects Romanism is, as well as how alien to the spirit of the Gospel, what need to point out?

To illustrate at any length all that I have been saying, would lead me much too far; and explanation it can scarcely

require. The claim to Infallibility,—the assumption of Universal Authority,—the ready (but altogether human) resolution of every theological doubt,—the complicated casuistry of the Confessional,—the claim to dispense with purgatorial pains;—these, and such as these, constitute the unseen, but not less potent parts of the machinery: then, the varied and novel Services,—the encouragement given to the formation of endless Societies,—the splendid Churches,—the showy vestments,—Relics,—the statues and the pictures and the miracles of Saints,—all the attractive accessories of public worship:—these and the like of these, are the outward methods which Romanism wields with so much success in addressing persons of a warm and enthusiastic temperament.

In dealing with weak brethren of our own communion, we are constrained to meet this gigantic system of complicated fallacies, and worse, by weapons which, however destructive and really irresistible, seem powerless as smooth stones out of the brook, to minds which Satan has blinded. We point out that to St. Peter himself, no manner of authority over the rest of the Apostolic body was ever given by CHRIST: but that, even if it had, since it is certain that St. Peter was never Bishop of Rome at all, there would be no pretence for connecting such authority with the See of Rome. Supposing, however, for argument's sake, that such authority had been conveyed to the Apostle, and that he had been called upon to preside specially over the Church at Rome; it would yet not follow that the Bishops of Rome, in endless succession, are absolutely infallible; and that they enjoy so extraordinary and unique a prerogative over all the rest of Christendom, that to be out of communion with Rome, is to be excluded from the Church of CHRIST, and therefore from the hope of Salvation!

After exposing the hollowness of the Romish claim to Infallibility;* pointing out the discrepancy between Holy Scripture and many of the decisions of the same communion; calling attention to the many pernicious effects of the Confessional, in its influence so demoralising, as well as so destructive to the spiritual life; together with the presumptuous and utterly unscriptural teaching connected with the doctrine of Purgatory, disgraced as that doctrine is by mercenary transactions, and a hundred transparent fables:—after this, I say, we come to the outward and more attractive parts of the Romish system; and on this subject, we are constrained to be a little more particular.

As already explained in the foregoing letter at considerable length,—Rome, notwithstanding her boast of Antiquity and immemorial tradition,—Rome, (in common with the rest of the Churches in communion with her,) has *cast away* her ancient Breviary Offices; while *England alone has retained hers*. Attractive enough to the common people, and occasionally very interesting to witness, as pageants, the modern Romish Services, in their structure and contents, are, as I have shown, essentially weak and unworthy. What the Duke of Wellington called “fancy prayers,” are the rule, not the exception, in that ancient city. As far as forms of worship go, the actual method may be truly characterised as one of unbounded license: fitly described as one vast complicated system of *authorised Dissent*. I speak in this letter of Rome only, because it is *Rome* which dazzles by its many glories,—historical, antiquarian, ecclesiastical, artistic. The selfsame thing how-

* I have been favoured with an anonymous communication from a gentleman, who twits me with having, in this letter, done nothing of the kind. For his gratification, I have thrown together a few remarks in the last three of these letters, which I respectfully commend to the attention of himself and his friends.

ever is observable at Paris. The only church where true earnestness and devotion, and something like religious enthusiasm, is to be witnessed, is the parish church of Notre Dame des Victoires, where the pious curé (M. Desgenettes) organised the "Archiconfrérie du très-saint et immaculé cœur de Marie, pour la conversion des pécheurs." It was neither more or less than a *Revival*, in the modern popular sense of the term, which M. Desgenettes contrived. But the point to be observed is, that he compiled a set of *fancy prayers* for the public worship of the Confraternity,—and that Pope Gregory XVI. (in 1836) solemnly ratified all that he had done. The propriety of such sanction, I am not going to discuss. But I wish that, instead of being ensnared by the claim to Antiquity, put forth by the Church of Rome, members of our own communion would take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the true state of the case. I wish they would have the candour to recognise the solemn fact that *Antiquity* abides with *us*: that the *Romish* ritual,—the public worship of Almighty God as it takes place *practically* in the Church of Rome,—is an invention of *yesterday*: weak, unscriptural, unsound, worthless.

Then, for the sanctuary itself, as well as the manner and the accessories of public worship, it is absolutely necessary to invite attention to several circumstances which are very apt to be overlooked; but which, if fairly weighed by a candid and honest mind, will materially correct that promiscuous enthusiasm which a first view of Romanism, *as it is seen at Rome*, is very apt to engender.

It must be freely granted that many of the Churches of that famous city are of exceeding magnificence and splendour. A man must be devoid of real taste and a large appreciation of beauty, who can fail to acknowledge it. Mr. Pugin, I am aware, left Rome in disgust at its ecclesiastical Architecture: but it was because he could admire

nothing that is not Gothic. Now, it is the simple fact that *there is not one single Gothic Church in Rome*. There are some Saracenic or Moorish outlines in two of the Churches,—(the Minerva, and a little church of which I forget the name, built by one who has apostatized from our communion;)—but of Gothic, in the English sense of the word, there is not a single specimen. Stained glass,—the glory of our English Cathedrals,—is simply *unknown*. The Churches are all of the debased Roman style,—like our own London *City* Churches; for which, by the way, it is clear that they afforded the miserable precedent. But then they are for the most part larger than Wren's, and they are adorned with infinitely more costly materials. Lapis lazuli, verde antico, porphyry, and a variety of beautiful marbles,—sculpture and painting,—mosaics,—gilding,—luxurious decorations of every kind,—an inlaid pavement;—such are the usual objects which make the Churches so attractive to a man of taste and education paying his first visit to Rome. When to this it is added that, except for a few hours during the middle of the day, all the principal Churches are kept open,—and that, (from the religious method of the community, already adverted to somewhat in detail,) there are generally to be seen a few worshippers in every Church on a week-day;—it cannot occasion surprise if a superficial English observer receives an impression somewhat disadvantageous to his own Church. An attentive observer could not *carry away with him* any such impression, certainly: but thoughtful and thoughtless alike may very easily be so impressed in the first instance.

The thoughtful beholder speedily learns to reason with himself somewhat as follows:—

I am beholding here the accumulated results of the lavish outlay on the externals of Religion which has been going on in the metropolis of Roman Catholic Christendom for upwards of a thousand years. Pope after Pope has

laboured to eclipse the prodigality of his predecessors: Cardinal after Cardinal has vied with his fellows to achieve some triumph of Art: and *this* is the result! Nay, I am beholding the spoils of heathen Rome, not to say of heathendom itself, collected in the noblest of these fanes. Yonder forest of granite columns was wrought for Hadrian, or for some other of the Emperors. They adorned heathen Temples once: they adorn Christian Basilicas to-day. It is right they should do so. This is but the counterpart of what was done in Canaan of old, by God's express command. But it detracts somewhat from my admiration of the zeal which has been at work here, to find that the costliest ornaments of all have been simply transferred from a Pagan to a Christian use,—having been found long since by these people, ready made to their hand, and requiring only to be appropriated.

Nay, I perceive that not only heathen traditions remain, (witness the *ex-voto* offerings which so often encumber these walls!), but that the cold shade of heathen Art broods strangely over this Christian metropolis. How has it impressed its influence on everything I see! These cold classical outlines,—that debased style,—yonder pediment supported on a pair of columns in every side-chapel,—how lifeless it all is as an expression of Christian Art! And it is not ancient either. It is the production of only yesterday, after all,—the fashion of the present day; a fashion which is still going on. This indeed is a feature which strikes me more and more forcibly as I continue my survey: namely, the intense *modernness* of the churches at Rome. Their sites indeed are truly venerable; of even extraordinary antiquity: and several of the objects they contain (though sadly *cooked*) are very ancient also; but the actual structures are far more modern than is commonly considered, or would perhaps be believed. Let us open Murray's handbook at random:—" *San Sabastiano*. . . . The foundation of this basilica is attributed to Constantine, but the present edifice

is not older than 1611 when it was entirely rebuilt," &c.—“*S. Sabina* was built in the form of a basilica in 428 by Peter, an Illyrian priest, as we learn by a mosaic inscription over the door; but Sixtus V. in 1587 reduced it to its present form.”—“*S. Maria Maggiore* was founded A.D. 352 by Pope Liberius, and enlarged in 432 by Sixtus III. on its present plan. The whole building was repaired by Gregory XIII. in 1575, and the principal façade was added in 1741 by Benedict XIV., *when the interior was completely renovated, and the building generally reduced to the state in which we now see it.*”—“The old basilica of *S. Giovanni in Laterano* was nearly destroyed by fire in the pontificate of Clement V., but it was restored by that Pope. In 1644, Borromini loaded the nave with ornaments, &c., and Clement XII. completed the work of renovation in 1734 by adding the principal façade,” &c.—Constantine the Great founded the basilica of St. Peter's in 300. In 1506 was laid the foundation of the present structure: of which, however, the nave was not completed until 1612, nor the façade till 1614, nor the colonnade till 1667! . . . There is no need to multiply instances. Mingled with so many ancient temples, and containing relics of every age since the epoch of the Emperors, the Churches of Rome are, for the most part, structures which have been modernised and reduced to their present appearance during the last and the preceding century. Nay,—painful and perplexing to relate,—the work of *cooking* is going on to the present hour; and that, to an extent which renders the greatest watchfulness necessary. A friend, with whom I visited the Basilica of St. John Lateran, assured me that the “Confessional,” (as the underground shrine under the high altar is called,) *did not exist*, when he visited the spot *ten years ago!*

Seventy or eighty of the Churches are, however, confessedly of commanding interest and splendour; St. John Lateran and

S. Maria Maggiore are exquisite structures; St. Peter's is past all telling grand and beautiful. Is an Englishman then to come hither from the English provinces, and to institute a contrast between the little village Church at home,—with its (perhaps) crazy pews, damp walls, (an exceptional case, surely; not what is of *most* usual occurrence!) and unadorned interior,—and the masterpiece of Michael Angelo and Bramante? the structure whereon the prodigality of 43 Popes is said to have lavished upwards of ten millions sterling, throughout the space of 350 years? Truly, if our countrymen abroad are bent on making comparisons, let them compare like with like; and I am bold to say that we need not be apprehensive for the result. St. Peter's at Rome must be contrasted with Westminster Abbey in London; and although the first-named basilica by its vastness and costliness seems to overpower the modest English structure, as well as possesses the advantage of novelty, I am much mistaken if the deep sentiment of the Abbey does not secure for it the heart's profounder and more abiding homage, after all. The burial-place of England's kings, statesmen, heroes, poets,—with its air of hoar antiquity,—its many solemn associations,—its venerable history, (for Westminster Abbey was old before the foundation-stone of St. Peter's was laid,)—awakens emotions of a far loftier order, as it seems to me, than all the Churches in Rome put together.

And here let me lay my finger on a fallacy which is often strangely overlooked. Our countrymen go to Rome, and hastily derive their notions, architectural and ecclesiastical, about Romanism, from what they see *there*. But this is a very mistaken proceeding. It would be about as reasonable to take Oxford, (under *both* points of view,) as the type of an English provincial town. Let any one who desires to know the truth, inspect the *village* Churches of Italy; or survey with attention the Churches of the small country

towns. In truth, convinced that there is "nothing here worth looking at," travellers invariably hasten forward until the Duomo at Florence, or the Baptistry at Pisa, or the Cathedral of Milan, again delights them. But if they are bent on making comparisons, they should (once more) be careful to travel in thought from the cathedral of Canterbury to that of Winchester, or of Salisbury, or of Wells; and end by pushing on as far as Ely and York. If they pause, it should be at Boston or at Coventry, at Beverley or at Dorchester, at Southwell, or at Sherborne, or at St. Alban's. I am saying that the common country Churches of England far surpass in architectural beauty and in interest the common country Churches of Italy; and that our Cathedrals are more solemn, more devotional structures, and often greater masterpieces of Art, than theirs. Further, that the comparisons which one often hears instituted, are exceedingly unreasonable and unfair.

The gorgeous externals of public worship in which the Romish Church delights,—rich dresses, gay colours, lighted candles,—must sicken any one who is on the look-out for true Religion; and loves it far, far more than wax and millinery. O the extent to which all these puerilities overlay and obscure God's service! O the amount of frivolity which they encourage! O the irreverence for the Majesty of Heaven which is constantly observed to attend them! It is quite impossible to be a curious spectator of the public worship of Rome,—to observe attentively all that takes place from first to last,—without reverting in thought to the simple dignity of our own English method with a thrill of joyous emotion which is indescribable. O those endless bowings and turnings,—those genuflexions and salutations,—the histrionic mummery which is constantly going forward; while the unlettered congregation, unacquainted with Latin, are kneeling and simply looking on! . . . Contrast

the method of the two Churches in their public service, and *who* can doubt for a single instant with *which* Apostolic order lies?

I am not speaking now of our Cathedral Services,—which express a devotional sentiment unapproached by anything to be anywhere witnessed at Rome. I speak of the daily service as it is performed in an average English country Church. Witness a public service performed in an average *Italian* country Church,—and you will find the hollowness of the entire system exhibited before your eyes in a kind of type. As for the structure,—instead of rare marbles and mosaics, (which are so common at Rome that they seem to be a part of the very system,) you are put off with plaster, and paint, and deal, and a truly deplorable caricature of the Blessed Virgin; dressed up certainly prodigiously fine; eying you after a most melancholy fashion from behind some trumpery artificial flowers and a few dirty candlesticks. You feel that you have to do with *a sham*. As for the priest,—you are disgusted with his tawdry vestments, and offended by his irreverent manner. He proves to be neither learned nor altogether clean. It is quite a mistake, (you learn to say to yourself,) to form one's estimate of the ritual proprieties of this people from what one sees *at Rome*!

I am reminded that there is, in fact, hardly a more instructive point of contrast between the two Churches than the circumstance that there is *but one* method with ourselves; whereas with them, there are many. Whether officiating before rich town congregations, or before the poorest in the country, there is but one dress for our priests,—one prescribed public service,—one mode of performing the several occasional offices of the Church. It is not so in the Romish communion. And further, when we speak of comparisons, shall a thoughtful person overlook the results of the respective teaching of the two Churches with regard to those two

primæval institutions of the Most High,—the solemn observance of one day in seven as a day of rest; and the sanctity of Marriage?

Your experienced eye, my friend, will have had no difficulty in perceiving for what reason my remarks have assumed this peculiar form of establishing a contrast or a comparison. It is because I am now addressing myself not by any means to those who desire to master the doctrinal position of the two Churches; but to those who simply see the actual phenomena, and proceed at once to reason, (or rather to *feel*,) from them. What went before, was intended for those who are curious to know what the modern Romish Services actually are. The present letter is for those who have either visited Rome, or are longing to do so: who are dazzled by the attractiveness of the Romish system, and who undervalue our own: who would fain see our English method made to approximate a little to the Romish: who do not appreciate their birthright, nor dream of the blessedness of their position as members of the *English* branch of the Church Catholic. The two concluding letters in the present volume shall also be addressed to *them*.

With a few words on another part of the subject, of the very greatest importance, I will bring these remarks to a conclusion. I allude to the adoration paid to Images. The picturesque outward character of this department of doctrinal practice, I have already most liberally allowed, as well as very impartially drawn. Let a few words here be added on the doctrinal estimate to be formed of such acts. These observations must perforce be pitched in quite a different key.

The system of Image-worship, so largely practised at Rome and throughout countries of the Roman Catholic obedience, may not be defended on the plea that *through* the picture or statue the soul looks up to *the object represented*. For first, this defence would be valid only if that

object were the Son of Man,—which it very seldom is. But, in fact, the Divine commandment is express. The sin of Idolatry consists in bowing down before, and worshipping, a representation of *anything whatever*,—whether “in heaven above, or in the earth beneath.” It is not for Man to draw subtle distinctions between the objects of which he will choose to make to himself a representation; and between the different degrees of reverence which he proposes to bestow upon the invisible Original and its visible portraiture. There is a subtle mischief at work in this whole department of disobedience which cannot be overlooked in its effects, although it may defy scrutiny in the method of its operation. It is found that the soul will *not* perseveringly look beyond the image. It *will* rest in the canvas, the wood, and the stone. It is a strange characteristic of Man’s fallen nature that he should ever be thus prone to repose in the lower object: but the tendency cannot be overlooked. Persons of any rank, from the highest to the humblest, if they once suffer themselves to bow down before an Image, will end by worshipping *it*. Witness the preference given, (as we all know,) to one image over another; and the claim set up for certain images and pictures that they have worked miracles: a preference, be it borne in mind, which has been sanctioned, and a claim which has been solemnly and officially confirmed, by the very highest authority in the Church! The preposterous estimation in which that most ridiculous wooden doll called the *Santissimo Bambino*, (preserved at the Church of Ara Cœli,) is held at Rome, is quite enough to render further allusions to this subject unnecessary. Every one has heard of its supposed miraculous powers, and of the carriage which is kept for its accommodation. A sane man rubs his eyes, and asks himself, How *can* such things be? But, in truth, the ancient iniquity is repeated; whereby the ancient penalty is incurred also.

They who have "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man," are become "vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart is darkened." "Even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God has given them over to a reprobate mind." . . . Strange that to "the *Romans*" such a warning should have been addressed full eighteen hundred years ago!

How then will it fare with us when, in a Roman Catholic country, we behold the unlettered hind bowing himself devoutly before the image of CHRIST crucified, or even before that of the Blessed Virgin? The piety of the *individual* we shall, I suppose, recognise with unfeigned pleasure; and every indication of a desire to express the reverential yearnings of a devout soul will not fail to command our sympathy and goodwill. Disgust and horror we shall reserve for actions of a very different stamp. Even our indignation we shall keep for the corrupt *system* of which this is but the incidental expression. Shall we, however, go straightway and remonstrate with the man on his Idolatry? I think not: for we certainly shall not succeed in convincing him of his error; and if we shall prove so eloquent as to impress him with a distrust of his teachers, (which is the utmost which we can hope to achieve,) we shall have done him not good but harm. It is worse than useless to pull down where you cannot also build up. For this reason I abstained religiously from ever saying a chance word which could unsettle any one's faith; convinced that a bad faith is a hundred times better than no faith at all. And what can you hope to give to an unlettered person in exchange for what you take away? . . . Yet, can it be needful to add that a sad chill must inevitably sink on the heart of any one who reflects on what he sees; and that the abiding impression which he will carry away from the sight,

will be one of strange sorrow? We shall be made very thoughtful also by what we see: for we shall be constrained to take notice how efficacious prove these gross symbols to interest the heart of man; how much more greedily he embraces a sensuous representation, than discovers an aptitude to walk "as seeing Him who is invisible." We shall be compelled to review the two systems;—*our own*, in every respect, Scriptural and spiritual, and bearing such flowers and fruits of Paradise as they best wot of who have at any time had the oversight of the flock;—*theirs*, in many respects unscriptural, sensuous, carnal, idolatrous; and,—*does* it tend on the whole to truthfulness and holy living, or *not*?

Thus much then, on the subject of practical Romanism. Nothing has been adduced in this letter which is not perfectly familiar to every one who has bestowed ever so little thought on the question at issue. For the thoughtless and undutiful, (if the expression may be allowed,) I have been content to write: for the ardent and enthusiastic also; and for those who yearn, unconsciously it may be, after the Romish method, and think it preferable to our own. By all means let us ascertain what the Romish method actually *is*; and inspect (with as little of prejudice as possible) whatever is peculiar in their practice; in order to pick up a hint, or a lesson, here and there. Let us rejoice in their successes; and deplore (at the same time that we seek to ascertain the cause of) their failures: for the souls of men are laid in the balance; and "what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" But I deprecate, with all my heart, any attempt to naturalise among ourselves, any part of their gross and sensuous system. It may suit *them* admirably, in many respects; and in *them* many things may be altogether commendable. It will not follow that *we* ought to *copy*, or even remotely to imitate them, even in respect of those things.

We are better without *any* of their ways. Seeing what deadly, wholesale mischief has resulted from allowances in themselves apparently harmless, let us beware of any approach even, to methods which have been *found* to be so fraught with danger and with death. Let us also learn to reverence the profound wisdom of our forefathers, who prescribed for us the limit wherein it has been *proved* that we are safe: who handed down to us unimpaired our own ancient liturgical inheritance: who have enabled us to reflect the mind of the primitive Church in all our Services: who have taught us to feel supremely jealous for the integrity of the sacred deposit. They have given us all the helps we can possibly need to enable us to guide others along the narrow path which conducts to Life Eternal; and, by God's great mercy, to find the strait gate for ourselves.—I think I may now, with a safe conscience, pass on to something else.

Houghton Conquest, Sept. 12, 1880.

LETTER XII.

A VISIT TO THE ROMAN CATACOMBS DESCRIBED.—THEIR INTERNAL CONSTRUCTION AND ARRANGEMENT.—THE GRAVES.—SEPIULCHRAL CHAMBERS.—EVELYN'S VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS, IN 1645.

To the Rev. Henry John Rose, B.D.

My dearest Rose,

I have heard you say that many years ago, when you were in Rome, the Catacombs were so little in vogue that you did not visit them. Some observations upon those very remarkable receptacles of the Christian dead will therefore be addressed without impropriety to yourself. Well known as they now are, and often as they have been described, I yet had so indefinite a notion concerning them till I inspected them in person, that I shall make no apology for first describing them as particularly as if they were still a novelty. Moreover, inasmuch as from many of those who are most familiar with them, I have heard opinions concerning the objects which they do or did contain, so very wide of what I conceive to be the truth, I shall not scruple to proceed to do a little more than describe the general effect which a visit to them must inevitably produce on any intelligent being. To *accurate* knowledge concerning these remarkable monuments of the age of primitive Christianity, I make no claim; and I have not time to read up the subject. Neither do I pretend to be learned in the history of objects of Christian Art. But I visited several of the Roman Catacombs with great interest and attention; and while the impression they made upon me is fresh and vivid,

it will be a pleasure to commit to writing some of the remarks which the sight of them suggested.

To begin.—The Catacombs are all *outside* Rome ; for the most part, a few miles distant from the city ; and they are all, generally speaking, so much alike, that the description of a visit to *one*, will practically serve for any, although certain points of dissimilarity strike you while you are engaged in an actual visit. Understand me. They are really very different ; but they have all a strong family likeness. Not so the Catacomb at Naples. *That* is quite different,—loftier, larger, grander as it were, though not nearly so interesting as those at Rome. It is also excavated, if I remember right, in a different material. But to proceed. . . After probably driving along a straight road with a tantalising wall on either side, (for you know that it must be shutting out a charming view,) you alight at the gate of a most unpromising vineyard. Externally, there are no signs of your having arrived at the burial-place of tens of thousands. But presently, on entering, the irregularity of the soil, fragments of marble strewed about, &c., suggest what is the truth,—that yonder is the mouth of the Catacomb. You descend a long flight of stone steps, and then find yourself at the entrance of a dark subterranean passage or gallery. Having been furnished with a lighted taper, you proceed with your party, (commonly consisting of eight or ten persons,) in Indian file, in the direction indicated by the guide ; lingering behind to examine the walls of the Catacomb, and then hastening forward again for fear of being left behind by your companions. This is not by any means a groundless apprehension, if your curiosity induces you, (as it is pretty sure to do,) to bring up the rear of your party.

He who lingers to examine, perceives that he and his friends are threading a passage some seven or eight feet

high, (more or less;) and about broad enough to allow him freely to extend his arms. In some Catacombs, (that of Nereo ed Achilleo for example,) the passages are very long and *straight*; but for the most part they are circuitous, and somewhat irregular in their construction. Transverse passages are also of constant recurrence; so much so, that a careless straggler would be tolerably sure to cut himself off from his party. Excavated in the tufa, (a peculiar dark granulated volcanic formation, looking like coarse sandstone after rain, which is just soft enough to be hacked away with a spade, and yet just hard enough to retain the forms into which the *fossores* fashioned it fifteen hundred years ago,) on either side of you, are countless *loculi*, or graves. Imagine, in such a passage as I have described, a horizontal excavation anciently made in the wall, just above the level of the ground, and exactly large enough to admit a human body,—and a few inches above it, another excavation,—and just above it, another,—and just above it, another. The appearance presented reminds one more of five or six berths in a cabin, than of anything which is witnessed in an English vault. In this way, about ten or twelve bodies were buried in the space of every two or three yards, (for there are graves on either side of the passage;) and after leaving the space of a foot or so, a fresh series begins, extending once more from the ground to the summit. There is, of course, no attention paid to the bodies lying east and west. The graves are of all sizes, because their occupants were of all ages. Hundreds of them,—thousands rather,—were evidently for very little children; many, for mere babes.

Originally, every such “loculus,” or recess in the wall, was securely sealed. A long heavy tile, or a slighter slab of marble, (according to the rank of the occupant,) fitted closely over the front of every grave, being secured in its

place by cement. Still oftener I think, in the case of full-grown persons, there were three or more tiles, or as many slabs of marble, disposed along the front of the *loculus*. One of these slabs bore the inscription,—a feature of prime interest in connection with the history of the Catacombs, concerning which more shall be said hereafter. If the grave was covered by a tile, the name of the occupant was rudely scratched, or traced upon it with some pigment; but an immense number of slabs and tiles are uninscribed. Whether of tile or of marble, however, these coverings of the graves, (as they may be called,) have been *invariably* removed from their places. The exceptions are so exceedingly few, (one perhaps in five or ten thousand,) that they are not worth mentioning. It is an accurate description of a Catacomb to say that every *loculus* has been despoiled of the sepulchral slab which once covered it, and that the bones of the dead have been disturbed. . . . Such, then, is the strange and mournful spectacle which he who lingers behind his party sees everywhere around him. He perceives that he is threading a labyrinth of ransacked sepulchres. He thrusts his taper this way and that way,—above, below, round the corner,—but it is still the same sad sight which meets him everywhere: rifled graves whithersoever he turns his eye! The exception is, to observe a few of the bones remaining; or rather, the heap of pale damp dust which was once a human being. A profane hand has generally disturbed the deposit, which lies together in a confused heap,—not stretched out at length. If you sorrowfully lift from its place a tibia, it yields to the pressure of your finger and thumb, and falls in white flakes to the ground. Only here and there does one see a solid bone, or part of a skull.

It is to be supposed that your party has at last reached a point of special interest. A halt is made; and you find yourselves all congregating together in order to see and hear

what is being discoursed of by the good-natured individual who has undertaken to show the Catacomb. Thrice happy they who have come with a competent guide! Thrice happy was *I*, on one occasion to be conducted (with three friends) over a Catacomb by the learned and amiable P. Francesco Tongiorgi; on another, by the very prince of expositors of Christian Antiquity, the Cav. G. B. De Rossi, concerning whom I shall have more to say hereafter. Greater nonsense is often talked on similar occasions by guides of a certain class than would bear the light of upper day. To hear some of the weaker sort hold forth, you would really suppose that well-known arabesque symbols in a fresco painting have meanings in these subterranean chambers which they nowhere else have in the world. Every grave, you are assured, is the grave of a Saint. Every rude indication of a palm branch is confidently appealed to as an indication that you are standing beside the bones of a Martyr. Every bottle, you are required to believe, was once full of human blood. "Seeing is believing," says the proverb: and accordingly you are worried into a "Humph!" of assent that the red stains of death are still visible in the bottle, or in what remains of it. To facilitate the act of inspection to which all are invited, half a dozen heads are seen simultaneously to converge towards the neck of a small earthenware vase imbedded in the wall,—over which the Cicerone is waving his lighted candle. One good-natured person having at last ejaculated that, "It is as clear as possible,"—and two or three others having shown considerable liveliness of imagination also,—you move on.

A small square chamber has most likely now been reached, having graves on three of its sides. These are probably of the kind called *arcosolium*; that is, a sarcophagus beneath an arched recess in the wall,—the whole being excavated in the tufa. (Are these, by the way, merely mag-

nified imitations of the cells in the heathen Columbaria?—so much larger, only because a dead man is so much larger than the vase which would have held his burnt bones?) . . . Every part of this sepulchral chamber has been painted in fresco,—ceiling, walls, arch of the “arcosolium,” and back of the semicircular recess. The resemblance of the general design, of the style of painting, and often of the very symbols themselves, to what is seen at Pompeii,—is most striking. Many of the representations however are exclusively Christian. But this is a subject which shall have separate notice. In the mean time you discover that it is impossible to examine the frescoes in detail with a large party,—some of whom are impatient to be moving on: impossible, too, to make a sensible observation for yourself, while the enthusiast you are with, more bent on proselytising apparently, than on explaining difficulties, is trying to prove to the company that modern Romanism finds an eloquent witness in every outline upon these ancient walls. A few (*not* a few) irrelevant remarks are now hazarded by your companions also, and every one makes it a point of honour to contribute the smoke of his taper to the already sufficiently begrimed and sooty roof and walls; after which, away you all go, in search of fresh adventures,—a dim perspective of eight restless tapers, eight sepulchral voices, eight moving shadows,—hastening in fitful procession along passages which seem literally endless; now ascending, in order to inspect a higher story of the Catacomb, (for there are three or more series of galleries, which have been excavated one above the other;) now diverging, in order to be shown some huge inscription by Pope Damasus; now halting in order to inspect some chamber excavated in the tufa, which evidently at a very remote time served the purposes of a chapel. Finally, after having spent upwards of an hour in these subterranean vault-like pas-

sages,—soiled, perplexed, cold, and saddened, — secretly wondering at a hundred things which no one of the party evidently is competent to explain, and determining to return some day in order to enjoy a more leisurely inspection of the frescoes,—you emerge with your party into the upper air ; not altogether displeased to find yourself in the land of the living again. The curious circumstance that at noon, in an Italian vineyard, the air should be warm and the light dazzling, compared with the damp atmosphere and Stygian darkness of the scene of your recent wanderings, strikes you, one and all, so forcibly, that you proceed to give one another the benefit of a remark on the subject at once. This done, you make for the Via Appia, (not twenty yards off,) and for your carriages. There they are, just where you left them, in the sun ; and every driver is fast asleep on his box ! Not so the little green lizards on the wall. How they do wriggle and glance about, with or without provocation ! . . Such is a visit to the Catacombs.

How many of these Catacombs may there be ? and how far do they extend ? What is their origin ? and what is their history ? Where are the slabs which once covered those ransacked graves ? and when were they moved from their places ? What was found behind them ? and what amount of credit is due to the several queer stories which have been told concerning them within the last hour ? . . . Such are some of the obvious questions which a rational being asks himself as he rolls, or rather rattles, back into Rome : charmed with the delicious blue sky overhead, the glimpses of the Campagna or of the lavender-coloured mountains which every now and then meet his gaze, and the many wrecks of antiquity which he encounters on either side of the road,—now a Columbarium, and now a tomb, (as the Tomb of the Scipios ;) now an ancient church, and now a venerable gateway,—the arch of Drusus for example, under

which St. Paul must have passed when he entered Rome. (I never went under that arch without taking off my hat.)—To some of the foregoing questions, an inquirer speedily obtains a sufficient, if not a satisfactory answer. To others, he never obtains an answer which he deems either satisfactory or sufficient.—I will continue this subject in my next.

Woodhouselee, Sept. 14, 1860.

P.S.—Since the above was written, I have accidentally met with John Evelyn's description of a visit which he paid to the Catacombs in April, 1645. It is interesting to hear the words of so intelligent a countryman of our own, written at so distant a period. He says:—"We took coach a little out of towne, to visite the famous Roma Soterranea, being much like what we had seen at St. Sebastian's. Here, in a corn-field, guided by two torches, we crept on our bellies into a little hole, about 20 paces, which delivered us into a large entrie that led us into several streets or allies, a good depth in the bowells of the earth, a strange and fearefull passage for divers miles, as Bosio has measured and described them in his book. We ever and anon came into pretty square roomes, that seem'd to be chapells with altars, and some adorn'd with very ordinary ancient painting. Many skeletons and bodies are plac'd on the sides one above the other in degrees like shelves, whereof some are shut up with a coarse flat stone, having ingraven on them *Pro Christo*, or a crosse* and palmes, which are supposed to have been martyrs. Here, in all likelihood, were the meetings of the primitive Christians during the persecutions, as Pliny the younger describes them. As I was prying about, I found a glasse phiale, fill'd as was conjectured with dried blood and 2 lachrymatories. Many of the bodies, or rather bones, (for there appear'd nothing else,) lay so entire as if

* He evidently alludes to the monogram ✠. I saw no crosses.

plac'd by the art of the chirurgion, but being only touch'd fell all to dust. Thus after wandering two or three miles in this subterranean meander, we returned almost blind when we came into the daylight, and even choked by the smoke of the torches. It is said that a French bishop and his retinue adventuring too far in these dennis, their lights going out, were never heard of more."^a—Bp. Burnet, visiting the same place in 1685, complains of *the smell!*

^a *Diary*, vol. i. pp. 278-9.

LETTER XIII.

GRATUITOUS DIFFICULTIES WITH WHICH THE STUDY OF THE ROMAN CATACOMBS HAS BEEN ENCUMBERED.—THIS MODE OF SEPULTURE ORIGINALLY JEWISH.—INCORRECT POPULAR CONCEPTIONS.—EARLY NOTICES OF THE CATACOMBS.—JEROME.—SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE CATACOMBS.—THEIR PRESENT STATE, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.—VISIT TO A NEW CATACOMB WITH THE CAV. G. B. DE ROSSI.

To the same.

My dearest Rose,

To proceed with what I began in my last.—The origin and history of the Catacombs is a question which has been strangely obscured by the amount of prejudice with which the question has been approached on either side. There has been, in times past, a marvellous reluctance on the part of some of our own communion, (Bishop Burnet, for example,) to admit them to be, what they undoubtedly are, beyond all possibility of doubt or question,—the burial-place of the early Christians. It is even ridiculous to read the improbable hypotheses which have been eagerly adopted in order to account for their existence in some other way ; showing, not so much that the writers were uncritical, as that they were blinded by prejudice ; or perhaps, most of all, that they could not have been aware of the body of evidence which vindicates for the Catacombs a character almost, if not quite, exclusively Christian.—Romanists, on the other hand, by advancing opinions which will not stand the test of criticism, and by insisting upon details which refuse to sustain the weight of the theories they propose to build upon them, have clearly overshot the mark, and created an indisposition

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to accept statements which *are* worthy of all credit. I think also that I never approached any question of equal interest, the very threshold of which appeared to me blocked up with more gratuitous difficulties,—encumbered with more preposterous fables. Sweep these silly fictions all away, and you have before you a truly delightful and promising field of inquiry. Stand trifling with the fancies of sentimental enthusiasts or bigoted dreamers, and you will never make any progress in understanding the history of the Catacombs at all.

I humbly think, (subject entirely to correction from that learned man, and most judicious antiquary, the Cavaliere G. B. De Rossi, whose researches will, I hope, soon be given to the world,) that it will be found that the notion of burying in a Catacomb was in the first instance neither Heathen nor Christian, but *Jewish*. One would have been disposed to hazard such a conjecture antecedently of all actual evidence; and yet, the evidence that the Jews were accustomed so to bury, is not wanting. Several Jewish inscriptions, obtained from Catacombs, exist at Rome, (you shall have specimens by-and-by;) and there are many others in the museum at Naples; while in several other parts of Italy, as it seems, the result of recent inquiry connects the Jews more and more with the Catacombs. I must transcribe the following highly suggestive passage from a familiar work:—

“A good deal of interest has lately been created by the casual discovery at Venosa, (in September, 1853,) of some *Jewish Catacombs*. They are excavated in the soft limestone, and have several corridors, the largest of which, the central one, is nearly seven feet high, and as many feet broad. It has cells of various sizes, nine on the left and ten on the right side; and as far as it has been cleared, it is already nearly four hundred feet long. In the walls of

these cells, as well as in those of the pavement of the corridors, there are numerous *loculi* or niches of different sizes, and so close to each other as scarcely to leave any space between them. The niches are covered with three or four large flat bricks,—[I called them *tiles* in my former letter,]—“joined and cased with cement; upon which, in some of the niches, are either roughly painted or scratched some inscriptions in Hebrew, Latin, or Greek. Twenty-four of the inscriptions as yet found are in Hebrew.” [Pray observe that!] “They have the seven-branched candlestick and a pigeon with an olive-branch to show that the buried were Jews; whilst four Hebrew inscriptions in the Cathedral at Venosa have the cross to indicate that the dead had become Christians. The Latin and Greek inscriptions are misspelt; but the Hebrew ones are more correct. They generally consist of a prayer for the repose and blessing of the dead.

“At Lavello there were also found some Hebrew inscriptions in the last century, and other Hebrew Catacombs were discovered in 1854 at Oria. The existence of numerous Jews in Apulia and Calabria in the fourth century is proved by many contemporary records, and especially by a law of the Emperor Honorius of the year 398: ‘*Vacillare per Apuliam et Calabriam plurimos ordines civitatum comperimus, quia Judaicæ superstitionis sunt.*’”^a

But apart from this, when it is considered, first, that a grave hewn in the rock and covered by a stone, was the recorded method of interment of God’s ancient people at the period of the Christian era; next, that the first converts to the faith of CHRIST were undoubtedly members of the Jewish nation; further, that a very vast number of Jews anciently inhabited Rome; then, that the Romish Church

^a *Cod. Theod.*, xii., I., 158.—Murray’s *Handbook for Southern Italy*, p. 361.

at first proved itself singularly retentive of primitive tradition, (observing Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, for instance, as a fast, as late as the time of Augustine;) lastly, when it is considered how natural it was that the first converts to Christianity should have adopted the rites of that people "whose were the Fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh CHRIST came;"*—when all these points are borne in mind, I say, it seems obvious to suspect that the first interments in the Christian Catacombs would be *Jewish*. I really do not pretend to know whether *the Heathen* ever buried in Catacombs or not; but, however this may be, it seems more than improbable that they would have desired to lay their bones among the disciples of the Crucified; or that the Early Christians would have consented to mingle their dead with those of a people who did not believe in the Resurrection.

So much for the origin of the Catacombs. As Christianity grew, the single small Catacomb which at first sufficed for the Jewish settlers at Rome,—(it was situated, I believe, somewhere beyond the Porta Portese, and has been ransacked; but I believe it is now either forgotten or closed;)—will have proved insufficient as a receptacle for the Christian departed. Another, and again another must have been commenced; of which the Catacomb named after Callistus, (Bishop of Rome, A.D. 217,) was evidently the most considerable and the most celebrated. What need to suppose, (as many persons have done,) that such mighty excavations as these were furtively conducted; and that Christian cemeteries, which must have been very vast in the third century, were at any time a secret to the authorities of Rome? Almost daily must a party of mourners have been seen carrying their dead along the Appian Way. Perpetually must tiles and slabs of marble have travelled in the same

* Heb. ix. 5.

direction. How could the secret be kept that fresco painting, and sculpture, not to say the public worship of the Almighty, was constantly going on in structures so remarkable, or rather so unique, as these?

Equally unreasonable is that rhetorical mode of speech which insists on seeing in every grave of every Catacomb the resting-place either of a Saint or of a Martyr. Saints, on St. Paul's lips indeed, *all* Christians are; but to be a Martyr for the faith, has been the rare exception, not the rule, in every age. *That* pious enthusiasm which is determined to find "a noble army of martyrs" in the "seven millions of graves" which, (according to the calculation of a recent writer,^a) the Roman Catacombs contain,—speedily commits itself to all manner of unsound hypotheses, some of which carry their own refutation with them; while others may be demolished by any one possessing even a moderate knowledge of Art. And the result of this is damaging to the cause of Christian Antiquity; for the eye is thereby diverted from the severe features of the Truth itself; and learns to distrust even the deductions of sober piety and careful observation. What can be more childish, for instance, than the twofold assumption that the little bottles of glass or earthenware found in certain of these graves contained *blood* (!), and infallibly prove the occupant to have been a Martyr? And yet, this is not only insisted upon by some persons, (*not* by such men as De Rossi, you may be sure,) but the blood is even pretended to have been found in these bottles *in a fluid state*! Akin to this is the eager imagination which sees in a certain ugly pronged weapon, (which I recognised at once as a heathen sacrificial instrument, with which indeed I had been acquainted for years; but the precise use of which I have never met with any one who was able to explain,) an instrument of torture (!) for

^a Mr. Spenser Northcote.

the primitive believers ; and therefore a sure indication of a Martyr's grave. Whereas, unhappily, if the object I allude to, really *was* found in a Catacomb, it would lead to nothing so much as to the very unwelcome supposition that certain of the Catacombs were places of heathen burial. Some specimens of the instrument alluded to are preserved in the Vatican, as well as in the Museum of the Collegio Romano.

Allied to the sanguine temperament which commits such errors, is the lively imagination which, in defiance of Ecclesiastical History, in defiance of the plain facts of the case, and of common sense, finds the Seven Sacraments,—finds indeed all Romish doctrine,—in the mutilated remains of the rude fresco paintings which are to be seen in some parts of the Catacombs. Such interpreters forget that the analogy of other Christian representations is fatal to their theory. They see a wreath represented, and tell you that the grave is the grave of a Martyr. They forget that the wreath is a common ornament on the sepulchral slabs of the heathen ! They see a bottle, and find a lamp ; and straightway they recognise the grave of a famous Saint. But *who* remembers not that lamps were burned before heathen graves ; while bottles of the kind absurdly called *lacrymatories* abound in *all* ancient sepulchres ? To resume the history of the Catacombs, however.

That ancient Roman Calendar (of about A.D. 350) which is known as the “*Kalendarium Bucherianum*,” supplies a remarkable early testimony on the subject of these very ancient repositories of the Christian dead. One specimen of it may suffice:—“*viii. Id. Aug. Systi in Callisti, et Prætextati, Agapiti et Felicissimi ;*” the best interpretation of which is afforded by the corresponding entry in the “*Kalendarium Leonianum*,” (as Muratori calls it:)—“*viii. Id. Aug. Natale Sancti Sixti in Cœmeterio Callisti. Et Felicissimi et Agapiti in Cœmeterio Prætextati, Via Appia.*”

The meaning I suppose being, that the 6th August was the day of "the Martyrdom of St. Sixtus, [commemorated] in the Cemetery of Callistus. Also of Felicissimus and Agapetus, [commemorated] in the Cemetery of Prætextatus, in the Via Appia." Sixtus is related to have suffered martyrdom in this Catacomb early in the second century; and accordingly, to this hour, a rude fresco painting of him, as well as of several other Saints, (as Cornelius and Cyprian,) are to be seen on the walls. Is it not interesting, by the way, when those curious frescoes of Cornelius and Cyprian are remembered, to read as follows, in the "*Kalendarium Bucherianum*":—"xviii. Kal. Oct.* Cypriani Africæ, Romæ celebratur in Callisti," *i. e.* "*Natale Cypriani*,"—"in *Cæmeterio* Callisti,"—(words which I am sure need not be translated, even for the honoured lady who hinted that my first epistolatory efforts were "very dry");—and again (in the "*Kalendarium Leonianum*," (which Muratori refers to about the year A.D. 488,) is it not a curious testimony, to read, against the same day,—"*Natale sanctorum Cornelii et Cypriani?*"—The names of about ten Catacombs in all are enumerated in the older document alluded to. Every Saint is mentioned in connection with a Catacomb: and about three-fifths of the celebrations are connected with the Catacomb of Callistus.

In Jerome's commentary on Ezekiel xl. 5 to 18, is found a well known account of the Roman Catacombs, at once so

* In the "*Kalendarium Carthaginiense*," (Ruinart, p. 618,) about A.D. 450, we read on the same day,—"*Sancti Cypriani, episcopi et martyris Carthag.*"—In our Calendar, "S. Cypr. Abp. of Carth. & M." is commemorated on the "vi. Kal. Oct." What is curious,—in the modern Roman Calendar, a *different* Cyprian is commemorated on the vi. Kal. Oct., while "*Cornelius Papa and Cyprianus Episcopus, Martyres*," are commemorated on the *sixteenth* of the Kalends of the same month.

apposite and so ancient, that I must perforce insert it here. Anything less *à propos* to the subject which the commentator had in hand, I never read in my life. It is hard to divine the connection of thought which induced him to begin *at once* in the following strain :—" When I was a boy, receiving my education at Rome, I and my schoolfellows used on Sundays to make the circuit of the sepulchres of the Apostles and Martyrs. Many a time, too, did we go down into the Catacombs (*cryptas*). These are excavated deep in the earth ; and contain on either hand, as you enter, the bodies of the dead, buried in the wall. It is all so dark there, that the language of the prophet seems to be fulfilled, —' Let them go down quick into hell.' Only occasionally is light let in to mitigate the horror of the gloom ; and then, not so much through a window as through a hole." ^a He speaks of a shaft. Jerome says that it reminded him of a passage in Virgil :—

" A nameless horror makes that region drear.

The very silence fills the soul with fear."

Jerome wrote his commentary on Ezekiel about A. D. 380. He was born in 381.

The history of the Roman Catacombs from the time when they ceased to be used as places of Christian sepulture,—namely, from the fifth century of our era,—it would be interesting to trace with accuracy. That they were places of pilgrimage, the resort of devotees from every part of the Christian world, is certain. Many an inscription rudely scratched upon the walls, attests that from the remotest period until the days of Bosio, indeed down to the present time, they have been visited by strangers from all countries. But they did not escape the avarice and rapacity of the barbarian invaders of Rome, in the first instance : nor were

^a Opp., vol. v. p. 468.

these resting-places of the dead secure from another species of violation from the hands of their natural defenders. At a very early period, the Bishops of Rome began to despoil them. A list is preserved of about 60 or 70 "olea," (meaning, according to Ruinart, oil taken out of the lamps which used to burn at the graves of the Saints,) which Gregory the Great sent to Queen Theodolinda.* This shows the kind of spirit in which they were regarded in the sixth century. The age of burying in the Catacombs had gone by, and a new sentiment had evidently sprung up towards those repositories of the dead. The graves of holy men were opened, and their bodies were given away,—perhaps sold,—as relics. I will by-and-by state what else I suspect was very freely done at this time with some of the dead. When Bosio, at so late a period as the commencement of the seventeenth century, in a manner re-discovered and explored these neglected subterranean labyrinths, it does not seem to have been even yet considered that the real value of the Catacombs was the light they would throw on Ecclesiastical Antiquity in general; the evidence they would contribute to many questions of the highest interest,—partly antiquarian, partly doctrinal, partly literary, partly historical. A rage for procuring *relics* appears to have been the great actuating principle. The consequence was that the inscribed marble slabs, the tombstones of those early Christians, were wrenched out of their places, generally without any record being preserved of the exact locality from which they came. Such objects as piety and love had deposited in the graves of kinsmen and friends were uncere- moniously appropriated. No pains were taken to obtain representations of the frescoes while yet in their first freshness. A truly barbarous work of spoliation seems to have gone forward, and on the most gigantic scale. Heathen piety wrote on the urn which held the ashes of the dead,—

* Ruinart. *Acta Primorum Martyrum*, &c., p. 619, Sup. 616, towards the end. See also a letter of Gregory.

“Ne tangito, O mortalis! Reverere Manes Deos!”^a I do not remember to have met with such a sentiment on the tomb of any primitive Christian,^b (although in modern times it is common enough, witness the epitaph on our own Shakespeare,)—probably because such a contingency was regarded as *impossible* in the first ages of the Church. The bones of the Roman Christians of the first four centuries in this manner were disturbed from their resting-places, and having been transferred as relics to Churches and private individuals, are now scattered all over Europe.

Thus bereft of the remains of those who for more than a thousand years had slept along the sides of those interminable galleries,—despoiled of every little object of Art which once adorned the several graves,—and rifled even of those sepulchral inscriptions which once distinguished the resting-places of infancy and innocence, youth and beauty, age and honour; as well as indicated the Christian name, and rank, and station, and office of the deceased;—so desecrated, the Catacombs continued to be the occasional haunt of strangers visiting Rome for a further space of a hundred and fifty years; by which time, (namely, about the middle of the last century,) they seem to have sunk sensibly into neglect. Robbed of their contents, there really was nothing any longer worth visiting in several of them. In others, the earth had fallen in, and choked up the passages. The fact of persons having occasionally been lost in exploring the Catacombs, will have operated to deter the generality from asking permission to visit those dreary vaults. It is easy to perceive that grave difficulties will have attended any attempt to thread the maze of which no one any longer possessed

^a Inscribed on a small cinerary urn which I saw in a Columbarium just beyond Scipio's tomb.

^b An inscription (which baffled me) in the Mus. Kirch. contains the words,—“*peto a vobis, fratres boni, per unum DEUM nequis*” . . . I could read no further.

the clue; and that oblivion will have speedily supervened on neglect. Thus it came to pass that the very whereabouts of many of the Catacombs has been forgotten: and that, until a very recent period indeed, none of the Catacombs were visited by strangers residing in Rome, at all.

The study of the Catacombs was revived by Padre Marchi, of the Collegio Romano, the result of whose labours appeared in 1844; but it has been reserved for his successor in the same department, the Cavaliere G. B. De Rossi, to dignify the entire subject, and raise it to the rank of a scientific inquiry. This accomplished gentleman induced the present Pope to purchase the vineyard in which the long-lost entrance into the famous Catacomb of Callistus was subsequently by himself brought to light. Since 1852, the very appellations of the Catacombs have been determined by De Rossi. His assiduous researches, conducted with a sincere zeal for *Truth*, together with his very important discoveries, have invested the Catacombs with fresh interest; while the labours of the Commission over which he presides, have made them easy of access also. A new day is dawning on these extraordinary monuments of primitive Antiquity; and it is to be attributed to the learning and enterprise of the Cav. de Rossi, under the enlightened patronage of Pope Pius IX.

I have great reason to remember with gratitude this learned and amiable scholar, as well as to express admiration for his labours in behalf of this department of Christian Antiquity. Very delightful was it to make the acquaintance of one whose conversation about the Catacombs, and the monuments which they once contained, was such as to inspire perfect confidence in his statements, as well as to dispose one to accept the opinions to which his researches had conducted him. Something about his great work on the Christian Inscriptions, I will tell you in my next. Let

me conclude the present letter by recalling a visit paid with him to the scene of his labours on the 9th May.

As already stated, the Cav. De Rossi is at the head of a Commission for the preservation of monuments of Christian Art. I suspect that the machinery placed at his disposal is not nearly commensurate with his wishes. A staff of excavators is however continually at work, clearing out obstructed galleries, exploring the remoter recesses of the mysterious domain, or digging under his directions where there is reason to think that some forgotten Catacomb may yet be lying perdu. His obliging intention on the occasion alluded to, was to conduct us over the Catacomb of St. Callistus: (*us*,—for I had the good fortune to be the guest of Mr. Macbean, and Mr. Payne was of the party,—certainly two of the kindest of friends.) On arriving at the gate of the vineyard, however, to my great delight, up came the “Capo,” or head man, grinning like a Cheshire cat, with the intelligence that the labourers had just stumbled on the entrance to a new Catacomb, exactly at the spot where De Rossi had directed them to look for it. De Rossi’s eager questions on receiving these unexpected tidings, and Valentino’s curt sententious replies, (conscious of knowing for once a little more than his master,) were delightful. “Large?—to be sure!” . . . “Painted?—all over!” . . . “Fine?—stupendous!” . . . “*When* discovered?—why, an hour ago,” &c. . . . This was just the thing one one wished for most,—namely, to have the first peep at an unsophisticated Catacomb. Unsophisticated it was not; but still it proved a very interesting and most instructive sight.

Good-naturedly directing me to follow him close, (I required no urging,) De Rossi slipped down into the newly excavated mouth of a sepulchral chamber. I was at his side in an instant. The earth had fallen in considerably, so

that it was like walking on a heap of fresh garden-mould. With our candles we made a hasty survey of the walls and the ceiling, which were painted all over in the usual arabesque fashion, with Christian emblems. These frescoes were much cleaner than usual, having hitherto escaped the blackening of torches and tapers. The graves, however, had all been rifled. Presently the well-known name BOSIO, (which is of perpetual recurrence in the Catacombs,) met one's eye, and established the fact that this was another of the Catacombs which had been explored by that energetic antiquary; who, *in memoriam*, usually inscribed his name in large letters on the wall. I noticed plenty of names scratched here and there, some of which bore so recent a date as 1730, or thereabouts. This, then, was not a new Catacomb, except to the present generation; but as a sight, it was of the utmost interest, all the same. Especially was it interesting to hear De Rossi's remarks on the several representations which his roving taper brought to light. Moreover, the entire incident explained to me the nature of what has generally befallen the Roman Catacombs,—the manner of their re-discovery,—and the extent of the spoliation which they had previously undergone at the hands of the men of a bygone age. It was impossible to proceed any distance along the gallery which this sepulchral chamber terminated, in consequence of the earth which had either fallen through, so as to choke up the passage; or been piled up there by its former explorers.—After a most instructive survey of the adjoining Catacomb of Nereo ed Achilleo, we returned to Rome. The important historical details furnished me by our learned companion, on our journey to and fro, you shall have the benefit of in my next.

Woodhouselee, Sept. 15, 1860.

LETTER XIV.

INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE CATACOMBS IN THE GALERIA LAPIDARIA.—THOSE IN THE MUSEUM OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.—OTHER COLLECTIONS ENUMERATED.—STATISTICS OF THE SUBJECT.—DATED INSCRIPTIONS.—DE ROSSI'S GREAT WORK.—SPECIMENS OF DATED INSCRIPTIONS.—DATES OF THE FIRST BISHOPS OF ROME.

To the same.

My dearest Rose,

No man of intelligence and education who has visited Rome, can recollect without delight his first introduction to that long gallery in the Vatican, the "Galeria Lapidaria" as it is called, the walls of which are literally covered with ancient inscriptions, from one end to the other. Those on the right-hand wall as you enter, are Heathen,—those on the left, (except, I think, for the first few yards,) are *Christian*. To some extent they are classified. The letters, (according to the invariable, and certainly very convenient practice of the Roman antiquaries,) have been touched with vermilion, in order to render the inscriptions legible from a distance. This is the largest collection of inscribed slabs from the Catacombs to be seen in Rome, and the easiest of access. You are at liberty to stand and puzzle over them all day; and there is no longer any opposition made to your copying as many of them as you please. How many a time did I linger in that gallery till the Swiss guard came sweeping down, and fairly drove me off the field!

But it is a great mistake to suppose, (as many persons doubtless do,) that after surveying the left-hand wall of this gallery, you have seen the Christian inscriptions of Rome.

A small, but very choice, and (considering its bulk) a far more interesting collection of sepulchral slabs is to be seen in the Museum Kircherianum, or Museum of Antiquities preserved in the Collegio Romano,—a collection to which I cannot advert without acknowledging in the heartiest manner the truly English liberality of the conservator, the P. Francesco Tongiorgi. That learned and amiable scholar daily trusted me with the key of his many treasures, leaving me all day long to my own devices, with free permission to study and copy, unmolested, whatever inscriptions I pleased. I rejoice in this opportunity of thanking him for his generous confidence, which procured me some of my pleasantest hours in Rome. I met with rare kindness in that Jesuit College, and shall never forget it.

But then, next to the Vatican collection, the most important assemblage of Christian inscriptions is doubtless to be seen in the Museum of St. John Lateran. It is in actual process of formation, at this time,—many of the marble slabs lying on the floor, only waiting for promotion to the walls, into which they are to be permanently imbedded. Practically, however, the difficulty of studying this collection is very considerable. To look at the slabs, you must take your stand in the open air; for the monuments are arranged upon the walls of the first floor of a building enclosing a square court, and must therefore be surveyed from the open gallery which surrounds the court. The wall moreover is high. What need to add that inscriptions so placed are studied at a considerable disadvantage? It makes one's eyes ache to decipher any great number of them; and what with the glare, if the sun is shining,—the cold, if it rains,—one wearies of the labour of transcription surprisingly soon. It should perhaps be added that the Christian inscriptions in the Museum of St. John Lateran aspire to scientific arrangement, and that casts are exhibited of not

a few inscriptions, the originals of which are preserved elsewhere. Four compartments of the wall (IV. to VII.) are dedicated to "Epitaphia certam temporis notam exhibentia." The dates range between A.D. 331 and 557. Two others, (VIII. IX.) contain "Epitaphia dictionis singularis Christiana dogmata significantia." You will naturally desiderate a specimen of these last.

No. 1. CECILIVS · MARITVS · CECILIAE
 PLACIDINAE · COIVGI · OPTIME
 MEMORIAE · CVM · QVA · VIXI · ANNIS X ·
 BENE · SE · NE · VLLA · QVE · RELLA IXΘYC

Cecilius, her husband, to Cecilia Placidina my wife, of most excellent memory: with whom I lived happily for 10 years without any disagreement.

Quite orthodox,—eh? I suppose that manner of writing "sine" betokens an illiterate sculptor. As for "querella," Archdeacon Churton says,—“Have you observed that QUERELLA is not an illiterate sculptor's mode of spelling, but an ancient form, which the Spaniards have retained in their language? See Card. Mai's Not. on Cic. de Republ., ii. 25.” . . . The concluding Greek word (ἰχθύς, *a fish*,) was a favourite monogram with the early Christians; (just as the fish was a favourite symbol;) the letters which compose it making up the initials of *JESUS CHRIST, GOD'S SON, [OUR] SAVIOUR*. This device is often found on rings. I will recur to this monogram in a subsequent letter.^a

The only other Museum in which I saw objects of this class is the Museum of the Capitol. The specimens are not numerous: at least I did not recognise many. But in the innermost of the three rooms, (marked No. 5 in Murray's *Handbook*,) there are several. Some of them are Jewish.

There is another small, but very interesting collection of

^a See page 288. Also see p. xi.

inscribed Christian gravestones, in a kind of cloister adjoining the Benedictine Library of S. Paolo fuori le Mura. One, (with the words (No. 2,) RVSTICVS SE VIB^V FECIT^V) I remember bears a curious representation of *an organ*. Many of them are dated. They range from A.D. 355 onward.

A still smaller collection, but well deserving study, is to be seen in the cloisters of the monastery adjoining the basilica of S. Lorenzo. Many of them are obviously heathen; but there are several Christian inscriptions also. All were probably brought from the adjoining Catacomb of S. Cyriaca,—a name which I cannot write without pain. Excuse me if I digress for a few moments. The Catacomb is no longer shown. (They take you through a passage indeed, but it has been all modernised, and is of no importance). The closed entrance to the Catacomb is in a little chapel in the transept of the very interesting Basilica of S. Lorenzo. On the other hand, part of the actual Catacomb is being hacked away in order to extend the modern Roman Cemetery of S. Lorenzo, which the French began during their occupation, and where the Romans now usually carry their dead for interment. A more piteous sight, in all Rome, I know not, than what is there to be witnessed. It reminded me of the Cemetery at Arles, described in a former letter. The galleries of the Catacomb of S. Cyriaca may be traced as you stand at the edge of this burial-ground of Rome. The *loculi* or graves are open, and the dust of the dead is exposed to the elements. More than one arcosolium, with its fresco paintings, has been brought into the light of day, and is fast disappearing. More than one of those little earthenware bottles, *said* to have contained the blood of a Martyr, is recognisable, cemented into the wall at the extremity of the grave. Roman-Catholic Rome might learn a lesson from Anglo-Catholic England, in such matters!—But to resume.

I can only recall besides a few inscriptions which lie loose in the Catacombs, and which are there shown you. Some of these are very important indeed. Twice as interesting are they, so seen, as when they are removed to the city, and imbedded in the walls of a Museum. A few of those which I hastily copied, as I walked along, shall be given by-and-by. But this is the place to mention that on the sides of the galleries themselves, many sentences are scratched. Here is an aspiration which met my eye, in the Catacomb of Callistus:—

No. 3.

SOFRONIA

DVLCIS SEMPER

VIVAS DEO

Sweet Sophronia, mayest thou ever live in GOD!

If I understand my notes rightly, I saw in another place,—

No. 4.

ORNVMENT

MARTYRVM

In another,—

No. 5.

BIBAS IN ΘΘΩ

Mayest thou live in GOD!

Such, as far as my observation went, are the repositories of Christian inscriptions in Rome,—the spoils of the Catacombs! Few indeed are the inscribed slabs which remain *in situ*. For though in some Catacombs,—(in the small recently discovered Catacomb of S. Alessandro, for example, adjoining the curious remains of the early Church of that name, excavated in 1853, close to the Via Nomentana, and about six miles from Rome,) although *there*, I say, plenty of the marble slabs and tiles are still in their places, few (that I remember) are inscribed.—In the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, there is a very interesting selection of monuments of this class, some of which shall be noticed

hereafter. I only allude to them here, because several of them are said to have been brought from Rome. Besides those already enumerated, there are not a few detached monuments to be seen here and there; especially under the portico of certain Churches; as, (to the best of my remembrance,) that of S. Lorenzo in Lucina. And I must not forget to mention that, as you descend the flight of steps leading down to the ancient basilica of S. Agnese, on the walls, there is a considerable collection of sepulchral inscriptions. One which catches the eye, is,—(No. 6,) LOCUS MAXIMI PRESBYTERI. Lastly, I apprehend that in the galleries of private individuals, such objects must often be found; as well as in not a few Churches where they may easily have been so deposited as to escape a traveller's observation.

Thus I have given you the best account in my power of the stores available to the Christian antiquary,—the result of casual observation during a short visit to Rome. You will be better pleased to hear what one, who has devoted his life to the subject, who has probably examined it more thoroughly than any man living, and who is about to give the result of his researches to the world,—what *such* an one has to say on the subject of Christian inscriptions. I have no hesitation in repeating to you what the Cav. De Rossi told me. He gave me free permission to make any use of the information I pleased.

The known sepulchral inscriptions of the early Christians, found at Rome, extend, in very unequal proportions, over the first six centuries of the Christian era. In number they amount to about 11,000. Of these, about 6,000 are to be referred to the first four centuries; and are obtained from the Catacombs. The rest are derived from the above-ground repositories of the Christian dead.

Of the 6,000 extant inscriptions above mentioned, no less

than *two-thirds*, or about 4,000, are referable to the period antecedent to the Emperor Constantine—*i. e.* they are older than about the year A. D. 325. In the time of Constantine, the excavation of Catacombs may be considered (De Rossi told me,) to have ceased.

The question arises,—How can these facts be ascertained? And the answer is obvious. About 1250 inscriptions *are dated*. No one who is ever so little acquainted with works of Art will require the further assurance that, furnished with such evidence, a judicious antiquary, who has enjoyed a considerable amount of experience, will be enabled at a glance to fix approximately the date of almost any inscription which is shown him. The statistics of the dated inscriptions are perhaps the most striking part of the subject. They are as follows.

From A.D. 71, (when De Rossi finds his first dated inscription,) to A.D. 300, there are not known to exist so many as *thirty* Christian inscriptions bearing dates. From A.D. 325, the regular series of dated inscriptions commences, and goes down to the year 410. Scattered over those eighty-five years, there are known to exist not less than *five hundred* inscriptions, bearing dates. Every year has its inscriptions. But in A.D. 410, Alaric took Rome; and of *that* year, not a single dated inscription has been found. It is the first crisis in the history of the Christian sepulchral Inscriptions since the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Constantine.

From this period onward, (*viz.*, from the year 410,) *lacunæ* begin. The fifth century boasts of about five hundred more dated inscriptions. Of the remaining hundred years to be accounted for, the former half of the sixth century claims 200 inscriptions: the latter half claims 50. *Only seven* dated inscriptions belong to the seventh century of our era.

In treating of these early Christian monuments, De Rossi

has been careful first to exhibit together all the *dated* inscriptions. The first part of his work is therefore arranged chronologically. He could easily have adopted the same method in dealing with the entire collection,—approximately referring the undated stones to their proper epochs : but he determined to leave no door open to dispute or cavil. The undated inscriptions he distributes into classes, and families. His work, which extends to 600 folio pages, bears for its title,—INSCRIPTIONES CHRISTIANAE VRBIS ROMAE SEX PRIORIBVS A CHRISTO SAECVLIS POSITAE. It is, beyond a doubt, the most valuable work on the subject which has yet appeared ; being in truth exhaustive of it. He showed me the printed sheets in a complete state ; and I have been ever since longing to hear of their appearance. The results of so much learning and ability should meet with a hearty welcome from every student of Christian Antiquity in Europe. The dissertations at the end are of the highest interest and value. How much of new light is thus thrown on the *Fasti Consulares*, throughout a long and important period, I need hardly pause to suggest. De Rossi told me that he had repeatedly had occasion to correct Clinton.

For several specimens of these early Christian inscriptions, I must refer you to my subsequent letters. The present cannot perhaps be more fitly brought to a close, than by the insertion of a few specimens which I happen to possess, of *dated* Inscriptions. Not that any which *I* ever saw go back to the year A. D. 71,—no, nor to the year 271 either. What need to say that the evidence on which a Christian inscription, claiming to belong to the first or second century, rests its claims, will require to be most searchingly investigated ? First,—Is it certainly a *Christian* inscription ? Not a few heathen inscriptions, beyond a doubt, are to be found among Christian monuments ; and *vice versâ*. Next,—Is the evi-

dence as to its date unquestionable? But now for the promised specimens. The first two are found in the Museum Kircherianum. Well known are almost all that follow; but they are interesting as supplying us with different types of epitaphs. By the way, you are requested to observe that whenever I prefix an asterisk (*) to an Inscription I am quite *sure* of the accuracy with which I exhibit it.

No. 7. (*) INNOCENTIA CONIVNX ISSIGV . . .
 QVAECVM EVM VIXIT BENE
 ANNIS XDIES DVODECIM
 QVAE DESAECV LO EXIBIT
 IDIVS AVG GALLICANO CONS.

Innocentia, the wife of Issiguaris, who lived with him happily for 10 years and twelve days; who departed out of this world on the Ides of August, when Gallicanus was consul.

Gallicanus (with Bassus) was consul in 317,—(with Symmachus,) in A.D. 380. Take a facsimile of the next:—



No. 8. BENEMERENTI IN PACE LIBERA QVE BIXIT. AN. 6II NEOPITA.
 DEP DIE III NONAS MAIAS CON. GRATIANO. III. ET EQUITIO.

To the well-deserving Libera, in peace: who lived 8

years, a neophyte. Buried the 3rd of the Nones of May, when Gratianus for the 3rd time and Equitius were consuls.

Gratianus III. and Equitius were consuls in A.D. 374. This inscription is so peculiar as to its style of execution, that it was thought better to exhibit it thus. It is but a few inches across. The objects rudely scratched at foot seem to be a cross and a crown, or rather wreath. "Neophyte" is a safe translation, but does it only mean that Libera was a newly baptized person?—The next specimen I copied in the Museum of the Capitol.

No. 9. CASTISSIMEFILIAEDOMITIANENVIROINI
MATERPROAMOREFECITQVAEVIXITANNIS
MENSES IIII DIESTRESDEPOSITADIEXV KALOCOTBRE
RICOMEREETCIARCO CONSVLIBVS

To Domitiana, a spotless maiden daughter, lovingly erected by her mother: who lived . . . years, 4 months, three days. Buried on the 15th of the Kalends of October; when Richomeres and Clearchus were consuls.

(There is a superfluous n in the first line; and the next word is evidently meant for *Virgini*.) Richomeres and Clearchus were consuls in A. D. 384. What follows is from the Museum Kircherianum.

No. 10. (*) LAURENTIUSINPACE
QUIVIXITANN IIII DXXXV
DEPOSITUSXII KALO TOB
CONSSARCADIETHONORI
AUGG V

Laurentius, in peace: who lived 4 years, 35 days. Buried 13th Kalends of October, when Arcadius and Honorius were consuls for the 5th time.

Arcadius V. and Honorius V. were Consuls in A.D. 402.—
The next two are from the Museum of the Capitol. In
which of the Catacombs these several inscriptions were found,
I have no means of telling.

No. 11. DEPOSITACOSTANTIA * VI * KA
 L * IVLIASHONORIOAVG. VI
 CONSVLE DIE DOMINI
 CAQVAE VIXITANNOS PL
 VS MINVS SEXAGINTABE
 **EMERENTIIN PACE

*Constantia, buried on the 6th of the Kalends of July,
when Honorius was consul for the 6th time,—a Sunday :
who lived sixty years, more or less. To the well-deserving.
In peace.*

At foot of this inscription is a knife between two mallets(?).
Honorius VI. and Aristænetus were Consuls A.D. 404.

No. 12. HICREQVIESCIT IN PACE FILICIS
 QVAEVIXITANNVS X * QVAE FEC
 SVOANNUSXLV * DEPOSITA PRIDIE
 HONORIO * AVG * VII * HILARANVSCO
 VOTVM POSVIT

*Here rests in peace Felicissima (?) who lived 60 years :
who spent 45 years with her husband (?). Buried the day
before when Honorius was consul for the 7th time.
Hilaranus her husband regretfully placed this.*

Honorius VII. and Theodosius II. were Consuls A.D. 407.
There is a female figure in prayer in the corner beneath.
The end of line 4 is somewhat uncertain. Was it CONJUGI ?
or CONTRA ? or CONJUGI CONTRA,—as on the following, in
the Museum at Naples :—

No. 13.	FELICIANUS	DVLCITIA
	IN COIVGIO HIC DEPOSITUS	COIVGI
	VIXIT ANNIS EST XII KAL DECEM	CONTRA
	. . EX DXXX QVANNIS XXXIII DXXV	VOTVM FECIT.

Felicianus was here buried, on the 12th of the Kalends of December: who lived ['q v' for 'qui vixit' ?] 33 years, 25 days. In wedlock he lived six years, 30 days. Dulcitia regretfully raised this to her husband.

Take two more dated inscriptions: also in the Naples Museum:—

	A Ω
No. 14.	MIRE ' SAPIENTIAE
	AVGENDO ' QVIVIXIT
	ANN ' PLVSMIN ' LXXII '
	CVM VXORE FECIT
	ANN ' XXX ' DEPOSITVS
	XVI KAL OCTOB DN GRA
	TIANO AVG II ' ET PROBO CON.

To Augendus, [a man] of wondrous wisdom: who lived seventy-two years, more or less. He spent with his wife 30 years. Buried on the 16th of the Kalends of October, when our lords Gratianus for the 2nd time, and Probus, were consuls.

This fixes the date to A.D. 371. Between the A and Ω is a cross in a circle.—The next, which is but a fragment, is of yet later date.

No. 15.	HIC REQUIESCIT
	. . . IVS PRESB / QVIVIXIT
	ANNVS PLVS MINVS L
	. . . POSITVS IN PACE XIXAL
	. . . DECIO VCC +

Here resteth . . . ius, presbyter: who lived 50 years,

more or less. Buried in peace, on the 11th of the Kalends of , when Decius was consul.

That was in A.D. 486.^a The foregoing inscription is on a large thin slab of white marble. It ends with (what in heraldry is called) a cross crosslet.

The latest dated inscription which I deciphered for myself, was lying *in situ*, on the floor of the ancient newly-discovered Basilica of S. Alessandro, on the Via Nomentana.

No. 16.— + HIC REQVIESCIT IN PACE APOLLO, &c. &c. FLAVIO
MABURTIO VC CONS.

That will have been A.D. 527.—By the way, broken in two or three places, there lies on the ruined floor of the same Basilica a marble slab inscribed as follows:—

No. 17.— + HIC REQVIESCIT IN PACE A DEO DATVS EPIS ·
QVI · VIXIT · ANN · PL · M. LXVII ET SED · ANN · II ET M ·
VIII · DEP · SVBD · PRID · KAL · DECEMB.

Here resteth in peace A Deo datus, bishop; who lived 67 years, more or less; and sat for 2 years and 9 months. Buried (subd. ?) the day before the Kalends of December.

Must not this be A Deo datus, the 77th Bishop of Rome, A.D. 672; who, according to the "*Liber Pontificalis*," sat *not* for 2 y. 9 m., but for 4 y. 2 m. 5 d.? I only humbly throw out the inquiry.^b In the *Concilia*, (tom. vi. p. 523,)

^a See Clinton's *F. R.*, vol. ii. Appendix, p. 203. note *sub anno* A.D. 472.

^b Whether the chronology of the *Liber Pontificalis*, at so late a period, is trustworthy, I know not: but the uncertainty which prevails concerning the occupancy of the earlier Popes is very striking. The heads of *all*, beautifully executed in mosaic, surround the Basilica of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, and the length of each Episcopate is minutely recorded in connection with each portrait. In such a splendid shrine, which is being constructed under the immediate patronage of Pope Pius IX., such dates have surely been stated very

we are assured that the more correct statement, adopted by Baronius, is, that the Episcopate of Pope Adeodatus lasted for 7 y. 2 m. 17 d. It is also there stated that he was buried at St. Peter's, on the 6th of the Kalends of July. Are all these details fabulous?

I must ask for a little more attention; for I have not nearly done with the Catacombs yet.

Woodhouselee, Sept. 19, 1860.

carefully. Yet, compare the "sedebat" there given, (which appears below in the first column,) with that asserted in the Romish Breviary, (which appears in the second,) and with that in the Catalogue of Bucherius, (which appears in the third:) taking notice that Bucherius makes Cletus *follow* Clemens:—

	y.	m.	d.		y.	m.	d.		y.	m.	d.
Linus.....	11	3	12		11	2	23		12	4	12
Cletus.....	12	1	11		12	7	2		6	2	10
Clemens.....	9	2	16		9	6	6		9	11	12
Anacletus ...	12	10	7		9	3	10		12	10	3
Euaristus ...	9	7	2		9	3	0		13	7	2

The Liber Pontificalis (apud Acta Concil. tom. I) ascribed to Damasus, corresponds with *none* of the above! (Clinton, F. R., vol. ii. Append. p. 538.) Eusebius gives two Catalogues of the Bishops of Rome: in his History, assigning 12 y. to Linus, and the same to Anacletus: in his Chronicle, 14 y. to the first, and 8 y. to the second. Irenæus, Eusebius, and Augustine *drop Cletus* altogether. Clinton (*ut supra*) follows the two former authorities in exhibiting the names thus:—"Linus, *Anacletus, Clemens*, Euaristus." . . . Surely these discrepancies are enough to show that the dates of these five Bishops of Rome can only be conjecturally assigned; nay, that the order of the very names is conjectural also!

LETTER XV.

EPITAPHS OF FIVE EARLY BISHOPS OF ROME.—EPITAPH OF HIPPOLYTUS.
—DISCUSSION OF THE PRECEDING.—SPECIMENS OF EARLY JEWISH SEPUL-
CHRAL INSCRIPTIONS.—THE WORD 'EULOGIA.'—REMARKS ON THE STYLE
OF EPITAPHS FROM THE CATACOMBS.

To the same.

My dearest Rose,

In my last letter, some specimens were offered,—(the first which presented themselves,)—of *dated* epitaphs. Let me avail myself of the opportunity to call your attention to five of the shortest, and yet most interesting inscriptions in connection with the early Church; inasmuch as they *imply* dates, although they do not actually express them. For a sight of these, we do not resort to any museum; but we dive into the actual receptacles of the ancient Christian dead.

The four epitaphs which follow are all to be seen in a single sepulchral chamber in the Catacomb of Callistus,—which has been dignified by the title of “the Pontiffs’ chamber,” “the Pontifical crypt,” “the Papal crypt,” “the Chapel of the Popes,” &c., from the circumstance that Anteros (or Antherus), Fabian, Lucius, and Eutychianus, (whose epitaphs follow,*) were all Bishops of Rome, within the space of forty years, in the middle of the third century.

* Perhaps the English reader, unacquainted with the Greek alphabet, will be grateful for the following general representation of the first four of these epitaphs;—ANTERUS EPI:—FABIANUS EPI MTR:—LUCIUS:—EUTYCHIANUS EPIS.

On four large broken slabs of marble, secured against the wall, about six feet from the ground, you read:—

No. 18.

ΑΝΤΕΡΩΝ ΕΤΙ

Anteros was Bishop of Rome in A.D. 235,—a brief episcopate of one month and ten days.

No. 19.

ΦΑΒΙΑΝΟΝ ΕΤΙ

Fabian, (bishop and *martyr*), occupied the same see for fourteen years, beginning in A.D. 236. By the way, might one be allowed respectfully to inquire how it comes to pass that, of these four, *only Fabian* is styled "Martyr,"—the details of the martyrdom of "Antherus P. M.," "Lucius P. M.," and "Eutychianus P. M." being given in the Breviary? Is it because these inscriptions are so very fragmentary? Fragmentary they certainly all are; on close inspection. There are no less than seven seams discovered in the third of them; and many of the letters have been patched up with cement. The word ΛΟΥΚΙΟΝ, which follows, cannot, surely, have originally stood alone! To proceed, however:—

No. 20.

ΛΟΥΚΙΟΝ

Lucius succeeded Cornelius, (the successor of Fabian,) in A.D. 252, and was Pope for nearly four years.

No. 21.



Eutychianus was Bishop of Rome for four years, beginning A.D. 275.

The fifth inscription, mentioned above, is to be seen in another part of the Catacomb. It is as follows:—

No. 22.



Cornelius, the celebrated correspondent of Cyprian, was Bishop of Rome A.D. 250-252.

These five inscriptions, which have been only recently brought to light, have been again and again published, and have attracted a great deal of attention.* The last was obtained at two distinct periods. A fragment inscribed CORN had been first discovered; and long after, the im-

E P

portant complement,—ELIVS MARTYR. . . . The question

* Kirchhoff, (the continuator of Boeckh,) gives the first four. He numbers them 9674. But neither this learned scholar, nor indeed any one whose labours have yet come under my eye, gives them with perfect accuracy. In *popular* works, (it may be once for all stated,) no dependance whatever can be placed on the so-called Inscriptions from the Catacombs.

As for the large and beautiful folio work of Perret on the Catacombs, it is simply a *Romance*.

arises,—What are we to think of these inscriptions? Are they really the original epitaphs of the five Bishops whose names they express? I cannot think it possible. I forgot to ask De Rossi what was his opinion: but it would require a great deal to convince me that these are the veritable epitaphs set up by a contemporary hand over the graves of five of the Roman Pontiffs,—which is nevertheless the account of the matter generally accepted as true.

I do not mean to say that they are modern fabrications, by any means. That would be absurd. They may be of the fourth or fifth century,—probably not much later. Let me, however, before I say more about them, invite your attention to the following inscription,* which is seen written in small letters in front of a marble sarcophagus as you enter the Museum of St. John Lateran. If I remember right the sarcophagus is heathen. The ancient inscription had been chiselled away; and on the lower half of the circular space in front which had borne it, is written, in letters perhaps a thousand years old, as follows:—



NO. 23. +HIC REQVIESCUNT. CORPORA SCOR MARTYRŪ YPPOLITI. TAVRINI. HERCVLIANI. ATQ: JOHANNIS. CALIBITIS. FORMOSVS KPS CONDIDIT.

Here rest the bodies of the holy martyrs Hippolytus,

* It may be seen in Gruter, p. 1053, No. 6.

Taurinus, Herculanus, and John Calibites. Bishop Formosus preserved [their remains].

You see that "Bishop Formosus,"—(who, of course, was the Pope of Rome of that name who flourished in the latter half of the ninth century.)—collected the remains of Hippolytus, (the celebrated Bishop of Portus,) Taurinus, Herculanus, and John Calibites, and deposited them in the sarcophagus. *Why*, it is not necessary to inquire; nor whether the bodies which he so deposited were or were not actually those of the "holy martyrs" expressed in the inscription. The age of persecution had gone by; and it became the object of piety to honour the men who slept in nameless or dishonoured graves,—or *in none*. With such an intention, I suspect, some later Roman Bishop set up those four inscriptions to Anteros, Fabian, Lucius, and Eutychianus. You will observe that the names are all expressed in Greek letters; and if you were to examine the inscriptions with care, you would perceive that they were all, apparently, incised at the same time. *What* more natural, that holy men, Bishops of the βασιλεύουσα πόλις, traditionally (and doubtless truly) reported to have been buried in the Catacomb of Callistus, should, after many years, have been commemorated in this way? For in the "Kalendarium Bucherianum," (A.D. 850) we read, "iii. Non. Mart. Lucii in Callisti:"—"vi. Id. Decemb. Eutichiani in Callisti:"—"xiii. Kal. Feb. Fabiani in Callisti."*

I shall of course be asked,—But why invent a theory to account for these four inscriptions, instead of accepting the obvious supposition that they are the actual epitaphs successively set up by contemporary hands over the graves

* Ruinart, p. 617.—Roman-Catholic Rome, (unlike Anglo-Catholic England,) ever given to change, has transferred Pope Lucius to the 4th of the Kalends of March; Pope Eutychianus, to the 5th of the Nones of December; Pope Fabian, to the 13th of the Ides of January.

of the saints they record?—I answer, (1st,) Because it is unreasonable to suppose that on the graves of such considerable men, such very curt and unceremonious inscriptions would have been set up by their contemporaries. (2d,) It is incredible that four original inscriptions would all have been worded and expressed so exactly *alike*. (For I suspect that after ΛΟΥΚΙΟ once followed ΕΜΙ,—the stone being at present a mere fragment.) (3d,) How comes it to pass that they all are engraved in precisely the same fashion,—the name of Cornelius, (who followed Fabian,) being written *in Latin*, and engraved in *quite a different style*? (4th,) I altogether doubt whether *at the time* the fact of martyrdom would have been expressed by a monogram like the above. Such a record was certainly not contemporaneous. . . . Be all this as it may, the five inscriptions which precede must be allowed to be eminently suggestive and interesting. They were discovered in 1854.

Concerning the epitaph on Cornelius, as you will readily divine, I entertain a precisely similar opinion. Another Pope, in another century it may be, set up that short Latin inscription. How easily such a thing might be fabricated in quite modern times, it is painful to reflect: but I do not really think that any of these five are fabrications. I am even persuaded of the contrary. It might indeed be suspected by any one who had never seen the monument, that the word MARTYR was an afterthought; and that originally the epitaph stood—

CORNELIUS

E P

But I looked at it very carefully, and I am persuaded that it was all written at one time,—although certainly not until long after the days of the eminent Bishop of Rome whom it commemorates.

Only one word more before passing on. It seems to be the general opinion that Urbanus, (who was Pope from 222 to 230,) was buried near S. Cæcilia in the same Catacomb of Callistus. Now, he who walks through that Catacomb with attentive eyes, will see,—(I cannot recall the exact spot where, but I think it lay on the ground,)—a neglected fragmentary inscribed slab, the letters of which correspond very nearly in style to those of “Cornelius.” It bears the single word (No. 24) OYPBANOC. The well-known name of an early Bishop of Rome arrested my attention, and induced me to make a careful memorandum concerning it, as well as of the species of ornament,—(is it half of an anchor? or foliage?)—which occurs under the final C. But if AOKIC is certainly Pope *Lucius*, I want to know why OYPBANOC may not possibly be Pope *Urban*?

Inasmuch as the early Christian epitaphs naturally succeeded to those which were purely of Hebrew growth, I will next add some specimens of sepulchral inscriptions which certainly marked the resting-place of Jews,—whether any of them had been converted to the Christian faith or not, I pretend not to say; but certainly the greater part of them were of the Jewish religion. There can be no doubt, for instance, that when, (as in Nos. 25, 30, 31,) *the Synagogue* is mentioned on a gravestone, the deceased was a disciple not of CHRIST but of Moses. The four which come first are all to be seen in the Museum Kircherianum :—



No. 25. ὦδε κείτε σαλω θυγατηρ γαδια πατρος συναγωγης
αιβρεων . εβιωσεν L μα . εν ειρηνη η κοιμησεις αυτης.

*Here lieth Salo [me?], daughter of Gadias, father of
the synagogue of the Hebrews. She lived 41 years. Her
sleep is in peace.*

(Was there such a name as "Salo?" or is it merely an
abbreviated form of *Salome*? ΚΟΙΜΗΣΕΙΣ, of course, is for
κοιμησεις.)

This lady, then, and her father, belonged to "the
synagogue of the Hebrews." Lower down, we shall meet
with mention of the synagogue "of the Augustenses,"
and "of the Severenses." Kirchhoff gives two instances
of "the synagogue of the *Agrippenses*." Does this
mean that Augustus, Severus, Agrippa, each patronised

* *Corpus Inscript. Græc.*, vol. iv., fasc. alter, 1859. Nos. 9906
and 9907.

or permitted a certain synagogue of the Jews at Rome? I wonder what the meaning is of the synagogue *Καμησιών*?^a And again, *συναγωγῆς Ἑλαίας*?^b These terms seem to me to throw some light on that expression in Acts vi. 9,—“Then there arose certain of the synagogue, which is called *the synagogue of the Libertines, and Cyrenians, and Alexandrians.*”

You observe that Gadias, (whose daughter Salome is here commemorated,) is called a “*Father* of the synagogue.” The same appellation occurs in other inscriptions:^c and there is an example of a Sarah who is called “*Mother*” of certain synagogues.^d I dwell upon this circumstance, because it illustrates rather remarkably our LORD’s words,—“Call no man your *Father* upon earth;” (St. Matth. xxiii. 9) which was clearly said, not with reference to the parental relation, but with reference to this Synagogue practice of calling teachers of note “*Fathers.*”^e

Would the use of the initial of *Λυκύβας*, instead of the common word *ἔτος*, indicate some connection of the person commemorated with Egypt? It is only on Egyptian coins, I think, that dates are indicated by the initial of that very unusual word for “*year.*”

What follows is the epitaph of a Father and his two sons:—

No. 26.

(*) ΑΛΥΠΙΣΤΙΒΕΡΕΥΣΚΑΙΥΙ
ΟΙΑΥΤΟΥΙΟΥΣΤΟΣ
ΚΑΙΑΛΥΠΙΣΕΒΡΕ
ΟΙΜΕΤ. ΤΟΥΠΑΤΡΟΣ
ΑΥΤΩΝΩΔΕΚΙΝΤΕ

^a *Ibid.* No. 9905.

^b *Ibid.* No. 9904.

^c *Ibid.* No. 9904,—*πατήρ συναγωγῆς Ἑλαίας*: No. 9905,—*πατὴρ συναγωγῆς Καμησιών*, (but qu. that last word).

^d *Ibid.* No. 9905. Compare No. 9908.

^e See Schoettgen, i., p. 745, (on Gal. iv. 19,) and Whitby on St. Matth. xxxiii. 8.

Alypis of Tiberias (?) , and his sons Justus and Alypis, Hebrews, together with their father, lie here.

The practice of naming the native place of the deceased is of frequent occurrence in these Jewish epitaphs. Where the two preceding inscriptions came from is not recorded. They are preserved in the Museum Kircherianum at Rome.

Take another specimen, which also gives the native place; and consider, in connection with this practice, St. John i. 45: xi. 1: xii. 21: xxi. 2, &c.—You observe she is not called a “Hebrewess,” but a “Jewess.”

No. 27.

ΕΝΘΑΚΙΤΕΑΜΜΙ
ΑCΙΟΥΔΕΑΑΠΟ
ΑΔΙΚΙΑCΗΤΙC
ΕΖΗCΕΝΕΤΗ
Π Ε

Here lieth Ammias, a Jewess, from Laodicea (?) : who lived 85 years.

At foot are three symbols and the ever-recurring candlestick. The preceding, (which is No. 9916 in Kirchhoff,) is in the same room as No. 52.

The small stone which bears the epitaph which comes next was found near the Via Appia:—

No. 28.

(*) ΕΝΘΑΔΕΚΕΙ
ΤΑΙΦΑΥCΤΙΝΑ

Here lieth Faustina.—This inscription, and the two which precede the last, are respectively Nos. 9909, 9922, 9920, in Kirchhoff's collection. Beneath, is the seven-branched candlestick between a leaf and another symbol; the word שלום (*shalom*), i. e. “Peace,” being on the right.—But the following is in every respect a more curious record:—



No. 29. *ἐνθαδε κεῖται τουβίας βαρζααρωνα, και παρηγοριος υιος τουβια βαρζααρωνα.*

Hic est positus Tubias Barzaharona, et Parecorius filius Tubiae Barzaharona.

Here lieth Tobias Barzaarona, and Parecorius the son of Tobias Barzaarona.

At foot of this singular inscription, it will be observed that the candlestick is repeated twice; and on both sides of either candlestick occurs the word *שָׁלוֹם* (*shalom*). Surely the title *in Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew* is a striking circumstance! Observe that this Jewish epitaph commemorates the interment of a son *with his father*. So, No. 26, (another Jewish epitaph,) commemorates the interment of two sons *with their father*. How are we thereby reminded of the desire of old Barzillai to be "buried by the grave of his father and his mother":^a a sentiment, (sufficiently natural surely, in people of any nation!) which one is led to suspect was peculiarly prevalent among God's ancient people. Consider such places as the following:—Gen. xlix. 31: Judges viii. 32: 2 Sam. ii. 32: xvii. 23: xxi. 14: 1 Kings xiii. 22: 2 Kings ix. 28, &c.

The inscription which comes next, I saw in the Museum at Naples. It is also published (but not with perfect accuracy)

^a 2 Sam. xix. 37.

by Kirchhoff, (No. 9902,) who finds it stated that it was discovered at Rome in the Hebrew Catacomb beyond the Porta Portese.

No. 30.

(*) ΕΝΘΑΔΕΚΕΙΤΕ
ΚΥΝΤΙΑΝΟCΤΕΡΟΥ
CΙΑΡΧΗC CΥΝΑΓΩ
ΓΗCΑΥΓΟCΤΗCΙΩΝ
ΟCΕΖΗCΕΝΕΤΗΝ . . .
ΕΝΕΡΗΝΗΗΚΟΙΜΗCΙC . . .

Here lieth Quintianus, gerousiarch (i. e. a chief elder) of the synagogue of the Augustenses : who lived 50 years. His sleep is in peace.

Γερούσιάρχης, (I take the liberty of saying,) is a new word, —not to be found in any of the Lexicons. As for the meaning of the title, it is sufficiently evident. Γερούσια occurs, as you will remember, in Acts v. 21, where our translators, (following Beza, and some copies of the Vetus Itala,) learnedly render it “Senate.”^a Take notice, however, that the word cannot be merely another name for συνέδριον: for the two are distinguished in the place just cited. In the LXX, γερούσια often represents “the elders of Israel.” And so, in the Vulgate of Acts v. 21, we read, “omnes seniores filiorum Israel.” Accordingly, I venture to translate the word “chief elder.”—Ἀρχιγερουσιάρχης, (another Hebrew title of the very rarest occurrence,) is also found on a Jewish epitaph.^b

Concerning the Synagogue of the Αὐγουστήσιοι (*Augustenses*,) see above, p. 163. The word is also found on another of Kirchhoff's inscriptions.^c

What follows was also copied at Naples.

^a See the note in Wetstein.

^b *Corpus*, &c. (as above). No. 9911.

^c *Ibid.* No. 9903.



No. 31. ενθαδε κειται νεικοδημος ο αρχων σιβουρησιων, και πλσι φειλιητος . αιτων λ ημερ μβ θαρι αβλαβι νεωγερε ουδεις αθανατος.

Here lieth Nicodemus, the ruler of the Severenses, and beloved by all: [aged] 30 years, 42 days. Be of good courage, O inoffensive young man! No one is exempt from death.

How striking is it to meet with *Nicodemus*,— and he, a *Ruler* (!),—on the sepulchral stone of this later Israelite! . . . ("Severenses" is only a guess of my own. The word in the original is ΣΙΒΟΥΡΗΣΙΩΝ most unquestionably. ΑΙΤΩΝ of course is for ἐτῶν,—ΘΑΡΙΑ for θάρρει,—while ΝΕΩΓΕΡΕ contains an obvious inaccuracy of the engraver.) The exhortation at the end, and the singular topic of consolation, is of not unfrequent recurrence.* This inscription has been engraved with unusual care.

Let me describe only two other inscribed Jewish stones, both of which I copied carefully in the Museum at Naples. The first is surmounted by the seven-branched candlestick. The style of the letters is somewhat peculiar.

* See for instance Gruter, P. 933, No. 11; P. 691, No. 6; P. 1120, No. 4. Also Kirchhoff, Nos. 9589, 9624, 9789, and 9917.



No. 32. *ενθαδε κειτε μαρια επλεωωσε ετων π. εν ιρηνη κοιμησις αυπ.*

Here lieth Mary. She accomplished 80 years. Her sleep is in peace.

That strange indication after the word *ειρήνη*, if it is not intended for a wreath, I cannot decipher. ΜΑΡΙΑ I suppose is "Maria." The o, in the last line, is an error of the ancient engraver, for P.

The other stone bears the representation of an ark, or cist, with open doors, and six circular objects indicated within it. On either side is the sacred candlestick; and above is written (No. 33) ΕΥΛΟΓΙΑΔ, — clearly for *εὐλογία*: (*i. e.* "Blessing," or "Benediction.") But a fac-simile of this curious monument will be better than any description:—



This stone, like the last, was found in the Hebrew Catacomb at Rome, beyond the Porta Portese, and both are to be seen, (very inaccurately exhibited,) in Kirchhoff.^a It is clear that those six circles are intended for loaves: (compare the engraving at p. 232;) but notwithstanding the concurrence of the candlesticks, and "six on a row," it does not seem reasonable to connect the present representation with the mention of "shewbread" in Lev. xxiv. 1 to 9.^b The word ΕΥΛΟΓΙΑ suggests a different train of thought. I would rather connect these, as *Passover-loaves*, with (what I presume to be) the *Passover-Cup*, which is of such frequent recurrence on early sepulchral slabs, and which St. Paul in a certain place actually calls τὸ ποτήριον τῆς ΕΥΛΟΓΙΑΣ, ("the Cup of Blessing,"—1 Cor. x. 16.)—doubtless retaining for it its established Jewish appellation.

This subject strikes me as so interesting, that I venture to add a few words. I suppose, then, that God's ancient people, the Jews, desiring to engrave on their sepulchral stones the most sacred objects connected with their worship, habitually introduced representations of the Dove; the Seven-branched Candlestick; the Vine; the Passover-cup; and (as in the instance before us) the Passover-cake. The first Christians,—because they were converts from Judaism,—retained the Hebrew method of Sepulture;—and, beholding a Christian meaning in the ancient Hebrew sepulchral symbols, retained *them* also. The Dove sufficiently symbolized the SPIRIT of Peace, (St. Luke iii. 22); the Candlestick stood for the Seven Spirits of God, (Rev. iv. 5); the Vine reminded them of "the True Vine," their SAVIOUR, (St.

^a *Ibid.* Nos. 9914 and 9901.

^b "Thou shalt . . . bake twelve cakes . . . and thou shalt set them in two rows, *six on a row*, upon the pure table before the LORD." (Lev. xxiv. 5, 6.) "And he set the bread in order . . . And he put the candlestick . . . over against the table." (Ex. xl. 23, 24.)

John xv. 1); the Paschal-Cup, (to be again recurred to, hereafter,) of the "blood of the New Testament," (St. Matth. xxvi. 28.) Take a humble specimen, (and I never saw a humbler,) which is now on the walls of the Vatican:—



No example presents itself of the Eucharistic Bread on an early *Christian* grave-stone. (For the representation at p. 232, is hardly in point; though I nothing doubt that the Bread used at the Holy Eucharist by the first believers *was* of that shape.)

To come to the point, however: we read that, in the primitive Church, it was customary to send *the consecrated elements* under the name of *Εὐλογίαι*, (*Eulogiæ*), to absent believers, in token of Communion.^a This Eastern custom was expressly forbidden by the Council of Laodicea, circa A.D. 350, but it had once been general; and I suspect that the practice had been adopted in imitation of an existing Jewish usage,—alluded to repeatedly in the Canons of the early Church.^b Thus, by the Apostolical Canons, the Clergy are forbidden to accept from the Jews *festival-presents*; "or to receive *unleavened bread*, or the like, at their hands."^c

^a See Bingham, lit. xv. ch. iv. § 8.

^b Can. xiv. *Περὶ τοῦ. μὴ τὰ ἅγια εἰς λόγον εὐλογιῶν κατὰ τὴν ἑορτὴν τοῦ Πάσχα, εἰς ἐτέρας παροικίας διαπέμπεσθαι.* (Conc. Labbe et Cossart, vol. i. p. 1499. The date of the Council is uncertain. The editors say A. D. 320. Cave says A. D. 367.)

^c Strange to say, the Jews send about Passover-cakes at the Pass-over season, to the present hour!

^d *Canones Apostolorum*,—Can. lxi. *Εἴ τις ἐπίσκοπος, ἢ πρεσβύτερος*

The Canons of the Council of Laodicea speak the same language.^a Then, indeed, (as now, in some branches of the Church,) *blessed bread* might be sent;^b but not the Holy Eucharist itself. My inquiry therefore is,—Does not the present Hebrew tomb-stone prove that the word *εὐλογία*, (to denote the consecrated Eucharistic *Bread*,) passed into the Church's vocabulary from that of the ancient Hebrews? and that it was the established appellation among God's ancient people, (however little suspected by modern Lexicographers,) not only for the Passover-cup, but for the unleavened Passover-cake also? We find indeed that *Εὐλογία* was one of the earliest appellations of the LORD'S Supper.^c The ancient Fathers, (as Chrysostom and Theophylact,) and the modern Commentators not a few,^d were only mistaken in *this*; that whereas they assigned good reasons enough for the use of the term by the Christian Church, they overlooked the only true and immediate reason,—namely, *the established terminology of the Jews*: of which, as already explained, the present stone affords a striking, and, (as it is thought,) a novel illustration.

ἡ διάκονος, ἡ ὅλως τοῦ καταλόγου τῶν κληρικῶν, ἡστεῦοι μετὰ τῶν Ἰουδαίων, ἡ συνορτάζει μετ' αὐτῶν, ἡ δέχοιτο παρ' αὐτῶν τὰ τῆς ἑορτῆς ξένια, οἷον ἄζυμα ἢ τι τοιοῦτον, καθαρεύσθω· εἰ δὲ λαϊκὸς, ἀφορίζεσθω. (Labbe et Cossart, vol. i. pp. 40-1.)

^a Conc. Laod.—Can. xxxii. "Ὅτι οὐ δεῖ αἱρετικῶν εὐλογίας λαμβάνειν, αἰτινῆς εἰσιν ἀλογίαι μᾶλλον ἢ εὐλογίαι.—Can. xxxvii. "Ὅτι οὐ δεῖ παρὰ τῶν Ἰουδαίων ἢ αἱρετικῶν τὰ πεμπόμενα ἑορταστικά λαμβάνειν, μηδὲ συνορτάζειν αὐτοῖς.—Can. xxxviii. "Ὅτι οὐ δεῖ παρὰ τῶν Ἰουδαίων ἄζυμα λαμβάνειν ἢ κοινωνεῖν ταῖς ἀσεβείαις αὐτῶν.—Conc. Labbe et Cossart, vol. i. pp. 1502-3.)

^b Bingham, as before.—And see more in Suicer, in *voc. Εὐλογία*. These *Eulogia* (or blessed wafers) are to this day distributed in the Greek Church to those who have not communicated. I witnessed the ceremony at the Armenian Church of S. Biagio, (Blaise), at Rome.

^c Cyril Alexand., quoted by Suicer.

^d See Binius on the Canons of the Council of Laodicea.

It is high time to draw this letter to a close. Let me do so by collecting the interesting inferences which the foregoing inscriptions suggest.

Out of about thirty Jewish epitaphs which lie before me, *all but three or four*^a contain the formula "HERE LIETH": and fifteen state that the "SLEEP (*κοίμησις*) IS IN PEACE." (I translate *κοίμησις* mindful of St. John xi. 13.) It may be said, in short, that,—*Ἐνθάδε κεῖται . . . Ἐν εἰρήνῃ ἡ κοίμησις αὐτοῦ* or *αὐτῆς*,—was the established type of the epitaphs of GOD'S ancient people. Several of the others exhibit the Hebrew word *שלום*, (*shalom*,) *i.e.* PEACE.

I infer that both these formulæ are essentially *Jewish*.

^a Three of these are at Naples. One is inscribed (No. 34) *ΒΙΚΤΩΡΑ*, surmounting the candlestick and a kind of vase. Another, (No. 35) *HOC NOMEN TELESINI*, surmounting a leaf, palm-branch, candlestick, and horn (?). On a third, where I write 1, 2, 3, 4, occurs an ivy-leaf,—the candlestick,—a kind of palm-branch,—and an object like the letter *u*, followed by a slanting line, like the beginning of a capital *A*. The letters *I, A, B, I* cannot explain. The inscription follows:—

No. 36. (*) TET'TI'VS'RV'FI'NVS.
ME'LI'TI'VSVIC'XIT'AN
NIS' XXXV
IA 1 B 2 3 4

Tettius Rufinus Melitius lived 85 years.

There is also in the Museum Kircherianum a very small stone inscribed as follows:—

No. 37. (*) VERITAS
AMOR
ANESTASE
TIIVLOS (?)

Truth,—Love,—Honour,—and what? The ever-recurring candlestick follows the first two lines. Of these four, only one is a real exception to the remark in the text.

They are not Heathen,—for neither of them are to be found on the sepulchral monuments of ancient Greece or ancient Rome. Natural as it seems to begin an epitaph in that way, I question if half-a-dozen examples could be found of heathen epitaphs beginning with ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΚΕΙΤΑΙ,—or with HIC JACET. The same formula is not *in the first instance* Christian, as a survey of the sepulchral inscriptions of Christian antiquity proves.—On the same evidence, the *familiar* allusion to death as a *sleep* may also be inferred to be of Jewish original: while I question if a single instance is to be found of the association of *Death* with the image of *Peace*, until the sepulchral inscriptions of God's ancient people had familiarised the minds of the early Christians with the notion.

How strange it is, thus to trace back our obligation, in a small and familiar matter like this, to such a source! The ΕΝ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ, IN PACE of the early Church,—the ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΚΕΙΤΑΙ, HIC JACET, CY GIT, HERE LIETH, of the Church of every age down to the present,—are derived to us from the same people whose "Alleluia"* forms a part of our daily Service; after whose example we use antiphonal Psalmody; nay, whose ancient Psalms and Hymns we have altogether made our own; and in whose tongue we cry "Amen," to the present hour! . . . And thus, in death as in life, we are reminded of "the rock whence we are hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we are digged."

Momiack, Sept. 24, 1860.

* See Keeling, *Liturg. Brit.* p. 11.

LETTER XVI.

FAC-SIMILES NECESSARY OF EARLY CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTIONS.—SPECIMENS OF DIFFERENT STYLES OF EPITAPHS FROM THE CATACOMBS.—BRIEFEST FORM OF EPITAPHS.—THE FORMULA 'IN PACE.'—CHILDREN'S EPITAPHS.—WIVES' EPITAPHS.—MISCELLANEOUS SPECIMENS.—THE TERM 'DEPOSITIO.'

To the same.

My dearest Rose,

The inscribed sepulchral stones of the early Christians gave me, while I stood before them, and give me in the retrospect, such intense pleasure, that, at the risk of wearying you, I propose to fill another letter with specimens.

I cannot forbear prefacing what is to follow with a remark which applies indeed to all early Christian Inscriptions thus exhibited,—namely, that you can scarcely form a notion of the monuments themselves, so as to appreciate their curiosity and interest, unless you could be also presented with such a representation of each as should show at least the shape, and size, and style of the letters. How those early Christian monuments do differ from one another! Some,—three or four feet long, yet ranging in height from a few inches to two or three feet. Some, only a few inches across either way. Some, (not many, certainly, but still, *some*,)—admirably cut, (between horizontal lines carefully ruled,)—and accurately spelt: others,—exhibiting every variety of deflection from the standard of strict grammatical propriety, as well as betraying the hand of a most illiterate and unskilful artist. It is obvious that a very imperfect notion, at best, can be formed of an inscription of which it is impossible to reproduce the general arrangement and

method,—to copy the accessories of design or ornament,—as well as to give a notion of the area covered by the writing. For this reason, it has been here endeavoured to exhibit very faithful copies of at least some of them. Copied mechanically on the spot, and transferred from those copies by photography to the wood, the originals may be said to be here exhibited almost in fac-simile.

Having premised thus much, I proceed, with as much method as practicable, to lay before you the kind of epitaphs which would have met the eyes of Augustine if he had walked through the burial-places of the primitive believers: the very epitaphs, doubtless, in some instances, on which Jerome's eye will have rested while he paced the galleries of the "Cœmeterium Callisti." Many of them, (*all* of them, for aught I know to the contrary,) have been published already. I do but pretend to exhibit accurately some of those which I copied, with most scrupulous accuracy, *myself*; and need hardly say, that I copied without the least regard to any one's gratification but my own, and quite careless as to originality. This book, most assuredly, was not in my thoughts even, *then*.

The simplest form of Christian inscription consists of the mere name of the individual who slept below, (or rather, *behind*), without any accessories whatever. Such are the following:—

No. 38.

(*) ΠΡΟΚΛΗΘΡΕΠΤΗ

*Procla, a home-bred slave.**

* So, among the inscriptions in the Vatican, is found:

No. 39.

ΠΕΤΡΟΣ

ΘΡΕΠΤΟΣ

ΓΛΥ·ΚΥ·ΤΑ·

ΤΟΣ· ΕΝ ΘΕΩ

Peter, a most sweet home-bred slave : in God.—A dove is on either side.

These two words are slightly and rather rudely engraved on a fragment of grey marble in the Museum Kircherianum, —from which, by the way, you are to understand that *all* the specimens described in this letter are taken, except where the contrary is specified.

Of such an inscription as the preceding, you will not care to have another sample. It is far more usual to find the name associated with one or more Christian symbols. Thus there is in the same Museum a small slab of marble, rudely inscribed,—

No. 40.

(*) IRENEVS

beneath which word is to be seen a circle enclosing a cross, a dog (?) at full speed, and a nondescript bird with a leaf in its mouth. Another name, in the Museum at Naples,—

No. 41.

ANAST [*monogr.*] ASSA

is bisected by the monogram of CHRIST.

What follows is from the Museum of St. John Lateran. The monogram, &c., is enclosed in a wreath. Beside it, is a barrel,—a symbol which, with whatever meaning, is to be seen on heathen inscriptions.* The name is rudely cut.

No. 42.

(*) Ω [*monogr.*] A SEBERV

S

The friends of *Severus* were probably but imperfectly skilled in Christian symbolism. They will have adopted it in the same spirit as persons of the humbler class among ourselves. Or was it the stonecutter's fault that the Ω comes first? Perhaps the man (a Roman,) asked Mrs. Seberus what she *meant* by "Alpha" and "Omega"? and the good woman, taking a copper coin (of Magnentius) out of her pocket, made an impression of it in wax,—which of

* Gruter, p. 818.

course brought the ω before the A. . . . Either way, an unprejudiced eye looking over these inscriptions, while fully admitting the superiority of sentiment indicated by the earliest of them, recognises the same phenomena which belong to these latter days, in all that regards the individuals who adopted the formulæ which were in vogue at the time.

The next inscription is to be seen in the Vatican :—

No. 43.

(*) STERCORIAE

[*monogr.*]

“Stercoria,” seems a strange name (to say the least) to bestow upon a girl. It was unknown, I suspect, to Pagan antiquity. At least it does not occur in any of Gruter’s inscriptions. On the graves of the early Christians, however, it proves to have been a name of very frequent recurrence.* Was it perhaps an appellation adopted by them in humility, expressive of their consciousness of undesert? or could it have been allusive to St. Paul’s famous saying, —“We are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day?”^b But the image there is different. The word actually occurs in Phil. iii. 8 ;

* E. g. In the Vatican :

No. 44.	BENEMER	PARENTES'DOLENTE
	ENTIINP	SFILIAE STERCORE
	ACE	OVI VIXIT'ANN'II'MEI...

To the beloved. In peace. The sorrowing parents to their daughter Stercoria, who lived 2 years [2] months.

There is in the Capitol Museum another, which begins

No. 45. DIGNO CONJUGI STERCORIO

^b 1 Cor. iv. 13—where see Dr. Wordsworth’s note.

but that place does not seem to be in point.—The next (rather a rough specimen) is in the Museum at Naples:—

No. 46.

(*) LOCVS

LEON

TIS

The place of Leontes.

To the right is a wreath, or rather a fillet, enclosing the monogram of CHRIST, with A Ω; between two figures,—just like the supporters of a coat-of-arms. This simple and somewhat solemn denomination for the grave (*locus*),—as *the* place to which all who live must go at last,—is very common on Christian tombs. Take three more specimens. All come from the Vatican:—

No. 47.

LOCVS HERMETISSE VIVO FECET

The place of Hermes. He made it in his lifetime.

The next is fuller:—

No. 48.

FORTVNATVS REVIVO TIBI FECIT

VT CVM QVIEVERIT IN PACEM

IN [*monogr.*] LOCVM PARATVM HA . . .

*Fortunatus, in his lifetime, made [this] for himself, in order that when he should rest in peace in CHRIST, he might have his place prepared.**

When first one deciphers an inscription like the preceding, surprise and satisfaction exclude every other sentiment; but looking at it at leisure, after many months, I cannot forbear a remark on the oddness of such an epitaph. "My name is Fortunatus. I was thinking to myself how desirable it would be to have my grave ready against the time of my

* Where no asterisk is prefixed (*) I do not hold myself absolutely responsible for the accuracy of my copy.

death; and so, I not only prepared this place, but set up this inscription also, in order that all the world might know what my views on the subject had been." . . . In the foregoing inscription, by the way, the F and S are shaped as in No. 7. Here is another:—

No. 49. ANTGONVS LOCV
 M HABETCV M SORE
 SVA [*monogr.*]

Antigonus hath a place (i. e. makes his grave) with his sister.

This will have been what was called a "locus bisomus," i. e. a double grave. Such graves are often mentioned, as in the following inscription:—

[*monogr.*]

No. 50. DECEMBER SE VIVO FECIT SIBI
 BISOMVM

December, in his lifetime, made for himself a double grave. A dove follows the preceding, which is in the Vatican.

[*monogr.*]

No. 51. (*) PETRVS * SEBIV
 EMITBISOMV

Peter in his lifetime purchased [this] double grave.

"Se vivu," (as in No. 2,) is evidently for "se vivo," (as in Nos. 47, 48, 50.)—Whatever "Peter's" thoughts may have been on the subject, he was less communicative than "Fortunatus."—The inscription which follows was evidently by a man of business. It is in the Capitol Museum, in the innermost of the three rooms, (marked No. 5, in Murray,) where the fine sarcophagus is.

No. 52. EMITVM ꝚCCVMABAR
 TAEMISIVMVISOMVM
 HOC EST ET PRAETIVM
 DATVM FOSSOR PHILA
 ROYDEST FOLL N ꝚbPRAE
 SENTIASEVERP ꝚOSS ET LAVRENT

This grave (locum) to hold two bodies (visomum) was bought of Artemisius: and the price [was] given to Philarus the sexton; that is, (id est?) 1500 folles, in money: in the presence of Severus the sexton, and Laurentius.

(Or should it be, — “And this was the price,” &c. “namely,”?) . . . The “follis,” (literally, *a purse*,) merely denoted, at this time, an obolus, — about three half-pence of our money. No sentimental talk, you see, *this* time, of *why* and *wherefore* (as in No. 48): but all dry matter-of-fact detail. “I bought this grave of Artemisius, to hold two bodies; and I paid the money to the sexton, in cash, 9*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*: and Severus and Lawrence, were the witnesses; and there shall be no manner of mistake about it: and I decline to give my name.”

The next, which is suggested by what goes before, (and comes, like No. 51, from the Museum Kircherianum,) will be not unfitly inserted here:—

No. 53. (*) L · FAVSTINIQVEMCOM
 PARAVITAIVLIO
 MANSONARIOSVB
 CONSCIENTIAPRES
 BYTERIMARCIANI

The place (i. e. the grave) of Faustinus, which he purchased of Julius the sacristan; presbyter Marcianus being priry to the transaction.

The office of the "mansionarius" (in Greek, *παρὰμνάριος*,) may be clearly gathered from the "Dialogi" ascribed to Gregory the Great,—(lib. i. c. 5, and lib. iii. c. 24 and 25.) He *resided* in the Church, of which he was in fact *the warden*: but his duties corresponded rather with those of the 'Sacristan'; or (as we should say,) of the 'Clerk.'—And now, as to the foregoing Inscription.

I am as fond of the Catacombs as any man; and yield to no one in my admiration for primitive Christianity. But I cannot forbear the reflection that if the above were freely translated, and conspicuously engraved on a tombstone in an English church, we should hear, (perhaps we should *make*,) all manner of severe remarks upon it. The only other inscription of the same kind which I copied, is the following, from the same Museum: but it is evidently of *much* later date. I mean, it must be many centuries later:—

No. 54. (*) OMNIAQUAEVIDENTUR
 AMEMORIASANCTIMAR
 TYRISYPOLITIUSQUEHUC
 SURGERETECTA.ILICIUS
 PRESBSUMTUPROPIOFECIT

All the structures which are seen rising between the monument (?) of the holy martyr Hippolytus and this spot, presbyter Ilicius erected at his own charges.

To return, however, to the very brief epitaphs of which we were speaking. Here are some from the Vatican:—

No. 55. CLAVDIAQVEVIXITANNIS PMQUINQVAGINTA

Claudia, who lived fifty years, more or less.

No. 56. ANICITVS [*monogr.*]
 QVIDEST IIII KLIVNEAS

Anicetus, who departed on the 4th of the Kalends of June. . . . Simpler yet, is this, at Naples:—

No. 57. ANN [*dove.*] A [*monogr.*] Ω [*dove*] VIII

DEPOSITVS SEBIRINVS

Aged 8. Severinus buried.

Whether it be because one pays less attention to a stone bearing a single name, or because such stones have been less generally preserved, it seems to me that such *exceeding* brevity was altogether the exception with the early Christians. They commonly added one or two words expressive of their Christian hope: as in these, from the Galeria Lapidaria of the Vatican:—

No. 58.

ARETVSA

IN DEO

Arethusa. In God.—The next is more usual:—

No. 59.

GAUDENTIA IN PACE

Gaudentia. In peace.—And again:—

No. 60.

SABINA

IN PACE

And again:—

No. 61.

BICTORI

NAIN

PACE

ET IN [*monogr.*]

Victorina. In peace, and in Christ.

An object which I do not understand divides the words.

This formula ("In pace") was derived to the early Christian Church, as I showed at the close of my former letter, from her elder sister, the Church of God's ancient people—the *Jews*. It is, if I understand it rightly, a phrase complete in itself; requiring no adjunct, though susceptible of several, as when we read (see below, No. 66) "*dormis in pace.*" And again:—

No. 62.

EXVPERANTIA .

IN EACEDEPOSITA

VIII KALMAIAS

ANNORVM SEX

Exsuperantia. In peace. Buried 9th of the Kalends of May, aged six years.

(An ivy-leaf follows the name in the preceding, which is copied from a stone in the Vatican collection.)

Other instances are supplied by Gruter, of “*deposita in pace*,”—“*quiescit*” or “*recessit*” or “*requievit in pace*,”—“*requiescit in pace Domini*,” &c. But these seem to be mere amplications of the formula. The Hebrew שלום (*shalom*) “Peace,” has evidently received its full interpretation, when the preposition has been prefixed; and, in that shape, it often stands in the very middle of an inscription, without blending with the context, or indeed being capable of being construed with any other word. For example, we sometimes read, (as in No. 83,) that such an one “*vixit . . . in pace*,” or again, (as in No. 91,) “*filius . . . fecit in pace*,”—in which cases it is evident that a full stop must precede and follow “*In pace*.” The expression is isolated in the intention of the writer; and denotes that blessed assurance which the author of the Book of Wisdom has so beautifully expressed concerning the faithful departed,—namely, that they have entered into a state of perfect rest and the beginning of their joy. More seems to be meant even than that “*their bodies are buried in peace*.”* Is it not rather implied that “the souls of the righteous are in the Hand of GOD, and there shall no torment touch them? In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but THEY ARE IN PEACE.”^b

The next is engraved on a slab of very small dimensions:—

* Ecclūs. xliv. 14.

^b Wisdom iii. 1—3. The following places of Scripture may be compared with advantage: Ps. xxxvii. 37. 2 Kin. xxii. 20. 2 Chron. xxxiv. 28. Ps. iv. 8. Jer. xxxiv. 5. St. Luke ii. 29, &c.



- No. 63. εἰρήνη τε φορτουνάτε θυγατρὶ γλυκυτάτῃ
Peace to Fortunata, [our] sweetest daughter.

You observe the figure of a child, seated, near part of a tree, holding a huge bunch of grapes in one hand, and a dove in the other. "Fortunata" was a common heathen name. Kirchhoff* has exhibited this inscription; but, (as usual,) not *quite* accurately.—It is more common to apostrophise the dead; as in these two inscriptions from the Lateran Museum:—

- No. 64. ΕΙΡΗΝΗ
 ΣΟΥΤΗΨΥΧΗ
 ΖΩΣΙΜΗ
Peace to thy soul, O Zosima!

- No. 65. ΦΙΛΟΥΜΕΝΗ
 ΕΝ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ ΣΟΥ
 ΤΟ ΠΝΕΥΜΑ.
O Philumena, in peace be thy spirit!

The next is in the Vatican:—

- No. 66. ΕΥΚΑΡΠΙΑ
 ΔΟΡΜΙΣ
 ΙΝ ΠΑΧΕ
O Eucarpia, thou sleepest in peace!

* No. 9812.

On the left is a wreath : on the right, a palm-branch.—
What follows is in the Vatican Museum :—

No. 67.

AGAPEVIBES

INETERNUM

O Agape, thou livest for ever.

To return to the Museum Kircherianum. Here is one which supplies a type of a large class of inscriptions, in which the formulæ of Faith and Hope are exchanged for the formula of Love :—

No. 68.

(*) ΛΟΝΓΕΙΝΟC · ΕΥΠΡΟC
ΔΕΚΤΟC ΕΙΤΟΝΩΓΑ
ΥΚΥΤΑΤΩ

Longinus Euprosdectus to his sweetest grandson.

This Longinus, (like Mr. *Accepted* Frewen,) evidently borrowed his second name from the New Testament.* His inscription is beautifully cut. Kirchhoff doubts whether it be Christian or not. Does not Εὐπρόσδεκτος almost prove it? Thus, you meet in Christian epitaphs with such names as “Redempta,” which clearly point to the faith which sustained the departed. Take a few more specimens :—

No. 69.

(*) FELICISSI
MA · DVICIS

Sweet Felicissima.

The next is a very common type of the short and tender epitaph, on a child. It is to be seen in the Vatican :—

No. 70.

INNOCINTIVS INFANS
ANIMA DVLCIS QVE VIXIT
ANNIS VII. MENSES X.

*Innocentius an infant, sweet soul, who lived 7 years,
10 months.*

* Rom. xv. 16, 31; 2 Cor. vi. 2; viii. 12. 1 St. Pet. ii. 5.

"*Anima dulcis*"—"Dulcis anima in pace,"—are common. More frequently, I think, the formula of Faith and Hope is combined with the record of the span of life; as in the two following, which are to be seen in the *Galeria Lapidaria* of the Vatican :—

No. 71. (*) ALEXANDRIA
IN PACE
VIXITANNO
VNODIESXL

Alexandria. In peace. She lived one year, 40 days.



No. 72. *στέφανιν εζησεν ετη ε μηνες . δ . ημερας ιβωρας . ι. λμενπτα*

Stephaninus (?) lived 5 years, 4 months, 12 days, 10 hours; blamelessly.

The foregoing inscription has been exhibited in *fac-simile* on account of its peculiar style. The mode of writing *ἀμέμπτως* suggests that the parties concerned were somewhat illiterate.—At first sight, there seems to be a peculiar tenderness in the parental record of the number of *hours*, (as well as of years, months, and days,) for which the child's little life was prolonged: but it is found to be a circumstance not unusually recorded in ancient heathen

epitaphs. Like the last, this inscription is preserved in the Museum Kircherianum. Kirchhoff* enumerates the several places where it is to be seen published, and relates that it was originally found in the Catacomb of S. Gordianus.

The next, on a young mother and her child, (of humble rank I presume,) seems to me beautiful from its extreme simplicity. The engraver has done his best to make the record ambiguous, but he has not succeeded:—

No. 73.

FELICIA CVMFILIO IN PACE
QVIXIT. ANO. XXV. ME . X D/V
III . QVIVIXIT . ANO . III . M . II

Felicia with her son. In peace. Who lived 25 years, 10 months, 8 days. Who lived 3 years, 2 months.

So many specimens have been given of children's epitaphs, that I must subjoin one or two by husbands on their wives. The simplest kind are such as this from the Vatican:—

No. 74.

B

M

MERENTI COIVGI EVTYCHIAE
DVLCISSIMAE ANNORVM XX
QVAE VIXIT MECVM ANN IIII

To my beloved and sweetest wife Eutychia, aged 20; who lived with me 4 years.

A cup is at either extremity; also a palm-branch to the right. Here is another, on a very young wife, also from the Vatican:—

No. 75.

D

M

(*) VIXIT SABINA VIR
GO . ANXV . ET DIESXV
ETVIXITCVMMARIT
VM SVVM . ANNOS III . ET DIES XXV

* No. 9590.

To the Gods Manes. Sabina lived a virgin 15 years and 15 days; and lived with her husband 3 years and 25 days.

But it is even more common to find some allusion to the "irrupta copula" which made the husband and his wife "felices ter et amplius." The very first inscription I adduced, (No. 1, in Letter XIV.,) was an example of this. Here is another, which I copied under the portico of a Church near S. Cecilia,—S. Maria Trastevere, I think:—

No. 76. BIXIT MECVM ANNIS XXII . MENS . IX.
DIES V. IN QVIBVS SEMPER MIHI
BENE FVIT CVM ILLA

She lived with me for 22 years, 9 months, 5 days: during which, in her society, it went ever happily with me.

But the fullest I ever saw is the following,—also in the Vatican:—

No. 77. DOMNINAE
INNOCENTISSINAE ET DULCISSIMAE COIUCI
QUAE ULXIT ANN XUI MIIII ET FUIT
MARITATA . ANNDVOBVS . M . IIII . D/ . VIII
CVM QVA NON LICUIT FUISSE PROPTER
CAUSAS PEREGRINATIONIS
NISI . MENSIB . VI
QVO TEMPORE . VT EGO SENSI ET EXHBVI
AMOREM MEVM
NVLLISVALII SIC DILEXERVNT
DEPOSIT . XV KAL . IVN

To Domnina, my most guileless and sweet wife; who lived 16 years, and was married 2 years, 4 months, 9 days: with whom my travels prevented me from being for more than 6 months: during which period, as I felt, and

showed my affection, no others ever loved. Buried on the 15 of the Kalends of June.

What kind of "peregrinationes" are here alluded to?—I dismiss this class of epitaph with one on a wife and husband:—

No. 78. • ELPIS • ET • SAVINIANVS • SIBI ET COIVGI •
 • IN PACE •

Elpis and Savinianus to herself and her husband. In peace.

The two which follow, I suppose commemorate clergy. The first is a fragment, from Naples; the other is from the Vatican collection:—

No. 79. ERBVS DE
 ETADBITAPERBENIT [*monogr.*]
..... *a servant of GOD* *and attained unto life.*

No. 80. CVRRENTIO
 SERVO DEI
 DEP . DXVI.
 KAL • NOU.

To Currentius a servant of God. Buried on the 16th of the Kalends of November.

The next two, from the Vatican, exhibit slight varieties of a peculiar type:—

No. 81. ENΘENETEΘH
 [*monogr.*] BONOΦATIA
 EZHCEN $\sqrt{\text{H}} \backslash \text{IA}$
 H E K

Here was luid Bonifacia. She lived 11 months, 20 days.

Why εϑεν, I wonder? Surely, a mistake for εϑα.

No. 82.

HICEPIFANIA

IACETQVEVIXIT

ANVMETMENSES

VIII ET IN PACE DECES

SIT

Here Epiphania lieth: who lived one year, and 8 months; and departed in peace.

The epitaphs which follow are from the Museum Kircherianum. They sound tame after some which go before: but I propose to give you samples of every sort; and an *amusing* inscription is quite the exception:—

No. 83.

(*) BERE CVN

DABIXIT

ANNOS · DV

OMESES · IIII ·

DIES · XXV · INPACE.

Verecunda lived two years, 4 months, 25 days. In peace.

(This is neatly engraved on lines, enclosed in a square, and in a triangular space on either side is seen the monogram of CHRIST, and a bird with a leaf in its beak.)—The next is a very interesting object.



No. 84. TITUS EUPOR QUI VIXIT ANNOS X ET MENSES VII DECESSIT
VIII KAL MAIAS IN PACE.

*Titus Eupor [us], who lived 10 years and 7 months.
He departed on 8th of the Kalends of May. In peace.*

The figure in the centre, habited in a short tunic, is in the conventional attitude of prayer. Compare p. 195.

It is surprising to find in how many instances the day of *burial* is all that is recorded on these Christian graves. For instance:—

No. 85. (*) LAVRENTIA · PAC
DEPOSITA QVAR ID AVG

Laurentia. [In] peace. Buried, fourth of the Ides of August.

No. 86. (*) HICDEPOSITVSEST
ROMYLLUSDIEMERCURI
X KAL · DECEMBR · QUIXI

Here Romyllus was buried, on Wednesday, 8th of the Kalends of December: who lived

(The above is engraved on a small piece of marble, which has been much broken. An upright palm-branch is in the right extremity, at top.)—These two inscriptions suggest an inquiry respecting the term so familiarly used for burial,—"depositio." It is, I presume, a translation of the Greek *κατάθεσις*, which is often found on early Christian tombs. For instance:

No. 87. (*) · KAT ·
ΠΡΟ · ΙΖ · ΚΑΑ
ΑΠΡΙΛΙΩΝ

Buried on the 17th before the Kalends of April.

(Engraved on what was apparently the central part of a sarcophagus.)—I believe neither the Greek nor the Latin word is found on heathen inscriptions: nor do they appear to

be recognised by classical lexicographers. They are a part of the terminology of the early Church. Was it perhaps the notion that the body was deposited *as a pledge* with God, to be restored at the general Resurrection,—which brought the term so much into favour with the primitive believers? Bishop Sanderson, as you may remember, began his own epitaph with the words, *DEPOSITUM ROBERTI SANDERSON*,*—which, I suppose, exactly expresses the same sentiment. Sir William Pickering (in 1575) had expanded it not uninterestingly in the following sentence:—"I will the manner of my burialls and funerals to be as of a Christian, *whose carcas is not to be counted cast awaie to destruction ; but laid up in store for Resurrection.*"

Anyhow, it is interesting to find in *St. Mark's* Gospel, (xv. 46,) with reference to the Burial of our LORD, the germ of an expression which afterwards became so familiar:—*καθελὼν αὐτὸν, ἐνέλιψε τῇ σινδόνι, καὶ KATEΘHKEN αὐτὸν ἐν μνημείῳ.*—But I fear I shall weary you with this subject, and must find another listener.

Your loving brother.

* See his Will, in Dr. Jacobson's ed. of his *Works*, vi. p. 345



DOVE. SEE PAGE 231.

LETTER XVII.

FURTHER SPECIMENS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN EPITAPHS FROM THE CATACOMBS.—LOVE EVER THE LANGUAGE OF GRIEF.—GRAMMATICAL INACCURACIES.—CONFUSION OF GREEK AND LATIN.—INDICATIONS THAT MANY OF THE EPITAPHS BELONG TO PERSONS OF HUMBLE RANK.—ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD 'CHAPEL.'

To the very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

My dear Dean,

Give me leave to address one of my letters to yourself. The reason why I inscribe to you the present letter shall be stated by-and-by.

Resuming the subject where it was discontinued at the close of my last letter,—(I was exhibiting a series of epitaphs of the simpler class,)—the following from the Museum Kircherianum supplies a somewhat uncommon type.

[*monogr.*]

No. 88.

(*) PUERDECESSIT

QUIUIXIT

ANNOSU

NOMINEDULCISUS MENSES UI

He departed [yet] a boy, by name Dulcissimus (?) : who lived 5 years, 6 months.

This is neatly engraved on a large, long, and very heavy slab of marble, about 3 or 4 inches thick. A bird with leaves in its mouth is represented to the right.

The two next seem to exhibit fair specimens of the early Christian inscription: full, yet brief; and expressive in the simplest possible manner of the largeness of a Christian's hope:—

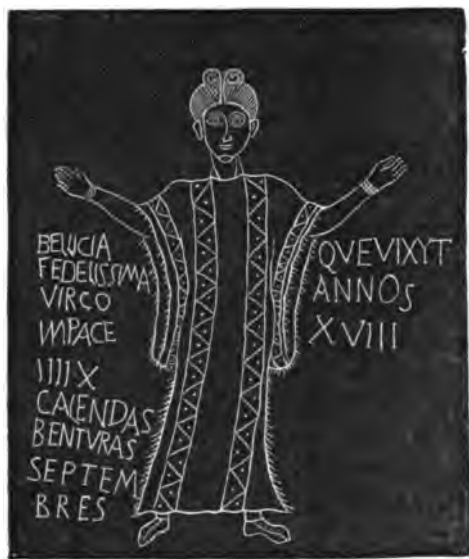
No. 89. (*)

HICESTPOSITAVIRGOGEMELLA'QVAEVIXITANNIIIIIMIHIIDXXDECESS

[*monogr.*] IIIIIVSOCTOBRES INPACE

Here is laid the virgin Gemella, who lived 4 years, 4 months, 20 days. She departed 3rd of the ides of October. In peace.

It is a pity that some of the most attractive slabs of all should be among the least interesting when exhibited in this manner. The next, however, which is one of the most curious, if not elegant, sepulchral stones in Rome shall be shown in fac-simile. It is preserved in the Christian Museum of St. John Lateran; and meets your eye as you hasten towards the famous inscription on the lower part of the statue of Hippolytus.



NO. 90. BELICIA FEDELISSIMA VIRGO IMPACE IIIIX CALENDAS BENTURAS
SEPTEMBRES QVEVIXIT ANNO5 XVIII.

Felicia, a most faithful maiden. In peace. 6th of the coming Kalends of September; who lived 18 years.

It appears from the instances in Forcellini, that *Calendae*

venturae may be good Law Latin. But one forgets the inscription in the contemplation of so singular and interesting a monument. The maiden is in the attitude of prayer. Her style of head-dress, pelisse, laced boots, &c., are deserving of attention. Compare p. 191.

The next, one would have passed as heathen, but for the formula with which it concludes.

· D · · M · · B ·
No. 91. (*) 'AVR · DIOGENIE · QVEB
 IXIT · ANNIS · LXX · M · III
 D · V · FILIVS · MATRI ·
 · · EN · FECIT · INP ·

To the Gods Manes....(?) To Aurelia Diogenia (?) who lived 70 years, 3 months, 5 days. Her son erected [this] to [his] beloved (benemerenti) Mother. In peace.

The meaning of the third letter (B) prefixed to this inscription, I cannot explain; unless it stands for v, (as it often does elsewhere,) and the known formula (*Dis manibus Votum*) is indicated by the three initial letters—(Two upright palm-branches separate those first three letters. Then comes a species of tree.)—Singularly enough there is also in Gruter a heathen inscription to a certain Aurelius Diogenes.* For the next inscription, we must resort to the Museum at Naples.

No. 92. (*) HICREQVIES
 CETINSOM
 NOPACISAG
 NELLVS QVIV
 IXITANNVS PLV
 MINVS Q

* Ed. 1707, p. 325, n. 7 : repeated in p. 760, n. 10.

Here rests in the sleep of peace Agnellus, who lived for about 6 years. "Agnellus,"—(a little lamb),—is I suppose exclusively a Christian appellation. Return we back to Rome for the next specimen.

No. 93. (*) BONEADQVEDVLCISSIME FILIAEMERCVR
NETIQVEVIXITANNOVNOMENSIS VIII D/
XV · DEPOSITA D/ XII · KAL · IAN · INPACE .

To our good and most sweet daughter Mercuranetis, who lived 1 year, 9 months, 15 days. Buried on the 12th of the Kalends of January. In peace.

In offering these translations, I am conscious that I am somewhat gratuitously laying myself open to criticism. Still, it is better to help those who want helping, than to ensconce oneself in silence, merely for fear of being sometimes caught tripping. Thus,—who ever heard of such a name as "Mercuranetis"? and yet, since I am sure the word is copied accurately, what else can the nominative be? It is a satisfaction to find that Gruter, or his editor, was perplexed by a similar form,—“Diogenetes.”

We have already met with one example of the retention of an exclusively heathen formula. Here is another case:—

D. M. S.

No. 94. (*) LAEVIA · FIRMINA ·
MATER · VETTIAE ·
SIMPLICIAE · FILIAE ·
SVAEQVAE · VIXITAN
· XLIII · MENSESVIMA
TER · FILIAE · INCON
PARABILI · FECIT · SIM
PLICIAEQVAE DORM
ITIN PACE ·

Sacred to the Gods Manes. Lævia Firmina the mother to Simplicia, her daughter, who lived 43 years, 6 months. The mother raised this to her incomparable daughter Simplicia, who sleeps in peace.

(Beneath is represented a horse harnessed, wearing blinkers; together with a symbol like a carpenter's square.) Surely the repetition in the foregoing epitaph indicates that these were somewhat illiterate persons! The epithet (very common on heathen monuments) suggests a remark of another kind.

In modern days a notion seems to prevail that in early Christian times there was nothing to be seen written on the grave but words of abasement and humility,—a strong cry for mercy,—and the like. But it really is not so. The heart speaks the same language in all ages, and its language is love,—love which rises to overflowing when the barrier of the grave is interposed.* Look at this, from the Galeria Lapidaria of the Vatican:—

No. 96. (•) ADSSERTORI FILIO
KARO DVLCIINNO
IOETINCONPARA
BILIQVIVIXIT
ANNIS XVII M/VI
DIBUS VIII PATER
ET MATER FECER

To Assertor, our dear, sweet, innocent (?), and incomparable son; who lived 17 years, 6 months, 8 days. His father and mother erected it.

* As touching and as exquisite a thing as I ever read upon a grave, is this, which caught my eye on the walls of the Museum at Naples; inscribed on an unpretending little slab of marble:—

No. 95. IN SOLIS TV MIHI
TVRBA LOCIS

In lonely places Thou art crowds to me!

The following (from the Museum Kircherianum) is a yet more striking instance, if it be indeed a Christian inscription,—which I am inclined to doubt:—

No. 97. (*) DALMATIOFILIODVLCISSIMOTOTI
 VSINGENIOSITATISACSAPIENTI
 AEPVEROQVEMPLENISSEPTEMAN [dove.]
 NISPERFRVIPATRIINFELICINONLICV
 ITQVISTVDENSLITTERASGRAECASNON
 MONSTRATASSIBILATINASADRIPIVIT ETIN
 TRIDVOEREPTVSESTREBVSHVMANIS IIIID FER
 NATVS VIII KAL APR DALMATIVS PATER FEC

To Dalmatius, his sweetest son, a boy of the utmost genius and wisdom: whose unhappy father was not permitted to enjoy him for seven full years: who, while studying the Greek language, acquired Latin without being taught: and within three days was snatched away from human affairs on the 3rd of the Ides of February. Born on the 8th of the Kalends of April. Dalmatius his father erected this.

“Totius” for “omnis,” and “ingeniositatis” for “ingenii,” speak for themselves. But what is to be inferred from this epitaph? Was the child born abroad, and taught Greek at Rome out of the Eton Grammar and “Schrevelii Lexicon”?

Everything here savours of a late time; the prolixity of the composition,—the nature of the information conveyed,—the vaunting allusion to the boy’s parts,—the general air of *secularity*, to which it must be admitted the epitaphs of the early Church were generally utter strangers. The very expression of grief conveyed in the epithet “infelix,”—so unusual, or rather so all but unknown on an ancient Christian grave-stone; lastly, the expression “ereptus rebus humanis”:—all tends to make

one suspect that it must belong to a different category from the rest.

The following inscription, however, in the Lateran Museum, is Christian beyond a doubt; and affords an apt illustration of what was remarked above.

No. 98. **MACVS PVER INNOCENS**
ESSEIAMINTERINNOCENTISCOEPISTI
QVAMSTAVILESTIVI|IAECVITA EST
QVAMTELETVMEXCIPETMATERECLESIAEDFOC
MVNDORKEVERTENTEMCOMPREMATVRPECTORUM
GEMITUS ' STRVATVRFIETVSOCVLORVM

Macus, innocent boy, thou hast already begun to be among the innocent! Unto thee how sure is thy present life! Thee how joyous the Church [thy] mother receiveth on thy return from this world. Hushed be [this] bosom's groans! Dried be [these] weeping eyes!

Perhaps the unhappy parent desired to say something like this:—

O blessed boy, already with the blest
 Thou makest thy dwelling! Thine a life, like theirs,
 Secure from chance and change. Methinks the throng
 Of Saints and Angels in that better world
 Meets thee like one returning, dress'd in smiles,
 Back to his Mother Bursting heart, be still!
 And tears, be strangers to these faithless eyes!

Who does not here call to remembrance that exquisite passage at the end of Cyprian's treatise, "*De Mortalitate*"? . . .
 "We are but strangers and pilgrims, here below. Let us then welcome the day which assigns to each one of us his resting-place, and restores us, released from this world's bondage, to the joys of Paradise. What exile longs not to return to his native land? Who that hastens home desires

not a prosperous wind, that he may the sooner embrace the objects of his love? *Our* true native-land is Paradise: the Patriarchs are *our* true ancestors. How then comes it to pass that we do not hasten, yea run, to behold the land of our birth, and to salute our kinsmen? It is a large and loving company that expects us there;—of parents, brothers, sons, a mighty multitude; evermore assured of their own salvation, but still anxious concerning ours. O the joy on either side, when we shall look upon them, and embrace them! O the bliss of those celestial realms, where no fear of dying enters: O the rapturous prospect of life for evermore! There the glorious choir of the Apostles awaits us; there the exulting company of the Prophets; there the countless army of Martyrs, crowned because they strove unto death, and conquered To them, brethren beloved, let us eagerly hasten; let us long to be with them the sooner, that we may the sooner be with CHRIST!"

In many of the inscriptions already offered, nothing is more striking than the grammatical inaccuracies which they contain. I propose to devote the remainder of this letter to a few remarks on this subject.

And first, one must beware of swelling the catalogue with mistaken instances. See above, p. 144. Thus also the substitution of D for T, (as in *adque*;)—of B for V, (as in *bixit*,)—and so forth,—were recognised permutations of letters in those ages.

To come to matters of grammar. De Rossi was altogether unwilling to allow that "*cum fratrem*," "*cum maritum*," &c., are errors. It was (he said) the established usage of the time.—Then, it is easy to see that "*Depositus*" is often introduced with the same conventional and established, (and therefore not blamable,) abruptness which sanctions the beginning a clause with "*Born*," or "*Died*" among ourselves.—The ablative "*annis*," "*diebus*," &c.,

again, was familiarly employed where classical usage would clearly require the accusative.

Lastly, not a few inaccuracies must be laid to the account of the *engraver*. The difficulty is, to distinguish between *his* errors and the errors of those who employed him. For instance, these two which follow may have been *dictated* correctly, and suffered in the process of transference to the marble:—

No. 99. (*) DOMINAMEKVRSVXS RDVL
 CISQVIVIXSITCVMMARITV
 ANNOSXIIETDIESXXIIIREGE
 ΓPOSTPRIDTECALENDASDEB
 RAS BITALIOPOSVIT

Dame Mercuria, my sweet wife, who lived with her husband 12 years and 24 days, died the day after the calends of December. Vitalio erected it.

A learned friend suggests to me that "post pridie," (which I could not make out,) must be an error for "*postridie*."

No. 100. (*) LETVS VICX
 FILIO FELICI ' Q ' MEC ' AHMVII
 ' D ' VI

Lætus to my son Felix, who lived with me 2 years, 7 months, 6 days.

The three next were evidently the result of an application made to a *Greek* stone-mason by persons who spoke Latin. They remind one of the period when Greek was disputing with Latin the precedence in the popular speech of the people; and suggest the origin of many of the inaccuracies we have already met with. Thus, a Greek engraver not understanding Latin, might easily mistake A for Λ, or T for Γ, or F (a letter unknown in late Greek) for E,—which, to

one speaking the vernacular, would have simply been impossible.

No. 101. (*) KYPHEIKH · ENΠAXH

[dove.] *Cyriaca. In peace.*

No. 102. (*) BICTΩRIAEIAIOBITΩRI
ΔΟΒΑΚΙCIMO

Victoria to her sweetest son, Victor.

How singular is the mixture of Greek and Latin letters (Ω Λ Δ—R V): the C doing double duty (for K and S): and what a plentiful crop of inaccuracies!—The following, in the Vatican, is even more singular:—

No. 103. BENEMEPENTIΦIAIE
ΘEOΔΩPEKYE BIZIT
MHCIC · XIAIHC XVII
XVII

To our beloved daughter Theodora, who lived 11 months, 17 days.

The two-handled cup precedes; and a dove follows the numerals at foot, which seem to be a mistake. Observe the substitute for “quæ vixit,” “menses,” “dies.”—But surely, whatever may be said about illiterate engravers, the employers must share with the men employed the responsibility of inscriptions such as these. Here is one, (from the Vatican,) where Greek and Latin are strangely combined (Κοιουται for κείναι):—

No. 104. ΦΟΡΤΟΥΝΑΤΟΥC . EYMEN
ΚΟΙΟΤΕΙ ΙΝ ΠΑΚΕ.

[Here] *Fortunatus Eumenes (?) lieth. In peace.*

Look, again, at the three which follow:—

No. 105. (*) DEPOSTVSHERACL
VS QVIBISE PLVS MIN
VS ANNVS LV

Heraclius buried; who lived 55 years, more or less.

No. 106. (*) DEDAMIAQVE
VIXITANNVSKIIIDE
FVNCTAESXIIIIKLDECB
DEFVNCTAESVIRGO
QVIESCETINPACE

Dedamia who lived 13 years, died on the 14th of the calends of December: died a virgin: she rests in peace.

No. 107. (*) EVIYCHVSEIFELI
CLAPARENTESSEVE
REFILIEINPACE QAN
NIS XIII BENMENER

Eutyclus and Felicia, the parents, to Severa their daughter. In peace: w[ho lived] 14 years; beloved.

Besides the many solecisms here, the very style of these things shows that they are the epitaphs of persons of humble rank. I would rather believe it, than not. It is to be expected that at Rome, as at Corinth, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, were called." The epitaphs however are not without even literary interest. "Mese" or "meses" (for *menses*, Nos. 88, 108); "bise," "bizit," (for *vixit*, Nos. 103, 105,); "coiugi" (for *conjugi*, Nos. 1 and 74); "es" (twice for *est*, No. 106); "bisomu," (for *bisomum*, No. 51); "benmerenti," (No. 107), "depostus" (No. 105) "querella," "Antgonus," (No. 49), "upogeu," "restutus," (No. 113); and so forth,—show unmistakably *how such words were pronounced* by the common people at Rome.

But the most ungrammatical, as well as the most difficult to decipher, of all these inscriptions, (I think I have spent a

day over it,) is the following,—scratched, rather than engraved, on a small tablet in the Museum Kircherianum.



No. 108. (*) EGO SECUNDA FECI CUPELLA BONE MIMORIE FILIEM MEEM
SECUNDINEM QE RECESSIT . IN . FIDEM CUM FRATREM
SUM LAURENTIUM IN PACE RECESERUND

I Secunda have made a grave to the virtuous memory of my daughter Secundina, who departed in faith; with her brother Laurentius. They departed in peace.

Even De Rossi, the great patron of those who sleep in the Catacombs, will not approve of *cupella*, for the accusative; nor of *filiem meem*, in place of the genitive; though *cum fratrem sum* may admit of defence; and *receserund* may only reflect the popular pronunciation. But in truth, look at the original of this inscription; and you understand the history of the inaccuracies at once. It belongs, in a word, to persons in humble life.

The chief point of interest, however, in the preceding epitaph, is the word *CUPELLA*,—which, (I humbly suspect,) is new. At least it was unknown, (in any such sense,) to Du Cange. But he gives “cupa,” and quotes for it a heathen inscription, (to be seen in Gruter, p. 845,) which ends,—“In hâc cupâ mater et filius positi sunt.” On this authority, Du Cange explains “cupa” to mean *urna*, *arca*

sepulchralis.* But he refers his reader to "Cuba," of which he says,—"*forte pro Cumba, locus subterraneus*;" and he quotes a monkish writer, who employs the word as follows : —"*Ad pedes B. Sabini est altare S. Martini . . . in alia Cuba, juxta orientem, sepulchrum S.S. Victoris, Domnini*," &c.—"Cuba" and "cupa" are therefore probably one word, of which "cupella" will have been the diminutive. Whether allied to "cumba" or not, I have very serious doubts.

I suspect that "cupa," (the same word as "*cup*,") and its diminutive "cupella," originally meant a sepulchral vase which held the burnt bones of the dead. This kind of sense the word preserves to this hour,—"*cupel*" being, I am told, the established appellation of a little vessel used by refiners. But in early Christian times, the word will have readily sustained a change of signification, in connection with the remains of the departed. It will have indicated generally *the grave* where those remains were deposited. How closely connected from a very early period were places of sepulture and places of prayer,—what need to state before one learned in Christian Antiquities? Already then you will have anticipated the suggestion for the sake of which I am troubling *you* with this letter; namely, that we have here the etymology of the word CHAPEL, which has so long perplexed philologists,—yourself, I believe, among the rest. "Capella," (*Anglicé* "Chapel,") is derived, I suspect, from "Cupella," which in the fourth or fifth century denoted a place of Christian burial,—as the humble inscription under consideration shows. Perhaps *Vault* would be the nearest English equivalent for the word.

A story is, or was, current in Oxford, of a youth, so elated with an approving nod which he got from the examiner for his reply, ("Saul,") to the question, "Who was

* P. 1232.

the first Jewish King?"—that he leaned forward, and added confidentially, — "*also called Paul.*" . . . With this warning before me, I am afraid to suggest further that "Cupola" may be only another form of the same word. I shall be quite content with having been the first to point out the true etymology of Chapel. Adieu !

P.S.—The Rev. G. E. Gepp, Head Master of Ashborne Grammar-school, has favoured me with a suggestion that the words *Ἀγγοσσησίων* and *Σιβουρνησίων* (in Letter XV.,) have a local reference: "that the former denotes a synagogue in one of the towns named *Augusta*; while the latter may represent the Latin word *Suburrensium*."—The conjecture is ingenious, and seems probable.

Oriel, Nov. 17th, 1860.



DOVE. SEE PAGE 131.

LETTER XVIII.

POINTS OF CONTRAST OBSERVABLE BETWEEN THE EPITAPHS OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS AND OUR OWN.—SCRIPTURE NEVER QUOTED ON ANCIENT EPITAPHS.—‘PEACE’ AND ‘HOPE.’—EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF.—BREVITY.—POINTS OF CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN CHRISTIAN EPITAPHS.—IMPROPRIETIES.—DOCTRINAL INFERENCES FROM THE INSCRIPTIONS IN THE CATACOMBS.

To Charles Longuet Higgins, Esq.

My dearest Charles,

I must of course have the pleasure of inscribing some of these letters to you; and the series is now drawing to a close. Let me try to interest you in the practical result, as it were, to which the Inscriptions already cited would appear to conduct us.

On a review then of them all, the reflection which most readily presents itself, is (1st) that notwithstanding several points of contrast, (2d) they exhibit a surprising amount of parallelism with the inscriptions of these latter days.

1. The points of contrast are such as the following:—In the epitaphs of those early Christians there is *never* mention made of the date of birth; which, with us, is hardly ever omitted. (It is said somewhere, that “the day of death” is better “than the day of one’s birth.”*) On the other hand, they constantly record the day of burial, which we *never* do.

They hardly ever supply,—we *never* omit,—*the year of death.*

* Eccl. vii. 1.

We never allude even to burial: they mention it constantly.

We *never* state how many years the married life lasted. There is something tender and affecting in the retrospect which the early believers took of the duration of their wedded happiness, and in the exactness of the record they preserved of "the days of the year" of it. See Nos. 77, 99.

It is very usual with us to represent the dead man as addressing the survivors, or speaking to the passer-by. This does not appear in the actual record of his name, to be sure; but generally in a rhyme or a passage from Scripture which follows. In this respect we resemble the ancient Greeks, with whom, "Here I lie," was a very common formula for the beginning of an epitaph. The dead man was supposed to address the spectator,—just as in our own country churchyards.* Not so, the early Christians. It was the survivor who apostrophised the dead,—as in No. 110. At all events, it was *he* who made statements to the passers-by, emphatically speaking in his own person. See for example No. 114. This could not be said to be general among ourselves. With us, a verse from the Psalms expressive of Faith, Hope, Confidence, Resignation,—and in the first person,—generally purports to declare the sentiment of *the individual who sleeps below*.

This reminds me how entirely without precedent in the epitaphs of those primitive believers is the practice of quoting Holy Scripture. When, I should like to know, did the usage first come in? In this respect, at least, the moderns have the advantage over the ancients.

It may I think be said, that whereas, on the graves of the

* So, on the tomb of Leo XII. (1828) in S. Peter's:—"Leoni magno patrono cœlesti *me supplex commendans* (!) hic apud sacros ejus cineres locum sepulturæ elegi, Leo XII. humilis cliens hæredum tanti nominis minimus."

early Christians, it is *the survivors* who appear prominently,^a even by name,^b—and who are sometimes named exclusively; it is with us *the dead* who appear prominently,—and that they are *never* kept *quite* out of sight,—as in No. 68. It is not by any means habitual with us, as it was with them, to state *who places* the stone: rather is it most rare.

The record “In pace,” has quite gone out with us. On the other hand, allusions to the hope of Resurrection abound on English grave-stones, which seldom or never appear on those of ancient Christendom. *Peace*, in short, is the predominating idea in their epitaphs: *Hope* in ours. *They* retained the legal image: *we* have adopted the evangelical. The Present is *their* subject of contemplation: *ours* is *the Future*.

To *begin* with the formula “HERE LIETH,” and to *conclude* with “PEACE,” (as already explained,^c) was the established type of ancient *Jewish* epitaphs. Some allusion to “SLEEP” was also highly acceptable, as well as thoroughly familiar, to the same people, as has also been shown.^d (“Our friend Lazarus *sleepeth*,”—had a peculiar propriety, therefore, on *His* lips.) Of these three formulæ, the early Christians dropped the first and the last, but altogether adopted the second: the moderns, strange to say, have altogether dropped the second, (except in the formula R. I. P. on some Romish gravestones,) but have reverted to the third: while the first, they have adopted entirely.

The Cross is, on the whole, the favourite emblem of modern Christendom. I question whether a Cross occurs on *any* Christian monument of the first four centuries.—The Greek contraction for the word JESUS,—I H S, (which

^a See No. 74.

^b See above, pp. 173-4.

^c See Nos. 100, 102, 107, 108.

^d See above, p. 173.

ought rather to be written $\overline{IHC}$, but which, on the contrary, is generally written JHS ,)—is *our* most popular exhibition of the Holy Name. With the early Christians, the Greek contraction for the name of CHRIST, (viz. XP, *i.e.* CHR,) variously exhibited as follows:—



was exclusively in favour, from the earliest time; not unfrequently with the addition of the letters A Ω, as at p. 153. The former word, on the other hand, is without example in the Roman catacombs. For examples of these three forms of monogram, the reader may be glad of the following references:—(1) page 205. (2) See the top of the pen-and-ink ornament in the fac-simile referred to at p. 19. See also page 242. (3) See the engraving prefixed to the Table of Contents.*

I think words expressive of the survivor's grief find place far more freely in our modern epitaphs than in those of the early Church. Such language, there, (to the honour of our fathers in the faith be it spoken!) is altogether exceptional and extraordinary. We read above (No. 97) of a "pater infelix" who was not permitted to enjoy his child for more than seven years; but I am not aware of any

* The unlearned reader may be grateful to have the mystery of these three letters explained. The Greek letters for JESUS are I, H (*i.e.* long E;) Σ (*i.e.* S,) shaped in Roman times thus C; O, Y (*i.e.* U), Σ or C (*i.e.* S.) For brevity sake, the first three, (or rather, the first two and the last,) of these letters were alone employed, with a line drawn above. More often, merely the first letter and the last, $\overline{IO}$, as may be seen in the second line of the fac-simile of part of the Vatican MS. . . . The many glosses put upon I H S ("JESUS Hominum Salvator," &c., &c.) are simply after-thoughts, having no connection whatever with the original intention of the monogram.

proof that *that* epitaph is Christian. Elsewhere, I remember a case where the parents are spoken of as "dolentes." But such expressions are certainly most unusual. With us, "disconsolate parents," and the like, is the rule,—as it was with the heathen; who indeed murmured and complained upon their sepulchral tablets, in a truly natural but yet a most painful fashion.*

As for the superior brevity and terseness of the inscriptions of early Christendom, before it can be insisted upon, the *rank* of the persons commemorated ought to be established. What can be briefer than the epitaphs of the English poor? Still, on the whole, the ancient inscriptions seem to be briefer than those of modern date; and it is undeniable that their simplicity is often at once beautiful and affecting.

The truth is, the ancients are *less communicative* than the moderns on such occasions. The style and title,—the trade or calling,—of the departed, they very rarely give. Details of relationship in an epitaph are also generally very few. One reason of this must be their practice of burying only one person in a grave; whereas our method of interment does not preclude the admission of several bodies to one common place of sepulture.—Such are the chief points of contrast which suggest themselves. It should perhaps be added, that there seems to be much *more variety* in the epitaphs of our fathers in the faith, than in our own, at the present day.

2. The points in which I trace a considerable correspondence between the epitaphs of modern and ancient Christians, are numerous; and some are striking.

First, it is curious to observe how readily those early

* "Quod filius patri facere debuit, pater fecit filio,"—is a common type of heathen sentiment. The epithets "infelix," "infelicissimus," "miserrimus," &c., are the rule, not the exception.

believers adopted the more ancient formulæ, — not only Jewish, (which was both natural and proper,) but *heathen*. The familiar phraseology of pagan Rome, I say, was retained (naturally enough) in the inscriptions on the graves of the departed. The epithets, “*dulcis*,” “*dulcissimus*,” “*incomparabilis*,” “*innocens*,” “*benemerenti*,” and the like: the wedded life “*sine querela*”: the monument erected “*contra votum*”: the “*domus eternalis*” which such-an-one “*sibi vivus posuit*”: the practice of recording the years, months, days, and sometimes hours of a person’s life, — occasionally, the years, with “*plus minus*” added: the very “*Dis Manibus*” of heathendom: — all these formulæ were retained. In truth, they establish such an amount of similarity between the Christian and the heathen epitaphs, that it is often impossible to say on which side of the *Galeria Lapidaria* an inscription ought to be placed. I make no doubt at all that many of the stones ought to exchange sides. — *We* also, in like manner, retain imagery, (verbal and symbolical,) which reflects a belief, or a sentiment, not our own. We begin, “*To the Memory*,” — which is quite the heathen fashion. We talk (in poetry) of the “*urn*,” the “*ashes*” of the dead, the “*shade*,” and so forth; without at all meaning it. Urns, and hour-glasses, and scythes, and baby-heads with wings, and a weeping willow, and ladies leaning against broken columns, are not by any means symbolical of our actual belief or practice. They are little more than the unconscious retention of an old and exploded type; either lingering remains of heathendom, or a tasteless return to what we had once forsaken. In this respect, modern Rome is far, far behind us, — as a visit to the cemetery of S. Lorenzo will attest. “*Cineribus et memoriae*,” is a favourite initial formula of modern Romanism.

Every whit as familiar to the ancient, as to the modern

Christians, was such an ungrammatical sentence, (or rather, such a specimen of mixed construction,) as the following:—"Here lieth such-an-one. Died such-a-day. Vain world, farewell!"

Just the same kind of *occasional* improprieties are observable in those old times as in the present. Thus, we have seen the following inscription on a grave of (I suppose) the fifth century:—"This is the family vault of Mr. Fusting, which he bought of Julius the parish-clerk. The Rev. Mr. Marshall, witness."^a

We also find a heathen formula,—more than one indeed, which proves to have enjoyed great favour with the primitive believers, and which occurs (with many minute variations) frequently on their graves; and yet, which is as unworthy of a Christian man as anything to be witnessed now-a-days; *more* unchristian by far, than our own familiar "Afflictions sore." I allude to the following:—

"Weep not, dear youth, that here you lie,
For all mankind like you must die."

This is found so often repeated in extant inscriptions, that it must clearly have enjoyed immense favour.^b The exhor-

^a See No. 58.

^b In addition to the specimen given in a former letter, (towards the end of Letter XIV.,) take the following specimen, which I saw at Naples:—

No. 109. (*) ΕΥΜΥΡΙΘΟΤΕΚΝΕΟΥΔΙΟ
 ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟC_ΗΛΘCΝΑΠΟΤΟΥ
 ΚΟΖΜΟΥΑΦΘΟΡΟCΕΤΩΝ ΙΗ
 $\frac{\text{P}}{\text{H}}$ · Z · ΙΔΩΝ · ΔΕΚΒ

Be fortunate (εὐμοῖες?), O Theotecnus! No one is exempt from death.—He went out of the world incorrupt, [aged] 18 years, on the 7th of the Ides of December.

tation to "take courage,"—of such constant recurrence on early Christian as on heathen graves,—further strikes me as one of those *improprieties* which belong to no particular age of the Church. As idiomatic a counterpart for *θάρρει* as can be suggested, is probably,—“Cheer up!”—What would be thought of “Cheer up,” on the walls of an English country church?

Curious enough to obtain special mention, is the example of a stone which has been made to do duty *twice*. On one side it is inscribed :—

No. 111. (*) IRENE INPACE .

On the back is found :—

No. 112. (*) HILARA IN PACE .

And thus, we are on every side reminded that human nature has been in all ages the same. The heart has always spoken the same language. A low estate also has always acted after the same fashion. It has had recourse to the cheaper

Other examples may be seen in Gruter,—as p. 691, No. 6: p. 933, No. 11: p. 1120, No. 4. Again in Kirchhoff,—as Nos. 9859, 9624, 9789, 9917.

Two formulæ, in fact, are conjoined in the above inscription. The former member of it occurs in an interesting manner in what follows, which is preserved in the Vatican :—

No. 110. (*) . . YϣYXITEKNON
OYAAEPILKE
HMEPΩN MΘ
KEICAIC YNTΩCΩ
ΠATPIOYAAENTI
TΩMAKAPIΩ

Be of good cheer, O child Valerius, [aged] 22 years, 49 days. Thou art lying with thy father Valens the blessed.

The original is very neatly engraved. Perhaps there is a line over the L; which, as already explained, (at p. 164,) stands for *Λυκάβας*, and probably indicates that the deceased was *from Egypt*.—See Kirchhoff, No. 9829.

artist; and the cheaper artist has proved the less skilful sculptor. And yet, through incorrect grammar, (as through circumstances of worldly poverty,) a hope full of Immortality shines out conspicuous, then as well as now. Lastly, just as mediæval brasses and recent tombstones are sometimes found engraven on both sides, so is it found that it fared in these resting-places of the dead,—even in the palmy days of Ecumenical Councils and primitive belief, during which the Church kept her first love.

It is time to draw the subject of early Christian Inscriptions to a close. I cannot do better, I think, than enter upon the *doctrinal* inferences deducible from them, (which I have purposely kept back till now,) by first collecting together such as seem specially to relate to dogma; and simply exhibiting them in succession. First comes a small, square, neatly cut stone, lying in the Catacomb of Nereo ed Achilleo. Where I put a point, there is in the original a minute leaf.

No. 113.

(*) M · ANTONI
VS · RESTVTV
S · FECIT · YPO
GEVSIBI · ET ·
SVIS · FIDENTI
BVSINDOMINO

*Marcus Antonius Restitutus made a vault for himself.
and his family, who trust in the LORD.*

What follows is in the Museum Kircherianum :—

No. 114.

(*) DOMVS ETERNALIS
AVRCELSIETAVRILAR
ITATIS CONPARIM
EESFECIMVS NOBIS
ETNOSTRISETAMIC
ISARCOSOLIOCVMPI
ARETICVLOSVOINPACEM.

The last long home of Aurelius Celsus, and Aurelia Hilaritas, my wife. We have made for ourselves, and our friends, an arcosolium, together with its little wall. In peace.

The expression "domus eternalis," for the grave, is heathen.^a Kirchhoff publishes a Christian epitaph which begins,—*οἶκος αἰώνιος*.^b

The special kind of tomb intended by the term "arcosolium," is well known; being of constant recurrence in the Catacombs. It is the exact prototype, (singular to relate,) and exactly resembles, a description of tomb often seen in English country churches,—consisting of an arched recess in the wall.

The next five are all of one type; and that a very favourite one. The first is from the Vatican:—

No. 115.

AVRELIA

VIVAS

O Aurelia, mayest thou live!

But far more common is the fuller form; as in this, on a small slab in the Museum Kircherianum.

No. 116.

(*) ERENEAVI

BASINDEO

A [*monogr.*] Ω

O Irenæa, mayest thou live in GOD.

The next lies in the Catacomb of Nereo ed Achilleo. It shall be briefly remarked upon in my next. See p. 235.



^a See Gruter, p. 668, No. 6: p. 903, No. 6: p. 913, No. 6. Comp. p. 860, No. 5.

^b No. 9303.

No. 117.

GERONTI VIBAS IN DEO

O Gerontius, mayest thou live in GOD.

Here is one from the Lateran Museum :—

No. 118.

FAVSTINA DVLCIS

BIBAS IN DEO

*O sweet Faustina, mayest thou live in GOD !*The following is engraved on a narrow piece of stone, in the Vatican. It has been often published.^a

No. 119.

(*) ΠΑΡΑΜΥΘΙΖΗΑΙC ΕΝ ΕΩ

O Paramythis, mayest thou live in GOD !

Here is another from the Vatican :—

No. 120.

ΖΩΤΙΚΗ

ΖΗΑΙCΕΝ

ΚΥΡΙΩΘΑΠΠΙ

O Zotica, mayest thou live in the LORD ! Be of good courage !

Concerning θάρρει, see page 215.—The next, (which I noticed in the Catacomb of Callistus,) is remarkable as combining the pious liturgical aspiration, in the second person, with the historical record, in the third.

No. 121. ΒΕΤΤΟΝΙ . . . ΙΝ ΠΑCΕ . ΔΕΥS CΥΜ ΣΠΙΡΙΤΥΜ ΤΥΥΜ
ΙΧΘΥCDECESSIT VII IDVS FEB. [*anchor*] ANNORUM XXII*Beltonius (?) in peace. God be with thy spirit ! He departed on the 7th of the Ides of February, aged 22.*

Concerning ΙΧΘΥC, see what has been offered at p. 144.

The two next do not apostrophise the departed. The first (in the Mus. Kirch.) has been often published.

No. 122.

(*) ΙΩΑΝΑΠ

ΠΡΙΝ

ΕΝ Θ

ΕΠΑΥΜΕΝΩ

ΙΠΕΙΩ

ΕΩ

^a See Kirchhoff, No. 9212.^b *Ibid*, No. 9914.

To Principius who hath gone to his rest, in GOD.

The next, (in the same repository,) is engraved on a small piece of black marble. It is No. 9722 in Kirchhoff's Collection :—



No. 123.

πρωτος εν αγιω πνευματι θεου ενθλλε. κειται φιμιλλα
αδελφη μνημη χαριν.

*Here, in the Holy Spirit of GOD, lieth Protus, Fermilla
his sister [raised this] to his memory.*

The next, from the Mus. Kirch., is a very interesting object. It was found in the Catacomb of S. Ermete. The good Shepherd stands in the centre, between a sheep and a goat. On a tree is the conventional dove. The peculiar, almost artistical, style of the letters, will gratify the eye of a practised observer. The writing bears a striking resemblance to that of a very early Virgil preserved in the Vatican Library. Of the three manuscripts of Virgil of about the fourth century, I allude to that one which contains a portrait of Virgil, exhibiting figures with Phrygian caps, and

shepherds habited like the 'Bonus Pastor' of the Catacombs.



No. 124.—KALEMERE DEUS REFRIGEBET SPIRITUM TUUM UNA CUM
SORORIS TUAE HILARE.

*O Kalemere, may GOD refresh thy spirit, together with
that of thy sister Hilara.*

What follows is on a much broken slab in the Catacomb
of Nereo ed Achilleo.

No. 125. (*) VICTORIA · REFRIGER
ISSPIRITVSTVSINBON · ·

O Victoria, thou refreshest thy spirit in good.

The honoured name above recorded seems to have been
a favourite one in the earliest ages of the Church. It
recurs in No. 25 and No. 75. The Rev. J. Clutterbuck
informs me that he saw at Carthage a Christian stone, (with
monogram of CHRIST and palm-branch,) inscribed,

No. 126. VICTORIA IN PACE.

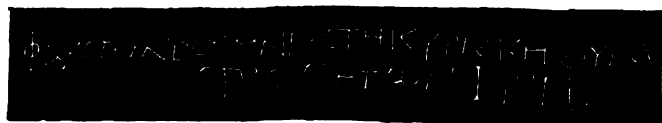
The next is in the Museum at Naples.

No. 127. (*) ΕΡΜΟΓΕΝΙΧΑΙΡΕΕ
ΒΙΩCΑCΜΕΜΑ
ΛΩCΠΡΑΖΑΜΗΕΔ
ΝΑΛΥΠΗCΑCΜΗΘΥ
ΝΙΠΡΟCΚΡΟΥCΑC.
ΚΙΕΤ Δ Π ΙΕ ΚΑ·ΙΑΝ
ΝΗΜΝΗΘ ΗΑΥΤΟΥΩ
ΘΕΟCΙCΤΟΥCΑΡΝΑC·

O Hermogenes, farewell! Thou didst live, faring pleasantly, causing grief to no one, offending no one. He is laid [here] on the 15th of the Kalends of January. Remember him, O GOD, among Thy lambs.

But I am obliged to guess the Greek. Does it mean ἐβιώσας ἑμμελῶς πράξας? (There *may* have been another word at the end of the first line. The stone is broken.) And lower down does Δ. Π represent the Latin "*a.d.*"? (*i. e.* πρὸ with the initial of *dies*.) And, in the next line, does νημνηθη stand for μνήσθητι? and ις for εἰς? . . . There is a schoolboy saying about "construing through a brick wall," of which this reminds me.—Beneath, is a rude representation of the upper half of a person in prayer, between an olive and a palm-branch, — something like a stole crossed over the breast of the figure.

Take another difficult inscription which meets your eye in the Vatican:—



No. 128.—*φauστεινος εμνηστη κυριακη θυγατρος ετων Ι ημ Β.*

Faustinus remembered Cyriaca his daughter [aged] 10 years, 12 days.

Since *κυριακη* must represent a proper name, *θυγατρος* proves that the sign of the genitive is wanting at the end of it. *Εμνηστη* is therefore the only word to be explained; and what less licentious substitute than *ἐμνήσθη* can be imagined? If this *be* the true explanation of the epitaph, (which I doubt,) it presents us with an altogether unique type. "In remembrance," *i. e.* "in memory of" would have been intelligible enough. It is the categorical form of the

epitaph which makes the proposed rendering so peculiar and improbable.

Last comes a fragmentary inscription, which lies in the Catacomb of Nereo ed Achilleo. Kirchhoff has published it,—No. 9719.

No. 129. (*) ΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟ ΕΤ ΛΕΟΝΤΙΑ *monogr.*
anchor. ΣΕΙΡΙΚΕΦΕΙΛΙΘΕΝΕΜΕΡΕΝ *dove & branch.*
 ΤΙΜΝΗCΘΗC ΙΗCΟΥC
 ΟΚΥΠΙΟC ΤΕΚΝΟΝΤ . .

Demetrius and Leontia to Seirica their beloved daughter. JESUS, the LORD, remember thee, O child!

What a singular confusion of the Greek and Latin languages!—to say nothing of the method of writing *filiae*.—I have ventured to adopt Kirchhoff's explanation of the construction,—Μνησθῆ σου Ἰησοῦς ὁ Κύριος, τέκνον: not perceiving that the words are translatable in any other way. But were the vowels of σου so entirely elided when the words were spoken?—Ἰησοῦς ὁ Κύριος occurs only once in Scripture,—viz., in Rom. iv. 24.—In my next, I propose to conclude this part of the subject.

Oriel, Nov. 26, 1860.



MONOGRAM OF CHRIST. SEE P. 211.

LETTER XIX.

THE DOCTRINAL EVIDENCE OF THE CATACOMBS.—MAWKISH TONE OF THE POPULAR ROMISH WRITERS ON THIS SUBJECT.—FABIOLA.—CONTRAST BETWEEN THE TEACHING ABOVE GROUND AND BELOW GROUND, AT ROME.—THE MOST POPULAR SYMBOLS IN THE CATACOMBS.—JEWISH ORIGIN OF MANY OF THESE.—APOSTROPHE TO THE DEAD.—THE SAINTS' PRAYERS.—MODERN ROMANISM CONDEMNED BY THE VOICE OF THE CATACOMBS.

To the same.

My dearest Charles,

The spirit in which too many Romanists discourse about the Catacombs, or indeed discuss *any* object of Catholic antiquity, is very painful to a Catholic mind. They go to work, apparently, not so much to *seek* for *Truth* as to *find* —*Romanism*! Romanism, in the best times of Catholic antiquity, beyond all doubt and question, they find *not*: and accordingly, they are kept, and they keep you, in a constant fuss while they are pretending to find, or to have found it. The Roman Catacombs are commonly appealed to as if they were the very stronghold of modern Romanism,—with how much reason, we shall see by-and-by: and as a necessary preliminary, they are approached, (not, of course, by such men as De Rossi, but by a widely different class,) in a spirit of unbounded imaginativeness. As I remarked in my first letter, every little bottle is assumed to have once held a martyr's blood.* Every indication of a palm-branch, every sculptured wreath,—is assumed to indicate a martyr's sufferings. Every ugly pair of pincers is declared to have

* *Fabiola*, P. II., ch. 1.

once grasped the quivering flesh of a disciple of the Crucified. Every lamp is believed to have once burned before the spot where a saint is sleeping.—It is forgotten that the little glass bottles of the particular shape to which they (and I) allude, abound in *heathen* tombs,—whether of Greece or of Italy. These good people forget that the palm-branch and the wreath occur (with whatever propriety, and with whatever intention) on heathen and on Jewish tombstones. They are not aware that the pincers are a part of the sacrificial apparatus of Pagan Rome. They seem to be unconscious that lamps were a part of the heathen furniture of the grave.* No greater disservice could be done to the cause of Christian antiquity than this nonsensical way of dealing with the question.

There is a peculiar mawkishness in the very tone of the popular Romish writers, which repels one. “Or haply, descend we (!) into the Catacombs,” is no unfair sample of the way they begin a paragraph.^b Describing a curious structure in the Catacomb of St. Agnese, (about which nothing whatever is known,) the author of *Fabiola* writes,—“Two *cubicula* or chambers are placed, one on each side of a gallery or passage, so that their entrances are opposite to one another. At the end of one will be found an *arcosolium*, or altar-tomb; and the probable conjecture is that in this division the men under the care of *ostiarii*, and in the other the women under the care of deaconesses, were assembled.”—An “*arcosolium*,” however, is not an altar-tomb, at all; but quite another thing. (By

* “*Quisquis huic tumulo posuit ardentem lucernam illius cineres aurea terra tegat.*”—Gruter, p. 648. N. 17. The little lamps in question, as well as the little glass vessels, (of which the Florence-flask seems to be the modern development,) are quite common in the graves of the ancients.

^b Dr. Bagg’s *The Papal Chapel Described*, 1839, p. 3.

the way, "altar-tomb," "altar-wise," and all such phrases, are exclusively *English*. The notion, I mean, is altogether English,—not a Roman notion.) As for the "probability" of the use to which the chambers were applied, it is a pure assumption of the writer's.—He finds a chamber elsewhere, concerning the use of which even conjecture is at fault; but this (he remarks) "is very naturally (?) supposed to have been the place reserved for the class of public penitents called *audientes*, and for the catechumens not yet initiated by baptism." (!)—Two small square golden boxes with a ring at the top of the lid, were found in the Vatican Cemetery in 1571. "These very ancient sacred vessels are considered by Bottari," (says the same writer,) "to have been used for carrying the Blessed Eucharist round the neck; and Pellicia confirms this by many arguments." The "many arguments" by which a point of this nature, (which is a pure assumption, after all,) is to be established, I leave any sensible man to imagine. In this way, everything almost is discussed. The most gratuitous propositions are introduced with a "doubtless," or a "we may presume," or a "it is probable." This is the 1st and principal rhetorical device.—(2nd.) A bold assumption precludes the necessity for authorities and arguments. Thus, the author of *Fabiola* commenting on the early inscriptions, explains the omission of *the year* of a person's decease in the following singular style. "In England, if want of space prevented the full date of a person's death from being given, we should prefer chronicling the year, to the day of the month, when it occurred. It is more historical. Yet, while so few ancient Christian inscriptions supply the year of people's deaths, thousands give us the very day of it, on which they died, whether in the hopefulness of believers, or in the assurance of martyrs." (*Martyrs* again!) "This is easily explained. Of both classes annual commemoration had to be made, on

the very day of their departure; and accurate knowledge of this was necessary. Therefore it alone was recorded."— But would it have prevented the commemoration to have also recorded *the year* of death? How does it happen too that so few, comparatively, record any date at all? And why is it generally the date of *burial*? (3rd.) An unfair, or rather, an untrue statement is as quietly put forward, as if it were a moral axiom. "A principle (!) as old as Christianity regulated the burial in Catacombs,—viz., the manner of CHRIST's entombment. He was laid in a grave in a cavern, &c.; and a stone, sealed up, closed His sepulchre. It was natural for His disciples to wish to be buried after His example." But how much truer it would have been, to say, that the copying of our SAVIOUR's entombment had nothing whatever to do with the question; but that the early Christians, in their mode of burial, simply *imitated the Jews!* Hence the practice of *embalming*, which prevailed in the primitive Church.^a Nay, our Blessed LORD's entombment, as it happens, is not at all a case in point. For He was *not* buried "*in a grave* in a cavern;" a stone did *not* "seal up His sepulchre," in the manner observable in the Catacombs. The sacred Body seems to have been deposited on the floor of the cave; and merely as a temporary measure, a great stone, (not a slab,) was rolled to, (not cemented over,) the mouth of the cave, (not of the loculi in which the body was deposited.) This misrepresentation of facts is so familiar a trick with a certain class of controversialists that one begins to look for it as a part of *their style*.

To turn from this slipslop, however, to plain matters of fact.—The question before us is clearly this: *What* is the religious teaching of the Catacombs? What witness do *they* bear to the tenets of the early Church? And do they

^a Bingham, B. xxiii. c. ii. § 5.

countenance *modern Romanism* or not? I believe no man ever walked down the long flight of steps which conduct to the chief gallery of the Catacomb of Callistus with more curiosity on this subject than your friend and brother. What need to tell *you*, that if what I found at the bottom had been ever so distasteful to me,—ever so perplexing and disturbing,—I would have published it freely, keeping back nothing?

Now, as for the result of an actual walk in the Catacombs, it really is not considerable any way,—simply because (as already explained) everything of interest or value has been removed from them. A few fresco paintings,—sadly begrimed with smoke of tapers most unfeelingly held against them by visitors,—there are. In my next letter, (which will be the last on the Catacombs,) I will say a few words about them; and on the symbolical representations of the early Church generally. The bearing of those representations on the faith of the early Church, (which is emphatic,) will also be noticed most conveniently, then. At present, let it suffice to say that such frescoes are few in number, and rude in execution: moreover, their evidence (which, as far as it goes, is striking,) may very well be considered, together with that of the ancient Christian sculptures,—apart.

But we have been studying many early Inscriptions, (not the *least* curious specimens in Rome certainly,) and what do *they* teach? By sculptured symbol, or by engraved record, what is *their* witness?

Negatively then,—I find no allusion whatever to the special tenets with which modern Romanism has identified itself. There is no hint in the Catacombs that we are at Rome. Above ground, the Blessed Virgin Mary is evidently the presiding deity of the Eternal City. Go below; and you seek for her in vain. I was going to say that she does

not appear *at all*. I remember however one fresco, and one only, where the upper half of a female figure with a child in front of her, was pointed out as a representation of the Blessed Virgin. But it certainly was not very ancient. On an isolated representation, however, of doubtful antiquity, it is obviously idle to dwell. A greater contrast than that between Christianity above and Christianity below ground, at Rome,—cannot well be imagined.

The monogram of CHRIST, with the letters which recall His mysterious saying in the Revelation of St. John,— (“I am Alpha and Omega,”)—is the symbol of most frequent recurrence; often, enclosed in a circle, as at p 222. The best instance of this symbol is seen on a circular piece of oriental alabaster in the Collegio Romano, where a cross bar (drawn horizontally) strengthens the meaning of the monogram. It is but a fragment unfortunately, but the vertical line was clearly once the letter P. I have already, at p. 144, adverted to the meaning of (No. 130) the word (IXΘYC) written at foot. A representation of it will be found prefixed to the Table of Contents, and see p. 211. Another singularly beautiful stone, (a representation of which is also subjoined,) combining an anchor between two fishes with the inscription,

No. 131.

IXΘΥΟ ΖΩΝΤΩΝ,

The fish of the living.

may be dismissed with this brief notice. The words following are

LICINIAE AMIATIBE

NEMERENTI VIXIT

To the beloved Licinias Amias (?). He lived . .



What need to say that these allusions, and the like of them, are dear to the Church *Universal*? The anchor, (a heathen symbol, as every one who has crossed the threshold of a certain house in Pompeii is aware,) seems to have been gladly adopted by the early Christians, as allusive to that hope which "we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."^a—The representation of a fish was especially dear to the primitive believers. Did not the second Adam three times assert His dominion over "the fish of the sea,"—which was the primal grant to the first Adam? And is it not true, (to quote the saying of Tertullian), that we, "pisciculi, secundum ἰχθὺν nostrum JESUM CHRISTUM, in aquâ nascimur?"^b—The symbolism of a ship to denote the Church, (wherein we pray that we "may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally we may come to the land of everlasting life,") is well-known. Clemens Alexandrinus, describing the representations on the seals of the early believers, says,—“On our seals be seen a dove, or a fish, or

^a See also p. 239.

^b See also p. 232.

a ship wafted along by the breath of Heaven (? οὐρανόδρομος): or a musical lyre . . . or a nautical anchor And if any one be a-fishing, he shall remember the Apostle, and the children who are taken up out of the water."^a The subjoined exhibition of this sacred symbol is from a stone let into the wall of the Christian Museum at St. John Lateran.



It was the faith of the pagan world which also suggested the retention of the wreath (p. 229). But this had so obvious a Christian signification, that Christendom must have been unconscious from the very first that she was doing more than employ her own. Is there not "laid up" a crown "which the righteous Judge shall give unto all them that love His appearing"? The palm-branch was heathen doubtless; *but it was also Jewish*. The frequent recurrence of the palm on the coins of Simon Barhocab, (to say nothing of such places as St. John xii. 13,) suggests that the early Christians did but retain what had long been an approved Jewish sepulchral emblem. And does not every Christian man think with awful anticipation of that great multitude which no man may number, which stand "before the Throne and before THE LAMB, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands"? See page 191.

^a *Pedagogus*, lib. iii. p. 106, al. 246, al. vol. i. p. 289.

But the commonest symbol of all on tombs is a bird, generally with some leaves in its mouth ; and it is doubtless to be explained by *the formula* which is also the commonest of all,—“ In pace.”



However unlike a dove, for a dove doubtless this bird is always intended. See pp. 171, 207, and 239. Its meaning may have been (and doubtless was) strangely overlooked,—as when it is represented pecking at a bunch of grapes, as in No. 63, and in p. 233, or standing on a vase, as at p. 234. But whether perched on a tree, (as in No. 124, and at p. 193, and p. 242,) carrying foliage, (as above, and at p. 222,) or simply standing in fabulous conventionality, with a long neck and long legs, (as in No. 84,)—it is still an emblem of Peace.

In truth, I make no doubt that, taken as it is from the history of Noah, it was an established *Jewish* emblem, before it passed into the symbolical treasury of the Christian Church. The people who wrote *shalom* on the resting-places of their dead, before the veil was taken off the Law, and the features of the Gospel discovered ; that same people, doubtless, who from a coin of Apamea in Syria obtained the subjoined singular representation of Noah, looking out of the Ark, (like a little jack-in-the-box,) were doubtless the first to adopt the dove for the symbol of *the peace of the departed*.



The Eucharistic allusion conveyed by the following representation of five loaves and two fishes on a sepulchral stone from the Catacomb of S. Ermete, is obvious and striking. The loaves are made like our hot-crossed buns, you will observe; for the convenience of fracture. By the way, the ancient loaf from Pompeii, preserved in the Naples Museum, is made and marked in the same way. See also the remarks already offered at page 170.



The same must be the meaning of the two-handled vase, (see p. 171,) which sometimes appears on the monuments of the early Christians; and which suggests the reverse of the denial of the cup to the laity. At the same time, I must request you to observe that although, when the Christians had once adopted it, the cup or vase must have been reasonably regarded as allusive to the cup of the New Testament,

it was doubtless at first a *Jewish* symbol,—whatever its meaning on the few surviving monuments of God's ancient people may be supposed to have been.^a I invite you to look at the following objects on the coins of Simon Bar-chocab.^b



You will recognise in the bunch of grapes, and the vine-leaf, the favourite symbols of the nation who, (at the suggestion perhaps of Psalm lxxx. 8,) represented a vine upon their temple. The vase, I pretend not to explain.^c But *who* sees not that when *the Jewish* dove is represented (as in what follows, from the Vatican.) pecking at a bunch of grapes, those grapes were gathered from a *Jewish* vine?



^a That it represented the Passover cup, has been conjecturally stated, at some length, at pp. 170–71.

^b See more in the plates to Bayer. *De Numis Hebraeo-Samaritanis*.

^c It is obvious to suggest that it alludes to the Passover-rite. Whatever this symbol meant on Jewish coins, and on Jewish grave-

Who again perceives not that when birds and vases come together, (as in this, from the Museum Kircherianum,) both alike were, in the first instance, the property of God's ancient people? In addition to the representation at p. 171, look at the following:—



On inscribed sepulchral slabs, are frequently noticed besides, the following sculptured representations:—a person with outstretched arms and uplifted hands. This was doubtless the established attitude of prayer in primitive times, certainly among *the Jews*. Is it not what St. Paul meant when he willed that men should “pray everywhere, *lifting up* holy hands”?* “*Hic habitus orantium est,*” says Apuleius, “*ut manibus in cælum extensis precemur.*” Wetstein gives many more such passages. See, in illustration of this, No. 84 and No. 90: also p. 232.

The Good Shepherd is also of constant occurrence, with a lamb on his shoulders, and a sheep on either side of him.—His attire, (a short tunic and buskins,) convinces me that some forgotten heathen representation supplied the estab-

stones, is however clearly a distinct question. Wondrous little is known about the coins of Simon Maccabæus,—to whose time the only extant old Jewish coin, the “shekel of Israel,” is (conjecturally) assigned. It bears on one side, an uncertain object, like a stalk with three buds or blossoms: on the other, not a vase, but a cup,—exactly like a modern chalice.

* 1 Tim. ii. 8.—Compare also Rom. x. 91: Ps. cxxxiv. 2: cxli. 2: Is. i. 15.

lished type of this affecting image. The most interesting representation I ever met with of the Good Shepherd, will be found prefixed to the Preface, (p. ix.) The original is in the Museum Kircherianum; but was found in a Catacomb. (The monogram ΠΑ, I cannot explain.) From the same precious depository, the following was obtained,—which is more slight and sketchy. The English engraver has executed his task with singular skill; yet am I constrained to say that he has not altogether preserved the balance and repose of the original figure. The freedom and intelligence of a sketch like this has a strange tendency to evaporate in the process of transferring to wood, even where photography lends its invaluable aid.



A shepherd, (Orpheus?) playing on a pan-pipe under a tree,—a crook in his arm, and a sheep at his feet,—shows plainly enough from what source it came. The image was transferred to the captivating power of the Gospel message,—but it probably savoured too strongly of heathendom to

obtain much favour with the Christian Church. You are requested to refer back to No. 117.

Altogether unique is the following rude representation of the Sower sowing his seed; from a stone in the Museum Kircherianum. It is here introduced, partly on account of its intrinsic interest; and partly because it suggests, in common with much which precedes, the *scriptural* character of the representation in which the early Church evidently most delighted.



I think it superfluous to point out, that, in all that precedes, though there may be thought here and there to have been a singular leaning towards the tastes of *pagan* Rome, to *modern Romanism* there is not the faintest approximation of an allusion. Then, for the actual Inscriptions, I need not say that words of Peace are the common property of *all* believers: while the image of Sleep, ever since the HOLY SPIRIT dictated the 4th and 5th Psalms, has been familiar with the whole Christian world. Is it not related of St. Stephen, the first Martyr, that ἐκοιμήθη,—“he fell asleep”?—To say of one who lived professing a pure faith, and who died with a good hope, that he “rests in God,” or “in the HOLY SPIRIT,”—is to say what is familiarly believed

(thank Heaven!) in all the Churches of Christendom. See above, Nos. 122 and 123.

But it seems to be thought that a pious aspiration on behalf of the departed, because it naturally assumes the form of a prayer, is a rebuke to us of the English Church. I cannot, for my own part, think it; or feel that it is any rebuke at all. Waiving the recorded history of prayers for the dead, there is nothing *in the inscriptions from the Catacombs* which could be seriously maintained to sanction it at all. It is to be observed that these are all apostrophes, —addressed to the departed. “Mayest thou live in God!” —“God refresh thy spirit;”—and the like. See Nos. 116, down to 125. Now this is the language of natural piety, which has found vent, and will find vent, among all people and in all ages, to the end of time. Thus, heathen Greece would write above a grave as follows:—

*Be of good cheer, O Lady; and to thee
Osiris give to quaff the cooling water.*

Or thus:—

*In precious odours be thy soul, my child!**

And heathen Rome:—

*O fare thee well! Thy mother prays thee, take,
Yea take me to thyself. Again farewell!†*

The simple truth is, that one who has followed the object of his affection to the edge of the valley of the shadow of death, *cannot* be mute. No one ever suspected Legh Rich-

* Εὐψύχει, κυρία, καὶ δοίη σοι ὁ Ὅσιρις τὸ ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ. (Boeckh's *Inscriptiones Græcæ*, vol. iii. No. 6562.) Ἐν μύροις σου, τέκνον, ἡ ψυχή. (*Ibid*, No. 6619.)

† Bene valeas. Mater rogat te ut me ad te recipias. Vale.—*Gruter*, p. 693.

mond of Invocation of Saints, (or of belief in the Shades either,) when he began an epitaph,—“Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,” &c.; or Bishop Lowth when he wrote upon his daughter’s grave,—“Eja, age, in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!”

On Professor Hussey’s tomb at Sandford, is written, “*Requiescat.*” But did any one ever suspect that good and great man,—or his admirable relatives, (“honest John Ley” for example, or Jacob,)—of a sneaking kindness for Romanism? and yet, what should we not have heard if, on the sepulchral slab of a famous teacher known to be buried in the catacombs, such words were found written?—About six years ago, some verses appeared in the *Times* on the occasion of the funeral of the greatest Captain of modern days, in which a passage began,—“God rest his gallant spirit! give him peace!” Rather a long-ea—I mean rather a lynx-eyed friend immediately inquired whether that was not a prayer for the dead? A blind man ought to perceive that nothing is less intended on such occasions. Was Lord Byron praying for the dead, when he wrote some stanzas beginning, “Bright be the place of thy soul”?

The three following deserve to be classed together; all three containing what *sounds* like an *invocation of Saints*. But, for *that* practice, be it observed in passing, *these inscriptions* are no warrant at all. These are *not* invocations of Saints in any sense; but still (as before) mere apostrophes to relations recently departed, whom the survivors follow into the unseen world with a passionate entreaty that they would not discontinue their prayers for the beloved ones left behind.

Let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me, night and day!

In the first inscription, (from the Museum Kircherianum,)

it will be perceived that the parents implore the prayers of their infant child; associating with him those "spirits and souls of the righteous" among whom he was already dwelling:—



No. 132. *διονυσιος νηπιος ακακος ενθαδε κειτε μετα των αγιων μνησκεσθε δε και ημων εν ταις αγiais υμων πρευχας και του γλυψατος και γραφαντος.*

Dionysius, a spotless infant, lies here with the Saints. O do ye remember us also, in your holy prayers!—aye, and the sculptor and writer as well.

πρευχας for *προσευχαις*. The petition of the artist (for the last two lines are in a smaller letter) seems to have been an afterthought. What follow are both to be seen in the Catacomb of Nereo ed Achilleo.

No. 133. (*) ΚΑΤ · ΤΗ $\frac{P}{111}$ ΟΙΚΚΑΛ
ΙΟΥΝ · ΑΥΓΕΝΔΕ
ΖΗΧΑΙΣ ΕΝΚΩΚΑΙ
ΕΡΩΤΑΥΠΕΡΗΜΩΝ

Buried on the 13th of the Kalends of June. Agenda, mayest thou live in the LORD, and O pray for us!

No. 134.

(*) N · IYN

. HYIBAS

INPACEETPETE

PRONOBIS.

. . . *Mayest thou live in peace, and O pray for us!*

You will call to mind Dean Trench's valuable and interesting dissertation on *αἱρίω* and *ἐρωτάω*; and note with surprise the use of the latter word in No. 133, as well as recognise the propriety of "pete" in No. 134.*

"That the Saints departed yet live unto God," (wrote the late venerable President of Magdalen College,) "Holy Scripture teaches: as well as that the Martyrs pray for the coming of God's judgment. From which it is reasonable to infer that the same Saints pray not only for themselves, but also for the people of God, and for their friends. On the other hand, either that they know what befalls us on earth, or that they hear our prayers, the canonical books nowhere state; much less do they command us to request them to pray to God for us. Should any however be of opinion that this, though not commanded, ought yet to be done, it is for us all anxiously to consider, that Holy Scripture, which condemns 'the worship of Angels,' must perforce forbid the religious 'cultus' of men, who are lower than the Angels. . . . In no book written before the Council of Nicæa does mention occur either of formulæ (whether written or unwritten) employed in public worship, or of any Hymn, in which the Saints are invoked to intercede with God. In the epitaphs of Martyrs and others, such petitions are of most rare occurrence." It may surely be reasonably questioned *if a single instance of it is to be found in the Romish sense*. On the other hand, our own Ridley could address his "brother Bradford," on the

* *Synonyms of the N. T.*, § xl.

eve of his martyrdom, as follows:—"So long as I shall understand that thou art in thy journey, by GOD's grace I shall call upon our heavenly Father, for CHRIST's sake, to see thee safely home: *and then*, good Brother, speak you, and *pray for the remnant that are to suffer* for CHRIST's sake, *according to that thou then shalt know more clearly.*" Cyprian's language to Cornelius is precisely similar:—"Me-mores nostri invicem simus. Utrobique pro nobis semper oremus. *Et si quis istinc nostrum prior . . . præcesserit, . . . pro fratribus et sororibus nostris apud misericordiam Patris non cesset oratio.*"

Lastly, let the inscriptions on five of the early Popes, (given at the beginning of Letter XV.,) be considered; and it will be felt that we are dealing with an age when the pretensions of modern Romanism were unknown. *Then* the occupant of the Roman see knew himself, and was known by the whole world, to be a Bishop and nothing more: scarcely "primus inter pares." Witness the extant writings of that same "Cornelius Ep., Martyr," to whose epitaph I am alluding. "Compresbyteri nostri," "coepiscopi nostri," is repeatedly his phrase.*

It remains only to call attention to the following epitaph hastily copied in a cloister adjoining the Library of S. Paolo fuori le Mura:—

No. 135. GAUDENTIUS PRESB SIBI

ET CONJUGI SUAE SEVERAE CASTAE HAC SANE

FEMINAE QUAE VIXIT ANN. XIII.M.III D. X.

DEP. IIII NON APRIL TIMASIO ET PROMO

Gaudentius the presbyter to himself and his wife Severa, a virtuous woman, [what follows is clearly blundered] who lived 42 years, 3 months, 10 days. Buried 4th of the nones of April. Timasius and Promus being Consuls.

* *Reliquia*, vol. iii. pp. 16, 17.

In the year A.D. 389 then, we are reminded by the Catacombs that the Clergy were married ;—another note of contrast between ancient and modern Romanism.—And with this I lay down my pen,—to conclude the subject in my next.

Your loving brother.

Oriel, Dec. 8, 1860.

P.S. The following interesting little sepulchral memorial, (No. 136,) requires no comment beyond what the reader is now fully able to supply for himself. It is preserved in the Museum Kircherianum. The meaning of AR, I am not able to explain. Concerning the monogram, see p. 211.



LETTER XX.

NOTHING ROMISH IN THE SEPULCHRAL INSCRIPTIONS OF THE FIRST FEW CENTURIES.—ANCIENT CHRISTIAN SCULPTURED SARCOPHAGI.—MUSEUM OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.—A SARCOPHAGUS DESCRIBED.—TABULATED RESULT OF AN EXAMINATION OF ABOUT FIFTY-FIVE SCULPTURED SARCOPHAGI.—FAVOURITE SUBJECTS WITH THE EARLY CHURCH.—CHRISTIAN FRESCO-PAINTING.—VETRI.—GENERAL REVIEW OF THE SUBJECT.—UNEQUIVOCAL SYMPATHY OF THE PRIMITIVE AGE WITH THE ENGLISH, RATHER THAN WITH THE ROMISH BRANCH OF THE CHURCH CATHOLIC.

To the Rev. Professor Reay.

My dear Friend,

You have watched the progress of these letters with so much kind interest, that I must ask the favour of being allowed to inscribe one of them to yourself.

I think I have shown pretty clearly, that when the Roman Christians of the first four centuries address us by inscriptive writing, they speak a language which we well understand; for it is the language of the Church Catholic as it is established, (through God's Providence,) in these realms. There is nothing peculiarly *Romish*,—(how *could* there be?)—in anything they deliver.—But what of their Symbolism? There are early Christian frescoes to be seen at Rome. There are also sculptured sarcophagi, in great abundance; and some are of fine workmanship. Who can be unconscious of a strong curiosity to know what is taught by such objects as these?

Let me explain myself a little. The ancients, (I allude now, of course, to *pagan* Rome,) used to bury their great in sumptuous sarcophagi of stone or marble. Battle-scenes,

R 2

processions, representations of famous events,—warriors, chariots and horses, and the like,—figure largely on the front and sides of these sarcophagi;—a central compartment, (fashioned like the concave of half a bivalve shell,) being left for a representation of the deceased, and probably of his wife. Erect, at the two extremities of the lid of the sarcophagus, are often seen tragic masks. In such a sarcophagus the famous Portland vase is said to have been found, within the tumulus called Monte del Grano, on the Frascati road. Now, the early Christians adopted, and carried on this method of interment. Witness those two colossal sarcophagi of red Egyptian porphyry now to be seen in the Vatican, which once contained the bodies of the Empress Helena, (our countrywoman, the wife of Constantine the Great); and of Constantia, the Emperor's daughter. It not unfrequently happens that they even retained the ornament of the tragic mask; and combined representations peculiarly Christian with some of a pagan kind. But, (to come to the point,) as a rule, they portrayed subjects unequivocally Christian on the sarcophagi of their dead: and it is chiefly to these subjects, that I now wish to invite your attention.

The Christian Museum of St. John Lateran is a spacious apartment, all round which, against the walls, stand sculptured sarcophagi. Their date appears to be about the fifth century; later rather than earlier, I suspect: but I am not certain. A more interesting set of monuments of early sacred Art, can hardly be imagined. No one is allowed to sketch; but visitors may make as many memoranda as they please. Accordingly, I made a memorandum of every one,—which, considering their sameness, was not very laborious. At the same time, the sarcophagi are so numerous, (about fifty-five in all,) that I thought they would supply materials for a fair induction as to *which representations enjoyed the*

greatest degree of favour with the early Church; and the result of my memoranda, I propose to lay before you, now.

But in order to be quite intelligible, let me describe to you one of the most interesting specimens of these objects, which you will find exhibited as a frontispiece to the present volume. It has been converted into an altar, and is to be seen in the chapel of S. Lucia, in the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore. There are (as usual) two series of representations; and in the centre, within a shell, is the upper half of (I think) two male figures. The upper series consists of, (1) the raising of Lazarus; (2) the denial of St. Peter;* (3) Moses receiving the Law; (4) the sacrifice of Isaac; (5) Pilate washing his hands. The lower series represents (6) the smitten rock, with figures; (7) probably, our LORD's Apprehension,—see below, the 4th representation; (8) Daniel among the lions; (9) one reading under a tree, a man looking through the branches; (10) the blind restored to sight; (11) the miracles of the loaves.—Having premised thus much, I shall be most useful if I may be allowed to describe, in succession, every representation to be found in the room. There are but about 30 subjects, after all. For convenience, I will prefix to each a number; and add a

* Little anticipating that my sketch of this sarcophagus would ever have to be reproduced in an engraving, I did not copy the monument with the requisite precision of detail. (Every one accustomed to the use of his pencil will understand me.) I must not be held responsible therefore for *the expression* which the over-ingenious artist has given to the countenances of the figures.

It will be regarded as a curious and suggestive circumstance, that,—improving on the hint which I gave him that the figure near the cock represents St. Peter, the lively imagination of the said artist, (an Italian,) transformed the roll in the Apostle's hand, (or whatever the object may be which he and two other of the figures hold,—an object of perpetual recurrence, by the way, on these sarcophagi,) into *two massive, well-shaped keys*,—such as one sees in Mr. Chubb's window in St. Paul's Church-yard.

number at the end expressive of the frequency of its recurrence. Let it be remarked once for all, that the present conventional type of our Divine LORD, (with a beard and parted hair,) nowhere appears on these sarcophagi. He is, I think, always represented as a beardless young man.

1. *The History of Jonah*.—The prophet being thrown out of the ship. A fish is generally represented open-mouthed to receive him.

Jonah being cast out of the fish's belly.

Jonah reclining under the gourd.

These three very favourite representations are often singularly blended together. More than one instance is there of Jonah beneath the gourd, with his legs not yet quite disengaged from the jaws of the fish. 23

2. *The Smitten Rock* is exhibited by a stream flowing down from a rock; before which stands Moses,—generally, (not always,) with a rod in his hand. (See the frontispiece.) There are always accessories here, the meaning of which is not plain; except when (as often happens) these are bending to drink of the water..... 21

3. *The Miracle of the Loaves*.—Our LORD stands between two disciples,—one of whom holds a basket containing loaves,—the other, a vessel, in which are fishes. One hand is laid in benediction upon either. (See the frontispiece.) But this representation often takes another shape. *Seven* baskets are introduced; six on the ground, one in the hands of a disciple,—as before 20

4. I presume *the Apprehension of our LORD* is indicated as often as a figure is seen with a soldier on either side (wearing a peculiar kind of hat,^a) who seem to be both arresting Him. (Compare the frontispiece.) 20

^a Four figures so habited may be seen in the frontispiece. Some one at Rome told me that this kind of hat indicated a *Jew*. What

5. *The Giving of Sight to the Blind*, (St. John ix.) is exhibited by introducing our LORD, touching the eyes of a little figure who stands before Him. (See the frontispiece.) There are accessories, of course. 19

6. *The Miracle of the Water made Wine*.—Our LORD is seen extending a rod towards two, three, four, five, or six water-pots. One or more accessory figures are seen. 16

7. In *the raising of Lazarus*, our LORD stands before a tomb, which is represented like a little temple, with a raised pediment, supported by two columns. A veiled female (Mary?) crouches on the other side of him. (See the frontispiece.) More often, I think, Lazarus himself comes to view; but invariably in the form of a mummy, blocking up the door. Sometimes our LORD is extending a wand..... 16

8. *Daniel in the Lions' Den* is invariably represented by exhibiting a naked figure, erect, between two lions couchant and regarding him (as the heralds express it). The prophet's uplifted hands indicate that he is engaged in prayer. Not unfrequently, Habakkuk is seen at his side offering him a basket of loaves. (See the frontispiece.)..... 14

9. *The Denial of St. Peter*, would, I think, be more properly called the prophecy of CHRIST that St. Peter would deny Him. Our LORD is addressing St. Peter, at whose feet stands a cock.—Let me remark, once for all, that there is commonly an additional figure, (or more than one,) in every subject. (See the frontispiece.) About these accessories, (which are generally indicated

is singular, Evelyn mentions that in his time the Jews were known by the colour of their hats. These used to be *red*,—until a Jew was once mistaken for a Cardinal: after which all the Jews at Rome were compelled to wear *yellow* hats.

by a head,—to all appearance put in to fill up the vacant space,) I shall say nothing..... 14

10. In *the healing of the Paralytic*,—our LORD, (almost always represented as a beardless figure,) is standing with an older man at His side. A little figure beneath seems struggling under the weight of a mighty sofa which he carries on his shoulders..... 12

11. *The Creation of Adam*, (or qu. of *Eve*?)—Our LORD with His extended rod, touches the head of a little figure lying on the ground. Another person is standing by..... 11

12. In *the Sacrifice of Isaac*, Abraham extends his right arm towards heaven, where another hand is seen with uplifted finger. The patriarch's left rests on the head of a little figure, who kneels on one knee at his feet. On the other side is a ram. (See the frontispiece.) ... 11

13. In representations of *the Adoration of the Magi*, the Virgin and Infant SAVIOUR are on one side,—and often with a very conspicuous star above. On the other side three or *four* figures are hastening forward with gifts. Sometimes a camel appears.—This variety in the number of the Magi is an interesting circumstance,—reminding one that the three gifts are the only reason for assuming, (it does not amount to a presumption,) that the Magi were three likewise 11

14. *The Temptation of our first Parents*.—Adam and Eve standing on either side of the Tree of Knowledge, round which is twined the Serpent. So old is this still prevalent type ! * 10

* On first visiting Oxford, (about 25 years ago,) I walked to Forest-hill to see the house of Milton's father-in-law. Upon the further end of one of the adjoining offices, (a kind of barn,) facing the residence of the Powells, was a quaint old bas-relief of the scene

15. *The Healing of the Woman with the bloody issue*, I presume, is indicated by a woman crouching before our LORD, and apparently touching his clothes. Over her head, He extends His hand. Another figure stands by..... 8

16. *The Good Shepherd* (elsewhere described). (See the representations at pp. ix, 220, 242.) 6

17. *Our LORD's triumphal entry into Jerusalem* is represented by a figure seated on an ass,—while others spread their garments before Him. One discovered in a tree, suggests the notion that the incident of Zacchæus is blended with this..... 6

18. *Noah's Ark*.—A man with outstretched arms stands up in a square box. A dove is flying towards him. (See the representation at p. 232.)..... 5

19. *Our LORD before Pilate*.—Among several figures, two are chiefly conspicuous. A soldier of rank is sitting in a thoughtful attitude, his face resting on his hand. Before him stands one who holds a basin in his left,—an ewer in his right. On a low table is a vase. (See the frontispiece.) Do you not think that by this, the article in the Creed is symbolically set forth,—“Crucified under Pontius Pilate”?—Occasionally, our LORD is simply standing before the Governor..... 5

20. Is *the institution of Sacrifice* represented by exhibiting our LORD (?) standing before Adam and Eve? In His right hand are ears of corn; in His left, a goat (?). 4

21. *The giving of the Law*.—Moses extends his hand; into which, another hand, from a cloud, places the two tables. (See the frontispiece.)..... 4

described above, executed in stucco. Milton must have many a time looked upon that representation of the subject of his *Paradise Lost*! The barn fell down one windy night, about 20 years ago.

22. *The Three Children* appear, wearing Phrygian bonnets, standing in the attitude of prayer among flames which issue from a low furnace 4
23. *CHRIST bearing His Cross*..... 3
24. *Moses putting his shoes from off his feet*..... 2
25. *The Translation of Elijah*.—The prophet drops his mantle,—Elisha and two little sons of the prophets behind 2
25. *The Nativity of CHRIST*.—The Holy Child is in a cradle. The ox and the ass,—those truly venerable types of the animal kingdom,—appear above..... 1
26. *CHRIST crowned with thorns*..... 1

Let me say, once for all, that there are several other subjects of rare occurrence, of which I failed to detect the precise meaning; and I will not occupy your time by describing them; though, if we had the monuments before us, you would be content to spend the afternoon, (as I often did,) in guessing the riddle. Rather let me proceed with my story.

When we turn from early Christian Sculpture, to early Christian Fresco painting, it is right that we should be reminded of the nature of what we are about to contemplate. *Not* the pictured walls of *Churches* come to view, (for it was strictly prohibited, in the primitive age, so to decorate the House of God,*) but *the sepulchral chambers of the departed*. And these were adorned with symbols, and arabesque ornaments, *not* because it was congenial to the mind of *Christianity* so to illustrate the Faith, but *because it was the heathen custom* so to honour the dead. Accordingly, you are not certain, for a few moments, whether you are looking on a pagan or a Christian work. There are the same fabulous animals in both,—the same graceful curves,—the same foliage, fruit, and flowers. Birds

* *Conc. Eliberit.* c. xxxvi. The Council was held A.D. 305. See Bingham, B. viii. c. viij. § 6.

appear in both ; and the peacock, (so common in heathen frescoes,) is found to have been appropriated by the early Christians, whether in allusion to the all-seeing eyes of God, or not, I venture not to declare.

But more frequently, the subject tells its own tale. The Good Shepherd, (in a well-known fresco in the Cemetery of Callistus,) is seen with a lamb on his shoulders,—two sheep being at his feet. From the smitten rock on either side a figure rudely drawn is catching the water in his hands : and two sheep are in front of either. Close your ears to those amiable and highly imaginative enthusiasts who, in that rude fresco, pretend to discover that “one of the two sheep is listening attentively, not quite understanding as yet, but meditating, and seeking to understand. The other turns his tail. It is an unwelcome subject, and he will have nothing to do with it. On the other side, one of the two sheep is drinking in all that he hears with simplicity and affection ; the other is eating grass ; he has something else to do. He is occupied with the cares, &c., of this world.” . . . I am not insensible to the merits of a painting, slow at catching an allusion, or unimaginative. But I hesitate not to say that all this kind of thing, (of which you hear so much in the Catacombs !) is mere moonshine. “Turning his tail” the sheep certainly *is* ; but the *design* of the animal in so doing, and that of the artist, I should think were almost upon a par . . . Let this suffice. Such ingenuity, instead of dignifying the subject, renders it only a matter of ridicule ; and, like Romish fictions in general, can result in nothing so much as in producing disbelief of things which are really worthy of credit. The early Christian Frescoes, (as one would have expected,) are as rude as the early Christian Sculptures, and as the early Christian Inscriptions.

The favourite representations in fresco (whether by allu-

sive symbol or actual design) are still, (as before,) the smitten Rock,—the miracle of the loaves and fishes,—the Good Shepherd,—the Sacrifice of Isaac,—the receiving of the Law,—the history of Jonah. I tried in vain to ascertain the respective frequency of these representations.

Elsewhere, I should say that *the Good Shepherd* is decidedly the favourite subject: on the inscribed slabs for instance. . . . The remark may be worth introducing in this place, that the last chapter of St. John's Gospel brings to view two great Scripture images,—typical of the Ministerial office: (1) The Fisherman, (2) The Shepherd. *Both* were favourites with the early Church. But whereas the fish, the anchor, &c. decidedly emerged into greatest prominence *then*: the Pastoral image is that to which the Church has since shown the most abiding attachment, as well as almost exclusively preferred.

There is a third class of works of early Christian Art,—namely specimens of gilded Glass. The exact origin and history of these very curious objects I do not know. They are not uncommon at Rome, (indeed, there is in the Vatican a large collection of them,) though I have only seen half-a-dozen specimens in this country. Between two circular pieces of glass, (varying in diameter from the size of a shilling to the size of a saucer,) a head, a figure, or a composition of many figures, is executed in gilding. The P. Garucci has published an admirable folio volume on the subject, which deserves to be far better known in England than it actually is.* These relics were sometimes introduced into drinking-cups,—sometimes they are found to have been attached to the graves of the dead. One, as large as a florin, I remember especially, of dark blue glass, mounted in bronze, like a locket, (representing a figure carrying a

* *Vetri Antichi*, &c.

circular object;) which is stated to have been,—“*Repert. in Cemet. Priscillæ via Salaria adfixum sepulchro.*” I never saw any which I should have thought so old as the fourth century; but *judicent peritiores*. It is hard to pronounce with certainty on such objects. I cannot but suspect, however, that when Tertullian, in a well-known place, cites a representation of “the Good Shepherd” on a chalice which was *broken*,^a it must be to this kind of manufacture that he alludes.—On the special characteristics of this style of Art, I forbear to enlarge, for it would lead me much too far. With the exception, however, of the effigies of St. Peter and St. Paul, now brought into marked, (and *equal*,) prominence, there is nothing which essentially distinguishes the symbolism of the *Vetri* from those of frescoed wall or sculptured sarcophagus. I will, however, before discarding these curious glass objects, describe a few, and give you the words inscribed upon them.

A female figure between two saints. Above and below,—ANNES ZESES: on the sides,—PETRVS, PAVLVS. Another, inscribed above,—AGNE: on the sides, as before.

The raising of Lazarus, repeated seven times: once inscribed,—PIE ZESES.—The healing of the Paralytic.—The miracle of the loaves, twice repeated.—The miracle at Cana, thrice repeated.

A female figure with arms extended. Above,—MARA.

St. Paul and St. Peter, crowned by a little figure. Around, — DIGNITAS AMICORVM VIVAS CVM TVIS ZESES.

Another, where the little figure is inscribed,—CRISTVS.

Around a good shepherd, the legend,—DIGNITAS AMICORVM VIVAS CVM TVIS FELICITER.

St. Peter and St. Paul recur perpetually.

Four heads: inscribed severally, — SIMON: DAMAS: PETRVS: FLORVS.

^a See Bingham, *ut supra*.

Four other heads: inscribed severally,—PASTOR: DAMAS: PETRVS: PAVLVS.

A figure striking the rock, inscribed,—PETRVS.

Two figures, inscribed LAVRENTIVS and CRISPANVS (?)—Around them,—HILARIS VIVAS CVM TVIS FELICITER, SEMPER REFRIGERIS IM PACE DEI.

A circle of glass, inscribed,—LVCI PIE ZESES CVM TVIS.

Six figures standing on an inscribed (but illegible) central ring: an inscribed label against each. Three only are legible,—LVCAS: PETRVS: IVLIVS.

Two figures sitting, inscribed,—SVSTVS: TIMOTEVS. A little figure above, crowning them.

Two figures standing; inscribed,—TIMOTEVS: SVSTVS.

Two figures: in a wreath, between them, the words SIMON: IOHANES, (written backwards.)

A man standing between six others, who are carpentering: inscribed,—DEDALLI SPESTVA . . . NE ZESES. It was found in 1731, "in Cemeterio S. Saturnini mart., via Salaria."

A head: inscribed,—MARCELLINVS.

Two men boxing: a third behind them. Inscribed,—ASELLVS: CONTANTIVS.

A man standing, holding a book: inscribed,—IN NOMINE LAVRENTI: VI . . . TO AS.

A woman and child, and a man: above,—PIE ZESES.

A woman and man: (husband and wife?) inscribed,—MAXIMA VIVAS CVM DEXTRO.

A woman and man, inscribed,—PIE ZESES.

A woman and man, crowned by a little figure of our LORD: inscribed,—DVLCIS ANIMA VIVAS.

Adam and Eve, thrice repeated.

Noah in the ark.

Abraham offering up Isaac: inscribed,—HILARIS ZESES CVM TVIS SPES.

Jonah beneath the gourd.

The Good Shepherd.

It is high time to bring these remarks to a conclusion.—On a review of all that has gone before, the representations which are found to have enjoyed greatest favour with the early believers, do, I confess, somewhat surprise me. I do not remember in the Patristic writings any such predominance of allusion as would have prepared me to find these particular subjects emerging into such marked preference. It will be a pleasure, hereafter, to watch for passages like that in the Fourth Carthaginian Council (A.D. 254) where allusion is made to *Daniel* and *the three children* ;^a a reference which seems to show that the intention of those designs is not, (as I should have thought,) to typify our LORD's descent into Hell, but rather to symbolise the victory of Faith, in the constancy, even unto death, of His followers.—Out of all the possible Old Testament subjects, to find that the story of Jonah (23), Moses striking the rock (21) or receiving the Law (4), Daniel among lions (14), the Creation of Man (11) and his Fall (10), Abraham offering Isaac (11), and the three Children in the furnace (4), should enjoy special favour,—is certainly somewhat singular. It occasions less astonishment to find that the miracles of our LORD which stand out most conspicuous are,—the loaves and fishes (20), the blind man healed (19), the water made wine (16), Lazarus (16), the Paralytic (12), the bloody issue (8). On the other hand, that the events selected from our LORD's life should be His Apprehension (20), St. Peter's Denial (14), the visit of the Magi (11), and the Triumphal Entry (6),—very reasonably, I think, surprises one. We should have expected to see more often portrayed

^a *Reliquia*, iii. 106-7.—Bingham refers to other representations alluded to by Augustine. (*Ut supra*, § 7.)

the Virgin and Child, (a subject which is all but unknown :) the Baptism, the Temptation, or the Transfiguration, (none of which are known *ever* to occur.) Above all, one would have looked for the Crucifixion,—which is altogether without example. Neither the Entombment, nor indeed hardly any of the favourite subjects of modern Christian Art, make part of the symbolism of the primitive age. The omission strikes me as exceedingly interesting. Hardly can it require to be added that the treatment of these several subjects is utterly undevotional, and the manner of representing our Blessed LORD, most unworthy; although of course nothing was ever less intended than irreverence.

But it is well worth observing, (and with this I shall conclude,) that the taste and temper of *the ancient* and of *the modern* Church of Rome, stand out in wondrous contrast here. What traces are there of the Mariolatry which at present prevails in the seat of the Papacy? Where is the pre-eminence given to St. Peter? How comes it to pass that there is no allusion to *his* exclusive possession of the keys? Why do the words "*Tu es Petrus*" appear *nowhere*? Why are there no allusions to Purgatory,—to the worship of Saints,—or indeed to *anything* that is Romish? Why does the Blessed Virgin *never once* appear on the oldest monuments? We find Popes named like the humblest Bishops,—allusions to only two Sacraments,—hints that the cup was for the Laity,—evidence of a married Clergy. . . . No! the remains of early Christian Art, like the most venerable of the Patristic writings, are one loud protest against the corruptions of modern Romanism. The favourite appeal to the Christians of the Catacombs, is absolutely fatal. If those primitive believers could revisit the earth, they would walk away with horror from the column of the Piazza di Spagna which commemorates "the

new dogma." How shocked would they be to find the Blessed Virgin everywhere, and her adorable Son scarcely anywhere at all! They would be impatient of the many human objects of worship which keep HIM so nearly out of sight. Those huge statues under the dome of St. Peter's, of Veronica, Helena, and Longinus, would confound them. The bronze figure of the Saint,—(especially if he had his smart robes on,)—would fill them with consternation. What would they say when they beheld his foot well-nigh kissed away by his many devotees,—the Bishop of Rome himself setting the example? . . . They would inquire what the inscription over every church-door, ("*Indulgentia plenaria pro vivis et mortuis*,") meant: and when they were told, they would reject the evidence of their senses. How would they testify their indignation at the promise of deliverance to any believer's soul out of Purgatorial pain, for whom Mass should be celebrated at one particular altar? . . . Surely, those ancient men would move in one goodly company towards that gate, where the thoroughfares of Rome seem to converge. They would repair to a well-known building outside the Porta del Popolo, (which looks more like a low theatre,—or a novel race-stand,—or a petty club-house,—or a genteel barn,—than a Church): and in the Ritual there daily practised,—in the Eucharist there weekly celebrated,—they would recognise the lineaments of the public service of their own best days; not assuredly to be recognised elsewhere at Rome. And "What do ye here?" they would ask. And when one of our own people made answer that we have been expelled "without the gate" "bearing HIS reproach,"—I can anticipate the terrible rejoinder. . . . Right sure am I that the Martyrs of that primitive age now carry palms with our own Ridley, and Cranmer, and Latimer! As once they confessed the self-same pure faith, so now they all rejoice in the same Beatific

presence,—wear the same white robe,—and rejoice in the same amarantine crown!

Oriel, Dec. 13, 1860.

P.S.—I subjoin, (not knowing where to introduce it,) a representation on a small stone, preserved in the Museum Kircherianum. The man is dressed somewhat like Euporus, at p. 191. But what does he hold in his hand? and what is it which rests on those trestles? If he were not grasping that staff (?), one would have been inclined to suggest that the artist might have intended to represent a priest officiating at an altar-table. Is he pouring something into a kind of jug?



LETTER XXI.

SIGHTS OF ROME.—THE CARNIVAL.—THE VATICAN STATUE-GALLERY.—
 PAINTINGS.—A VISIT DESCRIBED TO THE MONASTERY OF S. GREGORIO.
 —A VISIT TO THE CHURCH AND CONVENT OF S. ONOFRIO.—A WALK IN
 THE GHETTO, OR JEWS' QUARTER.

To the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

My dear Coxe,

Let me inscribe this letter to you. I know of no one in England who will understand me better; and it is a pleasure to shake hands with you, even thus, across the Atlantic.

It may seem strange, but it is true, that some of the sights of Rome from which I anticipated most pleasure, and to which I looked forward with most interest, afforded me but a moderate degree of gratification; while many an object, of which I had never heard the name, or which at all events inspired me with least curiosity, filled my heart to overflowing with delight. For instance. From my boyhood, I had heard about the Carnival; and really I hastened to the Corso, on my first arrival at Rome, (16th February,) with downright *determination* to be pleased. The day was the reverse of bright and joyous. (Indeed, "Italian skies" belong to the *summer* months in Italy,—as elsewhere.) But there were crimson hangings depending from the balconies, crowded windows, and two counter-streams of holiday faces in open carriages, with occasional gay dresses and a considerable quantity of flowers. "And so," (I said to myself,) "I am actually going, at last, to see the Carni"
 —. But here, a shower of chalk pills, (bullets rather,)

miscalled *confetti*, checked my enthusiasm, and almost broke my hat. I changed my position, in order to get out of the way of the enemy's fire, but the foe was everywhere. To be brief; I retreated up the Condotti, as white and dusty as a miller; wondering extremely at the manners of the country, and at a loss to divine the point of the joke.

. . . I am not saying that this was the end of my experience of the Carnival; or (thanks to Mr. Knight) of my acquaintance with the *rationale* of what was doubtless, forty years ago, a charming spectacle; but we, (your countrymen, my dear Coxe, and mine,) have done our best to spoil a species of entertainment which we do not (or did not) quite *understand*; and, (to conclude,) the Carnival is no longer the thing it was; but, on the contrary, a very slow affair,—especially to a man who wears a black hat.

Even the Vatican statue-gallery, (if I may speak with entire honesty,) disappointed me. Amid acres of so-so statues, and nameless busts, the eye wanders in vain for something to admire *indeed*. It finds all it craves, I grant, in the Apollo, and the Laocoon, and the Torso: but it faints and grows weary long before it reaches those famous works. The critical faculty begins to flag, after it has been exercised upon so many hundred objects, few of which are very good, and none of which are first-rate. To discover, (as a keen eye does everywhere,) traces of modern handling, is a sad discouragement. The beautiful little head of the young Augustus, (very like the type of the youthful Napoleon,) has been chiselled all over, I am persuaded, by a modern hand. The tooling of the cinquecento artists is to be traced in every direction. So many supplemental noses, fingers, feet, hands, arms, heads,—at last annoy you. I cannot say that I was impatient for my second visit.

Much as the paintings in Rome delighted me, a strange feeling of disappointment was mingled with the contem-

plation of many of them. On the whole, they are not in good condition. In the loggie of Raphael,—the little designs I mean, on the ceiling of an external corridor of the Vatican,—*who* will pretend to tell me that he can recognise *any trace whatever* of the exquisite hand of the mighty painter? They are simply unlovely wrecks of what must have been beautiful once; but what is certainly beautiful no longer.

I am not about to say that St. Peter's disappointed me; for really it did not. I remember trembling with expectation, as I tried to heave aside the mat which covers the door; and being almost too agitated to effect my purpose. When at last I stood at the end of that transcendent shrine, and considered where I was, and what I was beholding,—wonder and delight quite overcame me. But to go to Rome and to admire St. Peter's, is a sufficiently inevitable proceeding. All I meant by my opening statement was, that I often experienced most pleasure where I was promised least; and *vice versâ*.

I will describe to you one of those incidents, (of which a visit to Rome is full!) which make no great show on paper, but which affect the imagination very powerfully; and give a man of any taste or feeling the keenest and most abiding sensations of delight.

You are requested to imagine that it is a lovely afternoon in April, and that you have been invited by Major Reynolds and his sister to occupy the vacant half of their carriage; and to tell them whither you would like them to drive you. You leave the route to them,—for almost everything is new to you. . . . How glad you are to find the carriage proceeding in the direction of the Forum! There is hardly any locality in Rome like *that*; or rather there is *none*. And presently, emerging from narrow streets, you find yourself among those many remains of ancient temples,—the

Capitol behind, and the Coliseum full in front. How ruddy and glorious! The scene is animated too; for though this is part of *ancient* Rome, and though you are actually among the Seven Hills, (the Palatine to the right, the Esquiline to the left,) yet modern Rome, in all its motley and picturesque variety, is to be seen here, taking its afternoon walk. The descent of the Campo Vaccino is marked; and the accelerated wheels soon whirl you successively through the arch of Titus, and the arch of Constantine. You are rolling along the Via di S. Gregorio, and gazing to the right over the ruins of what was once the Palace of the Cæsars. Presently, to the left, on the slope of the Cœlian, at some little distance from the road, among trees, and crowning a tall flight of steps, you catch sight of a classic picturesque façade, of rich yellow travertine, — (apparently of a Church,) — with iron gates in front. You request that the carriage may be stopped; ascertain from your friends that yonder is the Church of S. Gregorio, and from Murray's handbook that it was "founded in the seventh century on the site of the family mansion of Gregory the Great;" after which, full of thoughts of Augustine the monk, and of Canterbury, you are soon making short work of the long flight of steps, and requesting admission into the square court in front of what proves to be a Monastery.

You find yourself, in fact, at the entrance of a kind of cloister; with rooms above, and below, a colonnade, containing many fine and interesting tombs; one, of a celebrated Englishman, Sir Edward Carne, Cranmer's colleague in 1530.^a But before entering, you glance right and left, and notice on either hand a slab of inscribed marble,—let into the wall, according to the established Roman fashion.^b

^a See *Murray*, p. 144.

^b Besides an inscription to commemorate H.R.H. the Prince of

The inscription to your right relates the story of the locality. Gregory the Great not only lived, but was once Abbot here. The religious house fell into neglect however until 1573, when it was converted into a Camaldolese Convent; and is now the head-quarters of the Order. On your left, you read as follows:—

“Ex hoc monasterio prodierunt S. Gregorius M. Fundator et parens: S. Eleutherius Ab.: Hilarion Ab.: S. Augustinus Anglor. Apostol.: S. Laurentius Cantuar. Archiep.: S. Mellitus Londinen. Ep. mox Archiep. Cantuar.: S. Justus Ep. Roffensis: S. Paulinus Ep. Eborac.: S. Maximianus Syracusan. Ep.: SS. Antonius, Merulus, et Joannes, monachi.: S. Petrus Ab. Cantuar.: Honorius Archiep. Cantuar.: Marinianus Archiep. Raven.: Probus Xenodochi Ierosolymit. Curator a S. Gregorio elect.: Sabinus Callipolit. Ep.: Felix Messanen. Ep.: Gregorius Diac.: Card. S. Eustac. Hic etiam diu vixit M. Gregori Mater S. Silvia: hoc maxime colenda quod tantum pietatis, sapientiæ, et doctrinæ lumen pepererit.”

What a shrine for an Englishman to visit! In that far land, in that quiet nook, amid so many venerable associations, with one's eye and heart yet teeming with historical images;—on such a delicious afternoon of early Spring too, when the fresh vegetation was telling of resurrection unto life, and recalling God's constancy and faithfulness amid the many indications of decay and death by

Wales' ascent into the ball of St. Peter's, (which is one of a long series, and might have been expected,) I was not a little struck with the following instance of private good taste. A certain Cav. Guidi has a little collection of antiques on the Via Appia. Over his gateway is an inscription recording a visit with which he was honoured by the Pope. On the left as you enter, you read:—

Ad onore e per memoria del giorno xxx Aprile MDCCCLIX, nel quale il Principe Alberto, e' di Galles onoró questo luogo, il Cav. G. B. Guidi pose.

which one was surrounded;—*you* will not wonder at the strange pang of pleasure which I experienced. It was in vain that I reminded myself that the inscription before me was evidently not two centuries old, and that perhaps it was somewhat apocryphal also: in vain that, on crossing the court and reaching the Church, I saw inscribed above the door,—“Divo Andreæ et Magno Gregorio, Congreg. Camal. MDLXXVII;” and said to myself,—Only built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, you see! . . . I could think of nothing but the details I had met with at the entrance; and kept repeating to myself,—“Out of this monastery went forth Gregory the Great, [whose Sacramentary I am so fond of turning over;] and Augustine, the Apostle of the English, and Lawrence, and Mellitus, and Honorius, Archbishops of Canterbury; Paulinus, Archbishop of York; and Justus, Bishop of Rochester, [about every one of whom there are so many, and such interesting particulars related by Bede. Paulinus, especially, I seem to *know* personally.*]” And then, (my fancy once fairly awake,) I straightway saw two venerable figures, in deep converse, gliding before us in the gravel-walk. (What need to tell *you*, my dear Coxe, that these were none other than the great Gregory and Augustine?) I listened to their conversation, (an ungentlemanly trick, but unavoidable under the circumstances,) and found that it was of *England* they were talking! Gregory was relating how he had been dreaming of rekindling the lamp of Christianity in these realms; and Augustine was listening to him timidly, and speculating on the possible results of such an expedition.

* “Vir longæ staturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilenta, naso adunco pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu.”—Bede's *Hist. Eccl.* lib. ii. c. xvi.—The English reader will do well to turn to Dr. Hook's interesting *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, vol. i. p. 107.

Suddenly, I recollected that *we three* were the remote result of Augustine's journey; and it seemed as if the thirteen hundred years of interval had shrivelled to a span. "How strange," (I said to myself,) "that between the very same box-hedges which once heard Gregory and Augustine talking, we three pilgrim *Angli*"—— But here the meditation grew indistinct, for common sense whispered,—“Come, come. Not the *same* box-hedges, anyhow! How *can* you give way to your imagination, and talk such nonsense?” But enough of this. I will not go on to describe Gregory's marble chair, or the cell where he used to sleep, or the marble table whereat he used to feed every day twelve beggars,—which is preserved in the left-hand of three small sacred edifices, at the end of a pretty little garden adjoining; and (between thirteen crosses) is inscribed as follows:—

*Bis senos hic Gregorius pascebat egentes,
Angelus et decimus-tertius accubuit.*

These three chapels are dedicated severally to S. Barbara, S. Andrew, and S. Silvia; and the frescoes (by Guido and Dominichino) in the central one would alone be well worth a visit; to say nothing of an admirable altar-piece, painted on stone by Pomeraggio. But I will not describe any of these things; for *they* are not the things which made the afternoon of April 9th so memorable to me. It was the pilgrim sentiment, the purely *English* feeling,* the home

* The following inscription, let into the wall at the back of the Barberini Palace, is probably well known: but it was new to me; and once more, kindled many a thought of home:—

TI · CLAVDIO · CÆS AVGVSTO PONTIFICI MAX · TR · P · IX ·
COS · V · IMP · XVI · P · P · SENATVS · POPVL · Q · R · QVOD
REGES · BRITANNIÆ · ABSQ · VLLA · IACTVRA · DOMVERIT ·
GENTESQVE · BARBARAS PRIMVS INDICIO SVBEGERIT.

thoughts, which crowded upon me as I crossed a threshold which had doubtless once been crossed by Gregory the Great, and by Augustine the monk, and by so many of our own early English prelates and ecclesiastics,—*this* it was, and *this* it is, which makes that one afternoon stand out conspicuous among so many!

Come, I will describe to you a different kind of incident, which I can never recall without,—but you shall fill up the blank as you please, when you have heard my story. Be as merciful in your verdict as you can!

One evening, returning from St. Peter's, (March 19th,) I determined to walk home by way of the Trastevere: (which is like walking from Westminster Abbey into the City, through Southwark, instead of going by way of Whitehall and the Strand.) I had hardly entered the main thoroughfare, called "della Longara," when, to the right, on an eminence, at the extremity of a long, humble street which is built on the Mons Janiculus, I beheld a most interesting structure. It proved to be the Church and Convent of S. Onofrio. A more complete picture you can hardly imagine, or more inviting to the pencil. There Tasso ended his days, and there (as I speedily ascertained) many objects of interest were to be seen. It was nearly five o'clock, and I was to dine with the Macbeans (as usual) at half-past six. Would it be possible to see the convent first? I trusted to the never-failing good-nature of my host and hostess, and concluded that it would. In short, I finished my sketch, entered the church, found the sacristan, and emerged into the little cloister of the Convent. "What curious columns! Just wait one moment!" But on looking up from my pocket-book, the sacristan was gone.

I followed in the direction of his retreating footsteps; ejaculated; shouted; all in vain. "Where *has* the animal hid himself? Sacristano! Well, if he won't come

and show me the way, I must find it alone :”—and without more ado, I proceeded to scale the stairs of the Convent.

A grave-looking personage was descending them in a leisurely style. On encountering him, I exclaimed impatiently, “Pray, sir, have you seen the sacristan?” “No! Isn’t he somewhere about?” “He *was* a moment ago; but he has given me the slip. I was making a memorandum in your curious little cloister yonder, when the wretched man disappeared.” “You perhaps were wishing to see the Convent?” “To be sure I was; but the donkey,”——“Well,” (turning on his heel, and beginning to ascend with me,) “I will conduct you myself. You would like to see Tasso’s room, I dare say?” “Tasso’s room! Why, of course, *everything*! Everything you have got, I wish to see, if you will only kindly show it. Tell me as we walk along, please, the constitution of your society. You are called *Girolamini*, after ——?” “St. Jerome.” “And these are the head-quarters of the Order?” “Yes.” “The chief person here is called?” “The Prior General.” “Pray, who comes next?” “The Procurator General.” “And then?” “The Prior of the Convent.” “And then?” “The Secretary General.” “And then?” “The Vicar.” “And then?” “The master of the youth.” “And then?” “Eight frati.” “And then?” “Well, I suppose then comes the sacristan.” “Thank you. Now about your hours of prayer. Would you mind telling me at what hour you say Matins?” &c., &c., &c. He answered every question with exemplary good-nature.

We had now reached a gallery, (the upper cloister, I think,) at the end of which I spied the most exquisite work of Leonardo da Vinci I had ever beheld. *Such* a sentiment. It was the Virgin and Child, painted in fresco, with a semi-circular top,—an ecclesiastic kneeling, cap in hand, at her side. “Good gracious! what do I see yonder?” . . .

Quite impossible, in short, was it not to rave a little before so glorious a work. "You seem to admire it," calmly observed my guide. "Admire it! I never saw anything so lovely in my life. You really must stop while I try to clamber up a little closer to it!" (There was a kind of scaffold erected in the middle of the cloister, apparently for the accommodation of an artist.)* . . . The sacristan now reappeared, and I overheard the dialogue. "What, you gave him the slip—eh?" "Ma," (vehemently exclaimed the other, in the true Italian style; shrugging his shoulders and thrusting out his hands);—"the man *had been* drawing in the road; and the moment he got inside the cloister, to be at it *again*! There is no coping with such a fellow!" He seemed quite savage, while the other chuckled audibly. "Shall I now show you Tasso's chamber?" . . . And he conducted me round the simple apartment with great intelligence. The view from the windows was superb. In the centre of the room, in a glass-case, was the poet's laureated bust,—the face, a mask of wax taken from his features after death. Tasso's forehead must have been remarkably shaped. He employed an antique cup, (of common fabric,) to contain his sand. A girdle of his, constructed of bark,—a chair which he is said to have used,—and an autograph letter, are the chief additional relics of the poet which are preserved here. A leaden cist, which once held his bones, is kept in a glass cupboard. He has been twice disinterred; and now sleeps in a side-chapel, below.

It was high time to retrace our steps, and I now catechised my conductor almost at the foot of the last flight of stairs. There I began to feel for the equivalent of half-a-crown; and was doubting whether it would be enough; when a

* I have since heard that this picture was being copied for the Arundel Society,—among whose publications an excellent representation of it is to be seen.

strange kind of misgiving came over me. "You have really shown me round very kindly. Do me the favour to tell me to whom I am indebted for so much politeness?"—The stranger, who, with downcast eyes, was thoughtfully sauntering down the steps at my side, slightly raised his cap from his head, and said slowly,—“Your most obedient servant,—the Prior General of the Order.”

Only one more of the sights of Rome, and I have done. To judge from the impression it has left upon me, there was really scarcely anything which moved me so much as a short visit to the *Ghetto*, or Jews' quarter. That such a place existed, I knew; for I had heard the Piazza di Spagna humorously called “the English Ghetto;” but nothing which has transpired concerning it awakened much curiosity. At last, I realised the notion that the Ghetto is the name of a low part of the city, consisting of two or three small streets, exclusively inhabited by Jews; who, until lately, were prohibited strictly from living in any other part of Rome. You will not be at any loss to divine the kind of instinct which, shortly after, guided my footsteps in the direction of this dwelling-place of God's ancient people. I was soon there. Little did I think of ever wishing to describe it, and so I made no minute observations. I do not remember a gateway: (though I have been since *told* of a gateway, surmounted by a representation of the Crucified, and the inscription,—“All day long I have stretched forth My hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people:”) but a sudden turn to the right brought me into a new region. I was clearly in the wished-for thoroughfare. In the open shops, on this side, sat girls plying their needle: on the other side, were men jabbering over their several kinds of merchandise. But every face bore the same characteristic impress. Men and women alike,—little boys and little girls,—were unmistakably of the stock of Abraham. Added to the peculiar black eye

and sallow complexion, there was that singular cast of countenance by which one everywhere recognises a Jew. It must also be added, that there was a look of sadness in the face of as many as had attained to maturity, which it made me sad to witness.

I had not walked a dozen yards, before rather a pretty black-eyed girl, looking up from her embroidery, screamed at me,—“Signore, signore! Do you want to see the gran’ synagoga?” She took me quite aback. “Well,—yes,—I suppose so.” But her mother had already bustled out, and with a supplicating kind of obsequiousness, prepared to show me the way. “Have you brought the key of the synagogue?” “O yes, yes,”—waiving off the question. “Pray of what country are you? . . . Ah! Inglese! “Do you know Sir Moses Montefiore?” Then, in reply to some questions,—“We are an oppressed people.* There are not many of us,—about 5,000.” And then she told me something about their principal trades. Meantime, we were watched, and one of us was narrowly scrutinised, by the inmates of every shop we passed; who stared as if a stranger was something of a curiosity. “You are quite *sure* you are able to show me the synagogue? You have *got* the key?” Again she tossed her head and waved her hand, as much as to say,—Be quite at your ease on that score! At last she halted, and we stood before a very unpromising little portal. She struck it with her hand, and a man appeared who asked her

* It is commonly related that the Jews used formerly to be hunted down the Corso at the time of the Carnival,—an indignity which has been commuted for a money payment by which the expense of the horse-race is now defrayed. Under Jan. 7th 1845, Evelyn relates,—“A Sermon was preach’d to the Jews at Ponte Sisto, who are constrained to sit till the sermon is done: but it is with so much malice in their countenances, spitting, hum’ing, coughing, and motion, that it is almost impossible they should hear a word from the preacher.” He naïvely adds,—“*A conversion is very rare.*” (*Diary*, vol. i. p. 212.)

sternly, What business she had there? and a violent altercation commenced immediately. It was unbearable. "Now for goodness' sake be quiet; and I will give you a paul apiece. But if you make a row, neither of you shall have a farthing." The alternative was quite superfluous. They were such friends, that when, (on emerging from the dreary little edifice,) I produced a two-paul piece, saying that I had no smaller coin,—the custode proposed that I should simply transfer it to the woman. . . . It was almost sickening thus to see a faint shadow of the sin of Judas fitting past me, and in such a place!

Anything more deplorable than the "gran' synagoga," you cannot imagine. There were three or four persons within it, wearing their hats; and one was sitting and gabbling over part of the Psalter, in compliance with the condition of a certain bequest. Every appointment was tawdry and vile. The burnt-out candles, and dead flowers, and disordered furniture, and vanished guests of a banqueting-hall, the morning after the banquet, are but a faint type of a Jewish synagogue to a Christian eye.

Glad to escape, I sauntered out of the Ghetto by another way: a Jew peering at me from every open shop.—"Strange and mysterious people," I could not help exclaiming to myself; "who carry a veil on their hearts, even unto this day! How has that far-sighted imprecation been fulfilled in them!—'Slay them not, lest My people forget it; but scatter them abroad among the people.'^a I am able to recognise a descendant of Abraham in every face I meet!

Verily, a change has come over the world within the last eighteen centuries; and if one wanted an 'evidence' of the Gospel, one might abundantly find it here. When St. Paul visited Rome, these were still his 'brethren,'^b—his very 'kinsmen,'—"to whom pertained the adoption, and the

^a Ps. lix. 11.

^b Acts xxviii. 17.

glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the Law, and the service of God, and the promises." ^a He came from Palestine,—the ancient Canaan: from a land whose inhabitants had been expelled by the Children of Israel, in order that *they* might dwell in that good land, and possess it: whereby houses which they had not builded, and wells which they had not digged, and vineyards and olive trees which they had not planted,—all became theirs. ^b Behold, it was all a type! Into the spiritual Canaan, the spiritual Israel of God have already entered; and Israel after the flesh,—the Jew,—has in turn become an outcast. Nay, more. Then was there dew on the fleece only, but it was dry upon all the earth besides. Now, it is dry only upon the fleece! Abraham's spiritual posterity have become as the stars of heaven, and as the sand upon the sea-shore innumerable. They overspread the world. Here at Rome, the headquarters of Western Christendom, how have the very heathen temples become Churches; and all their most precious furniture become dedicated to the service of CHRIST! while, in this remote corner of the same city, the forlorn and despised and persecuted Jew,—as if blinded by excess of light,—grotes at noonday, and remains a stranger to the things which concern his peace! Exactly are St. Paul's words of reproach, addressed to him in this very city, applicable to him still. And did not the Apostle prophesy truly, when he added, that "the Salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that *they will hear it*"? ^c With such thoughts I made my way back to my lodgings. And with such words I must wish you farewell.

Frenchay, Dec. 22, 1860.

^a Rom. ix. 4.

^b Deut. vi. 10, 11.

^c Acts xxviii. 25-28.

LETTER XXII.

DEPARTURE FROM ROME.—JOURNEY TO NAPLES.—THE COPHINUS.—A
VISIT TO POMPEII.—THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES.

To Miss Knight.

Dear Miss Knight,

I cannot tell you how sorry I was to leave Rome. I had experienced so much kindness there from many, and grown so fond of a few, that a keen pang of personal severance was superadded to every other painful sentiment. Then, I had enjoyed myself so much, (as you know,) and in so many new and delightful ways; acquainted myself with so many novel objects of deepest interest, and become introduced to so many wonders of ancient and modern Art; that the thought that in a few hours I should turn my back upon it all, and post off, as fast as I could, in an opposite direction, quite unmanned me. The colours, I thought, never looked so lovely as on that day, nor the common sights so engaging. There is a marvellous warmth of tint and picturesqueness of outline everywhere south of Avignon, and certainly throughout Italy, which, seen through the pure atmosphere even of a great city like Rome, inexpressibly gratifies a northern eye which has any sense of beauty. And then, the associations which at Rome every sight awakens, are of so lofty a character! To walk from my lodgings in the Via Sistina over the Pincian to our dear Church, always bathed my soul in a sea of pleasure.

What need to tell *you*, that I found it possible to be an English-Catholic—aye, to the very back-bone,—at Rome;

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and yet to feel no bitterness whatever against the people; but on the contrary to wish well to them very heartily? I could look upon their religion with the largest measure of consideration and indulgence; and yet feel unable even to *understand* that mysterious iniquity,—a divided heart. I found I could invent excuses for almost (*not quite*) everything they do: forgive almost (*not quite*) everything I saw. (The column which commemorates the uncatholic dogma of the Immaculate Conception gave me so much pain that I used always try to look the other way.) And so, when the time came for departure, though I knew very well that I was looked upon as a heretic by as many as knew me, the sense of our true position quite enabled me to overcome any unkindly sentiment: while the consciousness that I felt towards Rome and Romanism a little more indulgently than they altogether deserved, imparted to those last moments a sincerer sentiment of regret than I suspect is usually felt by travellers leaving Rome; mingled with a deeper tone of sorrow than I could altogether excuse in myself or explain.—To be brief, I had lingered in the Vatican, (as explained in my third letter,) so unreasonably, that I was almost glad to find that there was no time left for any sentimental regrets. I whirled through the well-known streets past the house in which Raphael died, and past Hadrian's imperishable tomb,—over the Ponte S. Angelo, (such a charming specimen of bad taste, I always thought it!) and along the narrow thoroughfare which leads to the English quarter,—full of distracting recollections. Codex B. and my unpacked linen were certainly uppermost in my thoughts. Next came the sights which remained still unseen, and the objects which I was straining my eyes in every direction to get another glance at; the duties unfulfilled or discharged imperfectly, and the faces I was about to behold for the last time; the kindnesses I had expe-

rienced from so many, and the promised calls which were no longer possible. How confused and agitated it all made me! I seemed to have done so little, and yet so much, in those months. But, as I have said, there was no time for reflection; barely for regret. As I scrambled up the long flight of familiar steps leading to the Trinità de' Monti, (drawing my breath audibly like one half-choked,) the memory of the many times I had descended those same steps with my heart full of glee, came back upon me; while the vision of that mere torso of a beggar, "*Bon giorno*," as he propelled himself in the direction of my footsteps, not to ask, but *to telegraph* for one last *bajocco*, grew confused and hazy through the mist of rising tears.

Well: the parting scene was in the Corso, on the golden afternoon of May 21st; and my excellent friend Mr. Macbean saw me depart from Rome with the courier for Naples. When once fairly off, sad as I felt, pleasure I think predominated over every other sentiment as I proceeded in the well-known direction of St. John Lateran, and beheld yet once more so many glories of old Rome. It was a delicious evening. The ruddy Coliseum was what struck and awed me chiefly, as I came down the declivity by which it is approached, and beheld it, framed as it were, by the window in front of the carriage. Next, the mountains came to view, looking passing beautiful. Frascati shone out in front through a delicate pink haze; and nearer yet, on my left hand, the long line of aqueducts was seen stretching in broken grandeur, over the Campagna. How many pleasant recollections did Monte Cavi awaken! and I could distinctly trace the curved lip of the Lake of Albano, though the town itself was not to be seen. Something told me that I *could* not be looking at those scenes for the last time. I began, moreover, already, (fickle mortal!) to think of the pleasure which awaited me whither I was going; and to say

the truth, I was so very tired that as soon as it grew dark I fell fast asleep.

I could scarcely forgive myself in the morning for having slept past "Appii forum and the three taverns," but so it was. We were at Terracina, the ancient Anxur. I expected from Horace's epithet that the cliffs would be *white*. They proved grey and ruddy. How interesting was every common object beheld through the pure atmosphere of that early morning! A little boy and girl were standing in the middle of a flock of couchant goats, black and white. There was also a party of men, habited in the genuine costume of the country, mounted on donkeys. The background of the picture was formed by the soft and quiet waters of the Mediterranean sea. An abundance of brushwood and a forest of ilex, completed the scene.

Many were the classical objects one caught sight of as one hastened along! At Epitaphio, the frontier-town of the Papal States, the women carried two-handled pitchers on their heads, exactly as they carried them 2000 years ago when they called them "amphoræ." Fondi, the walls of which are of Cyclopean masonry, is paved with large stones, in the ancient fashion, to the present day. (Here, by the bye, I was shown what had been the grave of Thomas Aquinas, —beneath the altar in a cell adjoining the still and sweet cloisters of S. Dominico.) Further on, the collars of the horses recalled the ancient type: the method of driving three and even four horses abreast, is clearly a practice which has prevailed in this district ever since a quadriga was a familiar sight. As for the amount of gesticulation and melodrama in every ordinary communication between man and man, it is truly striking!

There seemed in fact a marked change of race on getting into the Neapolitan States. There was, at all events, a marked change of manners. The beggars were not so much

the systematic nuisance they had been at Rome, as a curious combination of the ruffian and the buffoon. The scenery too was more exquisite than anything we had left behind us. Such delicious delicacy in the air tints! Such marvellous softness and beauty in all the lights and shadows! Gaeta was a particularly beautiful object,—a large circular hill surmounted by a circular fortress, and a fortified town at its base, rising in beauty above a sapphire sea. Surely no lovelier view can be found than that which is visible from the Hotel of the Villa di Cicerone, so called from the celebrated Formian Villa of Cicero! Groves of olive and fig-trees, lemon and orange were for ever coming to view: aloes fringed the way; and the pomegranates were in blossom. Beyond, in captivating beauty, spread the calm waters of the Mediterranean which yielded a delightful breeze: and the Island of Ischia, like a grey shadow, rose above it. Close to Minturnæ there is an aqueduct consisting of about 150 arches which spans the plain,—an exquisite object. At last we reached Naples. Vesuvius, (a ‘great imposter’ certainly,) was smoking sublimely. How strange is the sensation when one beholds for the first time the original of an outline with which pictures have made one entirely familiar! The red-hot lava which is for ever slowly streaming down the mountain-side has the appearance, at night, of the *ignited soot* in a chimney.

What a contrast there is between Rome and Naples! The one, thoughtful and grand; the other, full of modern shops, and life, and bustle. If one may compare great things with small, it is like exchanging Chester for Liverpool. The novelty was amusing; but it was a dreary exchange. As before remarked, the very people are unlike. On a broiling day they seemed to find a strange kind of bliss in tearing along at a mad speed in a peculiar vehicle which is neither car, cart, nor carriage, and in which they contrive to sit in

all manner of picturesque attitudes ; the horse decked out to an extremity, and apparently enjoying the fun the most. But I had not been six hours in Naples before I became fully aware of the political volcano which was soon to manifest itself there. Two Neapolitans, on the way to La Cava, soon entered into conversation with me, and the younger drew an outline of political wrong and individual suffering which quite amazed me. One thing alone was inexplicable, —namely how they could venture to speak so openly on the subject ; and I expressed my surprise, asking whether it was safe so to trust a stranger. “He and I,” said the speaker, pointing to his companion, “are sworn friends, *and you are an Englishman.*” I must not forget to add that Mariolatry is far less conspicuous at Naples than at Rome ; but it soon became plain that everything in the way of ecclesiastical splendour, I had left behind me. In connection with what went before as to the many lingering traces of the ancient times in these parts, it should be added that the boatmen who rowed us from Amalfi to Sorrento, employed the very method of rowing described by Thucydides,—the oar being connected by a thong with an upright peg inserted into the side of the boat. The men did not pull, but *pushed* the oar.

A sight, however, which greeted me on entering the Cathedral of Sorrento interested me far more. Some masons who were at work there, employed a basket of the following form ;—



On inquiry, it proved that this basket is called *cóffano*. I ascertained that the appellation is confined to baskets of this peculiar shape, varying in size from a small dish-cover to a small clothes-basket. The reader of the Greek Testament, or of the Vulgate, will have already anticipated the suggestion that we are thus shown the kind of basket into which the fragments of the five loaves were gathered, after our LORD's great miracle of feeding the multitudes. The English reader may be glad of the information that the description of basket into which, on the two occasions recorded in the Gospel, the fragments of the two miraculous meals were gathered, is accurately marked as well as carefully distinguished.* The fragments of the five loaves were gathered into *κόφινος*, (*cophini*), the shape of which is unknown. But who can doubt that the basket in question was of the shape here represented; and that the denomination of *this* basket exclusively has lingered on in a Greek colony, where the Jews (who once carried the *cophinus* as a part of their personal equipment,) formerly lived in great numbers,—as history, sacred^b and profane, conspire to prove?

Let me conclude this letter by trying to give you some idea of Pompeii,—which certainly must be reckoned one of the most wonderful sights in the world. I am not going to write a wearisome account of a visit which has been made by everybody; or to describe in detail a locality which has been already described so abundantly and so well. You shall simply have the genuine impressions it made upon one to whom it seemed new, though he had read and heard as much about it as the generality of those who, after many

* St. Matt. xvi. 9, 10. St. Mark viii. 19, 20.

^b "Puteoli," (only a mile or two from Naples!) "where we found brethren."—Acts xxviii. 13, 14.

years, find themselves in a railway-carriage, furnished with a ticket for the adjoining station. The details in this instance will be endurable, at least for friendship's sake ; however familiar to yourself the original cannot fail to be.

You see nothing of Pompeii until you actually get there. A little steep has been surmounted, and you have walked a little way, and you find that you have reached a city which after having been for nearly 1700 years hid from the sight of men, began to be disinterred in 1755. The strangeness of the spectacle strikes you immediately : but, what is curious, instead of wearing off, I think the wonder of the sight grows upon you every minute until it is time for you reluctantly to go away.

You are walking along the paved road of the ancient city,—constructed, (like the Via Appia, and other ancient Roman thoroughfares,) of large irregular stones, which must have made travelling a most disagreeable exercise. How those stones are worn and furrowed by the wheels ! not only occasionally, but throughout there is a raised rough pavement on the sides of the road ; the kerb of which has been much worn away, in parts, by the constant friction. A thing which I could not understand was that, every here and there, at what in London is called a *crossing*, three huge stones are seen in the road,—the two lesser ones being contiguous to the pavement ; and the central stone, which is much larger than the other two, not quite occupying the central space ; but leaving room for the wheels of a cart, (I suppose there were no *carriages* ?) to pass between it and the two lesser stones which flank it. You are told by the guide that these stepping-stones were for the convenience of foot-passengers in time of rain,—which is intelligible, certainly ; though the supposed nuisance seems hardly adequate to the remedy. But the question obviously arises, How did *the horses* manage ? Were they taught to clear the large

stone per saltum? That is hardly possible. Used they then to halt, get upon the stone and tilt up the vehicle while they scrambled over it? . . . Again, How if two carriages met? The roads, strange to say, seem only to contemplate one vehicle at a time!

You are in a street then,—unmistakably a street; with houses on either side. Roofless are they, and sadly strangely dismantled; but they were never much higher than they are at present. I believe they were mostly one story high. They were also, almost all of them, surprisingly small tenements; and many were shops. These had *signs* to them, (little sculptures in relief, inserted into the wall,)—suggesting that Shakspeare was not such a sorry antiquary as is sometimes imagined, when he spoke of the signs of the houses in Ephesus. A vintner's sign was two men bearing a huge branch of grapes, represented exactly as the spies are represented on their return from Eschool. A milkman had a little cow: and so forth. But every here and there was a considerable mansion: and to these large residences the guide, (Salvatore,) so assiduously conducts you, that you are prone to forget the extent to which houses of a humbler class prevail.

To begin with these last,—and especially with the shops. The method of their ancient occupants is discoverable, the instant you begin to examine the locality. Not to advert to the warehouses of oil and wine, recognisable by the huge amphoræ which yet remain *in situ*,—there are the ordinary shops which had open unglazed fronts, with nothing between the shopman and the passenger but the stone table or counter whereon the former displayed his wares. In front of this, the whole length of the frontage, a groove is discoverable; the purpose of which was obviously to receive the lower end of the shutters which protected the shop at night. The number of these shutters, (about four, I think,) is also

discoverable, by observing the length of the socket into which they were inserted in the first instance before being successively slid into their places.

The really interesting objects however are the houses of the wealthiest class. Even here, for the most part, the rooms are exceedingly small; but besides that *all* half-built or ruinous rooms seem smaller than they are in reality, a little reflection is enough to convince one that it is unreasonable to bring our modern English notions into Pompeii, if we would judge accurately of the ancient mode of life there. It is evident, (to begin,) that Pompeii was a place of *summer* resort; and that all its appointments were specially adapted to the sultry season. The chambers were not used as our parlours and drawing-rooms are; but were rather closets for retirement, for rest, and for sleep. The bath was the favourite resource; and the family lived mainly in the open air. Glass, in some of the windows however, is not by any means unknown.*

When I say 'the open air,' I allude to the open court which is recognisable in the centre of all the better class of houses, and which must evidently have been protected overhead by an awning. Here,—surrounded by flowering plants, with a fountain in the centre to break the monotony of the silence and to cool the air,—the family habitually lived. It is not difficult to imagine the scene. There must have been sofas spread about; and amid the fragrant shrubs and bright blossoms must have risen marble statues,—which occupied the place then which pictures occupy now, in the zeal with which they were sought after by the wealthier classes. The stuccoed walls were most gracefully, and often even artistically decorated with fresco paintings,—the colours of which

* Describing his own villa, Pliny says,—“Egregium adversus tempestates receptaculum: specularibus, (i. e. glazed windows,) ac multo magis imminuentibus tectis muniuntur.”—Lib. ii. Ep. xvii.

are, with scarcely an exception, as bright as ever at the end of 1800 years. . . . I am told that the aristocracy of Seville live in exactly the same style at the present day, and occupy what they call the *patio* of their houses, after the self-same fashion as the aristocracy of Pompeii anciently.

Let me be a little more minute and particular. Residences of the highest class extended throughout a block of buildings, thus reaching from street to street and presenting a double frontage. At one or the other extremity, there were shops. I believe that occasionally there was a shop on one side of the chief entrance from the street, and the porter's lodge on the other. This entrance, or portico, conducted into an outer court, into which some six or eight rooms opened. Beyond, was a second, larger court or area, which was the scene of the luxury already attempted to be described. There was a cistern for receiving rain-water in either court; the outer one serving, I suspect, for domestic purposes,—the inner one, for watering the plants. The aperture of these cisterns was, (or rather, *is*,) protected by a dwarfed fluted column, (two or three feet high,) the mouth of which is considerably furrowed by the run of the rope. A peristyle surrounds the inner court, in the centre of which is a square tank or cistern. I suppose it contained fish, and served for watering the plants. It was also evidently sometimes adorned with a little statue in the middle, which probably concealed a fountain. Short bases of columns for sustaining statuettes are discoverable, dotted about the floor which was often of inlaid marble; oftener, of mosaic. A stone table of an established type, of which many specimens are still in existence, was an essential feature of the scene. Thus the centre of the dwelling, will have combined the spaciousness of a large hall; with the attractions of a statue gallery; and the refreshing fragrance of a greenhouse. The family will have withdrawn for dinner into one of the side

rooms; the others being consecrated to repose or to study. There were perhaps as many as thirty of these little apartments in the largest houses; but I question if there was a single dining apartment in which, by any amount of packing, twelve men could have dined. No single object, I think, in all Pompeii affected my imagination so powerfully as discovering, scratched on the base of a stuccoed column, in such a court, at the height of about three feet from the ground, the first letters of the Greek alphabet,—A, B, Γ, Δ. It was so evidently the work of a little child whose footsteps trod that floor eighteen centuries ago!

“A *stuccoed* column.” There are plenty of them,—columns of brick I think, coated with plaster or some such material, exquisitely finished certainly, externally, and the surface coloured with the richest crimson. Such a sight reminds one that *marble* columns were not anciently, any more than they are now, for ordinary domestic use. Then, as now, men loved to achieve a sumptuous exterior at a moderate cost; to combine economy with beauty.

Some guidance as to the purpose of these several apartments (most of them very small ones!) is obtained from an examination of the subjects represented in fresco upon the walls. Birds and fish and fruit suggest the dining-room. Other representations are with more or less conclusiveness assumed to indicate the sleeping-apartments or the library. It is reasonable enough to accept such guidance as this: but when we are conducted to the ‘House of the Tragic Poet,’ ‘House of the Female Musician,’ and so on, we must remember that such nomenclature is sheer guess-work. Interesting as it would be to know who were the occupants of the several houses, with a solitary exception or two, no approximation can be made to the actual facts of the case. On the other hand even to guess such riddles is delightful; and perhaps, in that vast city of the dead, one is but too

prone to suffer one's private guesses to strengthen into convictions. Certainly, the concurrence of many similar subjects in one house cannot but be regarded as an indication of the tastes, habits, favourite pursuits of its long since forgotten occupant; and even *this* is something!

There is immense variety in the frescoes of Pompeii, fairly considered; although one's first impression is that there is on the contrary a vast amount of sameness. True that a red, pale or deep yellow, black, or blue wall, (but generally a glorious *red*,) is the prevailing feature: true, that fanciful architectural outlines, exquisite patterns, (as if for lace,) festoons and wreaths, foliage, birds, fishes, and imaginary animals, are the objects which most abound. These are nevertheless disposed of and reproduced with infinite variety, and occasionally with matchless skill. Quite marvellous is the taste which finds expression on those many walls; the charming combination of colours, the unerring precision of outline, the masterly command of the material, and perfect intelligence invariably, as it seemed to me, displayed. The decorations of the Catacombs, down to some of the very symbols, (as the peacock, birds pecking at festoons of grapes, &c.,) are the true descendants of these eloquent designs; but they are almost all immeasurably more common and unlovely. When I think of all I saw there, and still more of the frescoes I was shown in the Museum of Naples, I am astonished at the prodigality of the fancy of those ancient artists. In no single instance, however, could it be called high pictorial Art. The men drew beautifully; and possessed excellent pigments; but they had scarcely an idea of painting, in the modern sense of the word. Music and Painting are as decidedly *ours*, as Sculpture (and its cognate arts, Coin and Gem-engraving,) and Architecture were conspicuously *theirs*. To know *how* well they could paint, however, it was absolutely necessary to

inspect the Museo Borbonico at Naples. The gulph, I repeat, is immeasurable between their best pictorial efforts and those of any good Italian master: and yet no one (however familiar he may have been from boyhood with the triumphs of ancient Art preserved in England) can have any idea of the skill in painting which the ancients really did possess. The truth with which they copied fish and birds, the precision with which they delineated the human figure, quite surprised me. It was like being introduced into a new world. The *Nozze Aldobrandini* at Rome, of which Bell writes such nonsense,* is a mere tasteless daub compared to some of the frescoes from Pompeii.

The mention of Naples and its matchless museum reminds me that Naples is as it were the complement of Pompeii; and should be visited in connection with it. Pompeii contains no detached objects of interest whatever; and yet bears a hundred traces that it was full of such objects once. One especially affecting record is supplied by a hole made in one of the walls of almost every house, just large enough to admit a man, or perhaps a child. Pompeii, as it is well-known, was not destroyed all at once. The shower of pumice and hot ashes which at last overwhelmed it entirely, at first drove away its terrified inhabitants, who hurried from the doomed city with such objects of value as were nearest at hand. Some, it overtook, panic-stricken perhaps, or lingering too long to secure another and yet another jewel; and their skeletons were discovered, after the long lapse of ages, as if still in act to fly. One wasted hand held a bunch of keys. Not a few finger-bones were loaded with rings. Many there were who were destroyed with the thing they loved best in their hands.

But others there were who appear to have returned to the

* Quoted in *Murray's Handbook of Rome*, p. 216.

scene of desolation and death, on a subsequent day; to have groped their way to the back of the wall which they once called their own; to have effected an aperture; and into the familiar corner, to have descended in search of their treasure. The strong-box of the family is found to have stood in the angle of one of the inner rooms; and it is obvious to suspect that often, where no trace of it remains any longer, *that* large perforation in the wall indicates the precise spot where it formerly stood; the spot to which, with trepidation, and surely in no small bitterness of spirit, "the goodman of the house" must have once made his way. Occasionally the hole alluded to is observed just above a species of niche, or corbel, which doubtless once supported a small statue,—too valuable in itself, and too precious to its owner, to be left behind without at least an effort to save it. In the *maison noire*, (as one house is called from a beautiful black frescoed wall which it contains,) we noticed a series of foot-holes in the wall for getting in and out; by which doubtless the proprietor removed the more precious of his effects.

It would have added incalculably to the impression which Pompeii produces, to have seen the several objects, domestic utensils, &c., which were found there, *in situ*, had it been in any way practicable so to preserve them. Chairs, tables, and other articles of furniture; vessels of every description and cooking utensils; sponge, soap, and flowers; a wicker mould for making cheese; thread, straw, and mats; colours; the straw coverings of flasks constructed as now; and beans for making coffee such as are found to this day in every house at Naples; mirrors and all objects of jewelry, as rings, seals, and the like,—abound in the museum at Naples. The most *suggestive* of these objects, by far, is a loaf of bread,—which was baked but not eaten, and which retains its form and aspect to this day. It is

circular, and crossed at top,—suggesting a comparison with the representation at p. 232. It would have broken into eight pieces: and is impressed with the letters ELERIS . Q . GRANIERI . SER. There are also smaller cakes of bread shaped like a *brioche*.

Certain of the other objects found at Pompeii suggest a different train of remark. Among the many hundred rings which have been found there, (and which are preserved with other articles of antique jewelry in a separate room of the museum,) I noticed twelve with the palm-branch, two with the fish, and three with the bird,—objects which are commonly supposed exclusively to indicate a *Christian* wearer. What are we to infer from this? Were there many Christians then in Pompeii at the time of its destruction? or are we to distrust the common opinion that such rings are Christian? Some of these rings are double, for married persons I suppose. One of these double rings has the palm twice repeated: another exhibits the palm and an anchor. Another ring has a dove with foliage in its beak. . . . One ring is inscribed ΕΛΠΙΣ, (*Hope*): another ΕΥΤΥΧΙ ΕΥΤΟΠΙΙ: another, ΕΥΤΥΧΙ ΠΑΝΟΙΚΙ Ο ΦΟΡΩΝ. (*Good luck to thee, O wearer, and to all thine!*) Another exhibits a finger and thumb taking hold of an ear; the motto, ΜΝΗΜΟΝΕΥΕ,—*Remember!* But the favourite posy was the following:—ΛΕΓΟΥΣΙΝ Α ΘΕΛΟΥΣΙΝ . ΛΕΓΕΤΩΚΑΝ . ΟΥ ΜΕΑΙ ΜΟΙ, (*They say what they will. Let them say. I care not!*)

It is time to draw these remarks to an end. Briefly, Pompeii is a sight which grows upon you, not palls, by prolonged acquaintance. One to whom I owed all the enjoyment of my two visits to the spot, had spent many consecutive days there with increased and still increasing pleasure. There is always something new to observe. The little domestic or architectural contrivances, as leaden pipes,

and small glass windows: the inscriptions scratched on the walls, so striking and suggestive as to have furnished materials for an interesting volume by an eminent living scholar and divine of our own. (Long may he live!) Those in red paint recall, by the shape of the letters, the style of some of the most ancient MSS. in the Vatican. Then there is a little garden to be seen belonging to one house, full of the quaintest delights. Lastly, there are temples, and baths, and public buildings, without number,—all to the last degree instructive, and suggestive even to the unscientific beholder. The mosaic floors by the way are not constructed of coloured *pastes* as now, but of various kinds of *stone*. The amphitheatre is truly superb; and since more than two-thirds of Pompeii remain still to be excavated, who shall say what wonders may not be still in reserve? Not that one desiderates more: but it is impossible (on your way to the amphitheatre) to walk over a corn-field of some acres in extent, and to know that hundreds of houses and countless objects of the highest antiquarian interest are lying beneath your feet, without intense curiosity, not unmingled with awe.

I had the good fortune to be conducted to Pompeii twice; and, on both occasions, saw it under the best possible auspices and in the best possible way. I discover from my pocket-book that the second visit did but deepen, (not correct,) every impression which the first visit made upon me. Wonder and surprise were still the prevailing impressions,—wonder at the singular air of desolation, at the want of inhabitants, at the general smallness of the houses. The exquisite background of mountains charmed me the second time equally as at first. There was above all the startling sense that I was walking in a city of the dead.

Having said so much about Pompeii, I will not trust myself to enter into any particulars respecting Herculaneum,

—except to remark that it seems to have been occupied by far choicer spirits than Pompeii. The bronzes, everything in short found at Herculaneum, is of a far higher order of Art. The very season when the hot lava overwhelmed the city is ascertained in a striking manner. Carbonised blossoms of the pomegranate were found among its ruins. The pomegranate flowers in July.*

I lay down my pen with a hearty wish I could stand once more at one of those cross-ways where the eye is able to survey four ruined and forsaken streets. O the desolation of those four vistas,—without a sound, without the sight of one human being! The friends you are with, and the guide who saunters along in front, are unavailing to break the spell of that disinterred city. Their presence rather helps you to realise the strangeness of the sight. They belong, like yourself, to another world. You *feel* that a great gulph of years yawns between yourselves and the myriads who once filled those thoroughfares with lusty life. Here are their houses, but where are they?

Adieu, and God bless you!

Ever your obliged and affectionate friend,

Houghton Conquest.

* From the letter of Pliny the eruption appears to have taken place towards the end of August. 'Nono Calend. Septembr.'—Plin., Lib. vi. Ep. xvi.

LETTER XXIII.

THE BAY OF BAË.—POLLIO'S VILLA.—ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.—A VISIT
TO PÆSTUM.

My dear Mrs. Macbean,

I should be sorry indeed not to be allowed to connect one of these letters with your name. So many hours of happiness were spent in your house, every recollection of yourselves is so delightful to me, and your own and your husband's kindness was so genuine and so unvaried, that I must perforce ask leave to set up this little monument to our friendship. Do not let it offend either of you to be thus reminded of the everlasting hospitalities of "The Round Table;" especially pleasant because so simple and so unostentatious. And then, I cannot forget that I owe to yourselves another blessing which I only do not allude to further because I may not what follows relates to a neighbourhood which you know very well; but you will not be displeased with some allusions to it, all the same.

I do not feel at all disposed to dispute the following statement, which is found in a work by Bp. Burnet:—"It is certain that a man can nowhere pass a day of his life, both with so much pleasure and with so much advantage, as he finds in the journey to Puzzuoli, and all along the Bay."* Certain scenes take a strong and a strange hold on the imagination, presenting themselves to the memory unbidden at

* *Some Letters containing an Account of what seemed more remarkable in travelling through Switzerland, Italy, some Parts of Germany, &c., 1685 and 1686.—Rotterdam, 1687, p. 219.*

most improbable moments, and recurring again and again, apparently without an adequate cause. Such a scene is that grotto of Posilippo, to which Burnet makes allusion, and which serves as the introduction to the pleasures of almost every day at Naples. One learns to associate the anticipations of each bright morning,—the precious recollections which were brought back hived at the close of each long day,—with that lofty and protracted, mysterious and gloomy, cool, cavern-like perforation, which was elaborated in ancient days to connect Naples with the Bay of Baiæ. The reverberation of the clattering steeds and rumbling wheels,—the strange objurgatory accents of the drivers of every vehicle,—the long ray of misty light which shoots athwart the gloom in one or two places, being introduced through shafts from above,—and not least, the blaze of glory which finally awaits your exit into the pure light of heaven; all these features of that striking locality seem as if they could never be forgot. The vast height at the entrance becomes, in itself, a most imposing circumstance;—quite the contrivance of a great mind.

Puteoli itself, (for I can never think of it by any other name,) is beyond expression interesting, for its very name's sake. There were "brethren," there, even before St. Paul visited Rome;* and I heard of a catacomb, (the place of their interment,) though I had no opportunity even of ascertaining where it is situated. Why, by the way, since Christianity was largely established *at Puteoli*, should there not have been many Christians in Pompeii also,—a circumstance otherwise attested by the many rings with known Christian emblems preserved in the museum at Naples? . . . The spot where St. Paul landed was pointed out to us. It is, I presume, the spot where anciently *all* landed, and therefore

* Acts xxviii. 14.

may well be the spot on which the great Apostle first set foot in Italy. But in other respects Puteoli is a dirty, noisy, and apparently uninteresting place, though its size is considerable. On the other hand, the objects of antiquity in its neighbourhood, and which may be said to belong to it, are of the highest order of interest. Such are the well-known Temple of Serapis, and the Amphitheatre; both of these objects deserving very attentive consideration.

Once emerging on the Bay of Baiæ, however, the rare loveliness of the locality becomes apparent, and one is struck by the truth of the Horatian line,—

“There’s not a spot on all the earth so bright as Baiæ’s bay!”^a

Here it was that the luxurious Romans built their country-houses,—encroaching at last on the sea, when the shore refused sufficient accommodation.

. . . . struis domos;
 Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
 Summovere littora,
 Parum locuples continente ripâ.^b

A singular testimony to the circumstance thus alluded to is supplied at the present day by the fragmentary remains of the ancient tessellated pavements which evidently enriched the sumptuous dwellings of those luxurious men,—small cubes of coloured glass, rounded by the action of the waves for 1800 years, which are picked up by handfuls by the peasants, and offered to you, bright and sparkling, when you step ashore. Every “niche and coign of vantage” seems to have been availed of, as fallen masses of brickwork, wrecks of subterranean passages, and the traces of masonry on

^a Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis.—Hor. Ep. I. i. 83.

^b Hor. Od. II. xviii.

each projecting rock, abundantly attest. The softness of the air,—the beauty of the scene,—the productiveness of the soil and luxuriance of the vegetation,—not least of all the reputation of the place for salubrity;—such must have been the causes which conspired to make the Bay of Baiæ so attractive. The hot springs and sulphurous exhalations which abound along the shore, imparted to the locality advantages of another description. Baiæ preserved its attractions so late as the sixteenth century, as well as its ancient evil reputation, of which it is sickening to read.

It requires little familiarity with such monuments to be aware that the ruinous remains of large buildings, on the shore of the Bay of Baiæ, are miscalled *Temples*,—the Temple of Venus, of Mercury, &c. They are none other than the remains of the baths attached to ancient mansions,—an abiding witness to the taste and opulence of their long-since forgotten owners. But of all the residences hereabout in ancient days, the most magnificent must have been that of Vedius Pollio. The villa I allude to stood on a rocky headland; and was anciently accessible by sea as well as by land. We visited the locality twice; the first time, climbing up from the shore, and finding the whole headland one mass of ruins,—reminded at every step that we were treading on the remains of ancient life, and Art, and intelligence. To be brief, the whole spot was excavated some years ago by a certain Cav. Beco; and the result was sold, partly to the Museum at Naples. Of Beco's erection, I think, is the pleasant modern residence we were shown, and where one would gladly have taken up one's abode. Into the walls have been inserted some of the refuse of the objects found beneath the soil; and their loveliness exceeds all praise. One exquisite fragment of frieze has been built into the top of a door or window. Heaps of fragments are accumulated in another place. A delicate incised slab, it is impossible

to forget. We were, in fact, admiring the sweepings of the ruins of what, in its glory, must have been one of the most sumptuous mansions in the world.

Approached anciently by the long and darksome Grotto of Sijano, (discovered and re-excavated by the King of Naples in 1840,) which served to connect this secluded spot with the thoroughfare between Naples and Baiæ, how must the exquisite beauty of the scene have overwhelmed the beholder! In the distance, the sea and the well-known panorama,—Vesuvius, Capri, Ischia and Procida, Misenum, Nisida, and Baiæ: in front, a splendid villa rising above a garden where the myrtle yet revels, and where the choicest shrubs must once have abounded, for pomegranates and prickly pears, vines, and figs, and mulberries, abound there still.^a While at his feet was spread a theatre and an amphitheatre, and whatever else the old world knew of magnificence and splendour: the whole set off by a most enchanting landscape! . . . We spent an hour or two on the eminence which that villa must once have crowned, exploring the locality with delight and admiration, and discovering at every step something fresh to stimulate the imagination. They understood natural beauty thoroughly, those ancient men.^b Commanding the west, are the remains of a semi-circular bay-window, with five or six lights. In that room, therefore, in summer, when the sun went down behind Nisida in glory, (as *we* saw the same sun go down!) the friends of Pollio will have sat, and the wits and poets of

^a Pliny says of his garden:—"Hortum Morus et Ficus frequens vestit, quarum arborum illa vel maxime ferax est terra, malignior cæteris."—*Ad Gallum*, Lib. ii. Ep. xvii.

^b Hear Pliny once again:—"Utrinque fenestræ, a mari plures, ab horto singulæ . . . Hæ, cum serenus dies et immotus, omnes . . . patent." And again,—"*Cubiculum . . . quod altera fenestra admittit orientem, occidentem altera retinet: hæc et subjacens mare longius quidam, sed securius intuetur.*"—*Ibid.*

the Augustan age will have made the evening yet more glorious. The view from that spot, (unchanged at the end of 2000 years!) is truly exquisite. Can we doubt that Augustus himself, who is known to have been a frequent guest here, and to whom Pollio is related to have bequeathed his villa,^a many a time watched the sun set, and from that very window too?

“But it is not the hill, or even the shore, which will give an adequate idea of the extent of this villa. The sea itself is filled for a considerable distance with enormous masses of substructions: the tufa cliffs are cut away to form part of the vast plan, and the mountain is pierced with tunnels and canals to supply the fishponds and the baths. It is difficult to form a conception of the magnitude of these works without examining them in a boat. Large oblong masses of tufa may thus be seen under water, isolated by deep channels from the cliff of which they once formed part; and in other places spacious chambers may be traced.” So far a very useful and well-written manual.^b There is something inexpressibly affecting, to one who surveys the desolation of this neglected locality, and picks up a fragment of those costly marbles which must once have proclaimed the taste and splendour of its lord, to recollect the etymology of the name which he bestowed upon the spot he loved so well. “Posilippo” is the Italianized form of a Greek compound word, for which *sans-souci* would perhaps be the nearest modern equivalent.^c

Besides the Bay of Baiæ itself, and its manifold beauties, what makes it so delightful a resort to the traveller are the many objects of high classical interest by which it is surrounded. Cumæ is a site of especial wonder,—so utter a

^a Dion Cassius, liv. 23.

^b *Hand-Book for South Italy and Naples*, 1858, p. 165.

^c *παύσις λύπη*.

wreck to-day, and yet once, as its very coins attest, a city of so much wealth and magnificence. What a delicious day we passed there,—dining on the summit of the Arco Felice, amid a scene of transcendent beauty, and afterwards wandering over the tangled pile of rocks and brushwood which was once the citadel! Very few, indeed, are the mighty fragments of solid masonry which remain to show where its walls anciently stood.

The thing, however, which gives to the whole neighbourhood of Baiæ its specially characteristic feature, is the volcanic nature of the soil. Hence the many lakes by which it is surrounded,—Avernus, (a circular basin of dark waters, held within a crater of hills,) Agnano, Licola, Lucrinus; each with its own peculiar classic story. Astroni, an extinct crater of perfect shape, carpeted with the richest verdure, is a delicious haunt; shut out from the world, as it seems to be, by its precipitous walls. Monte Barbaro, on the contrary, is only part of a volcanic cone; but still a noble object. Disappointing only are those objects of which the world has heard the most,—as the Sibyl's cave; which, in spite of its glorious classical associations, proved to be a dirty hole; the point of the joke seeming to consist in your being carried off in the dark on a pair of grimy shoulders to see nothing, and to come back again. Such, too, is the well-known Grotta del Cane, on the banks of the Lake Agnano. Pray do not suppose that we were so inhuman or so foolish as to put the poor dog to torture, which comes scampering down, as if to greet you on your approach to the cavern ironically called *his*. Will you be surprised to hear, that neither the strangeness of the fact that carbonic acid gas can stupefy a dog, nor the circumstance that for 2000 years the phenomenon of this aperture in the rock has been noticed by mankind,—was the special circumstance which most interested *me*? It was the conviction that while standing at the

mouth of the Grotta alluded to, I was standing on the exact spot, was admiring the self-same scene which has delighted, or at least interested, every English traveller since the days of Addison. Strange that home thoughts should so predominate in a fair and far-off land ; but they do, especially when the conviction arises that one's feet are planted on the very foot-prints, as it were, of thousands of one's fellow-countrymen in individual succession ; of many an absent friend ;—of the loved ones and the lost. In this last circumstance, by the way, doubtless, lies the real secret of the powerful spell!

But the sight which, I suppose, surpasses every other in its strangeness,—which affects the imagination most powerfully at the time, and dwells on the memory longest,—is Vesuvius itself. That this, the most conspicuous natural object about Naples, should thus vindicate to itself a conspicuous and an abiding place in the memory, seems but natural : and yet, it is not *that* common sight which, first and latest, greets the traveller, to which I allude. To understand Vesuvius, and to be aware how extraordinary a phenomenon he presents, you must approach him slowly ; toil up the long ascent ; survey each successive field of lava ; listen to the many tales of distress and desolation connected with the eruption of 1794, of 1822, of 1831, of 1850, of 1854 ; and discover that Vesuvius itself, (that is, the conical summit of the mountain from which there issues periodically, “all this harm and loss,”) is still a league or two away.

The old approach to it was submerged by the eruption of 1858. Your route, in consequence, long before you approach the hermitage, is over a field of lava,—the appearance of which is very striking. At a distance, it resembles shovellings of mud cast up in a huge heap. Seen closer, its singular structure and unmistakable origin, become apparent. Now, it is swollen and blistered, like the over-

flowings of a smelting furnace; now ropy and tortuous, it reminds you that it must once have come down steadily and slowly, and cooled in large black flakes which became piled one upon another until they grew into a hill. Leaving this behind you, you wind across a field of lava which fell in 1822. The scene is exceedingly wild and grand; the circuitous track which your sure-footed ponies may most conveniently pursue, being indicated by a thread-like line of white earth, strewed over those sable acres. Along this strange pathway as you move in single file, you have leisure to observe the extraordinary aspect of the lava,—so blistered, so tortuous, so ropy, so rigid! Thus you reach the hermitage, which commands a striking view of La Vedrane, a deep and fertile valley full of chestnut trees, down which the lava of 1859 flowed,—overwhelming everything in its terrible descent. A friend of ours told me that she saw a poor man on that occasion cut down his vines, weeping, to save himself the worse fate of the coming inundation. She described it as looking like the work of Satan, something dark and devilish in its fatal malice, and inevitable mischief. Here and there, indeed, the igneous current spared patches of soil which are still brightly green and beautiful,—little oases in that hopeless waste!

From this point, you are more distinctly among different deposits of lava. Nothing is now to be seen, as far as the eye can reach, but those records of mysterious Providence. More than grand, the scene is positively sublime. What struck me not least was the amount of *beauty* achieved by those contrasted sheets of sombre colour, all so dark, and even blackish, and yet resulting in such immense variety. It was a wondrous picture, truly; although the colours which made it up were, after all, but black, brown, reddish grey, and lead-colour; while here and there a patch of yellow was discernible,—a highly sulphurous portion of lava, I

suppose, suffering deoxidation. The contrast between one portion of this wilderness of scorix and that which next adjoined it, was very remarkable. Moreover, it was the only object to be contemplated; there being not a trace of any living thing within sight,—except that which the traveller himself supplies. The look of our party, a little thread of life and motion, was very picturesque and pleasant. We were already in the region of the lower clouds, and could discern the stream of red-hot lava, which was even then slowly crawling down the mountain-side.

I have already described enough. One more waste plain of solid scorix, and you find yourself at the foot of a conical hill, which, in fact, contains the present crater, and stands in the centre of what was itself a crater once, but which is now an ample range of cliffs, from within the circumference of which, I believe, burst forth the eruption which proved fatal to Pompeii. It is one vast heap of dust and ashes,—not difficult of ascent, but fatiguing, until the secret has been discovered, namely, the absolute necessity of following a vein of solid lava. The summit once reached, the sulphurous gusts of hot air which break from every crevice, and the insecurity of the entire region, (which seems like a crust of sulphur imposed upon a gigantic fiery lake,) are what strike you most. Happy if at last, on reaching the abrupt precipitous top of the crater, you are able to see the bottom of it. The day we were there, (26th May,) a white cloud was drifting up the side of Vesuvius. The instant it reached the jagged precipice of the crater, it became sucked in, and was wreathed into every variety of fantastic shape; but it was finally retained within the circumference of the caldron, which seems to boil with white clouds.

A third sight of exceeding beauty and historical interest, in itself most striking and extraordinary, yet differing essen-

tially from either of the scenes already described, is Pæstum. Vesuvius is a prodigy of Nature, and therefore, of course, stands alone. Pompeii, again, is an ancient city *preserved*. But Pæstum is a far more ancient city, which has been, in a manner, *lost*. It was the only spot which I had the misfortune to visit alone; but this very circumstance has served to print yet more deeply in my memory every image of loneliness and desolation.

The drive to Pæstum is well calculated to prepare the mind for what is to follow. From the romantic La Cava one takes one's carriage; and to Salerno, the drive is all picturesque enough. How exquisite did that beautiful bay look in the early morn! The Cathedral, too, which it was impossible to pass unvisited, delighted me extremely. I allude to it chiefly in order to introduce a remark which is applicable to every similarly situated structure in Italy, namely, that the materials out of which it is constructed are *ancient*, not modern. This is soon said. Indeed, the fact itself is sufficiently obvious; and yet, I question whether all of what I mean, is generally realised. Let me briefly explain.

When the barbarous invaders of Italy laid waste the haunts of ancient Art and Civilization, the temples,—many of the very houses themselves, certainly those of a palatial order,—must have been yet standing. Thither had been collected the spoils of Africa, and of Greece, and of the East,—columns of granite, of porphyry, of lapis lazuli, of oriental elaboration; and these those ruthless invaders must have laid low without compunction. To build their castles and villages, they doubtless employed the hewn stones which the skill of better men had bequeathed them; while the zeal of the more pious sort must have as eagerly appropriated for the adornment of the House of God whatever was of a more costly material. Thus, for

example, I nothing doubt that if the pillared arcades of Sorrento and of Amalfi Cathedral could relate their bygone history, they would all tell of Pæstum and the remote past. It is a rightful doom which has overtaken those pagan structures. As the ancient Jewish Church "took the labours of the heathen in possession," when they entered Canaan, so it will have fared with the Church of the Christian Dispensation. Reasonably enough CHRIST's people have enriched themselves with the spoils of pagan antiquity. But to return.

After the long and weary drive to Pæstum, (*very* weary if you travel alone; and certainly long, for it must be a distance of upwards of twenty-five miles,) the effect of at last coming upon Pæstum is a thing never to be forgotten. Not that the description in the older travellers is any longer correct, namely, that to reach Pæstum you traverse an uncultivated plain of unbounded extent. Almost the whole of the plain alluded to has been, on the contrary, taken into cultivation. Yet, even so, it is impossible to come on those three grand temples in the waste without a pang of wild joy and of unfeigned surprise. On the left are the mountains, the same picturesque chain which has followed you all the way; on the right, the blue streak of the Mediterranean,—a sufficient explanation why *Neptune* was the presiding deity of the vanished city, and why the more considerable of these ruined temples was his. The strangeness consists in this,—that whereas every other object has been so entirely swept away, here are three temples standing,—to this hour, in a manner, unconscious of decay. The largest (which is also the most perfect of the three) in particular delights you. It is of rich yellow travertine stone, and exhibits Doric architecture after a particularly noble type. I observed that the ancient method was to repair the travertine, or rather to remedy the defects of that material, by

careful insertions of a better bit of the same material. How strange, at the end of 2500 years, (I could not help exclaiming to myself,) to be able to trace exactly the construction of an ancient temple, standing alone in a vast plain! The very stones of the floor, every column which surrounds, is to this hour to be seen in its right place. The reason is obvious. Those coarse materials, (however tastefully chiselled in ancient days,) have never tempted the cupidity of any; while their bulk and solidity have been such as to deter local builders from appropriating any part of them for ordinary architectural purposes. And thus, while every richer structure around has been devastated, these three shrines still look as if they were destined to stand untouched for ever.

There is hardly an object in the world which preaches to you more eloquently than the handful of old coins which a peasant brings you in such a locality. Your fancy seems to require little prompting. Yonder is the wall of the city; *there* must have come the gate. *That* lazy ditch was surely once a river; and the coast line must have once been materially closer to the walls than now. While thus you muse, a child brings you a small coin inscribed ΠΟΣ, and stamped with the effigy of old Poseidon. How do the twenty-five hundred years of interval since that coin must have been struck, seem to shrivel to a span!

It was in the clear cold moonlight of the 4th June, that I crossed the Silarus, and made my solitary way back to La Cava. Scarcely is there a spot in Italy which I should more rejoice in revisiting than the ruins of Pæstum. But he who delights in such objects should certainly endeavour to secure a night there. To go and return in one day leaves you no time for investigations of any kind,—especially if you carry your drawing implements with you, and

have an eye for the picturesque peasantry, as well as for the noblest architectural remains which are probably to be seen in the world,—except at Athens. Enough, however, of all this!

Ever most affectionately yours,

Houghton Conquest.

LETTER XXIV.

ORDINARY HISTORY OF ONE WHO FALLS AWAY FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TO THE CHURCH OF ROME.—REVIEW OF THE SEVERAL OBJECTIONS AND DIFFICULTIES COMMONLY URGED BY SUCH PERSONS AGAINST THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—VALIDITY OF HER ORDERS.—HER ANTIQUITY.—THE DOCTRINES SHE HAS REPUDIATED.—TRANSUBSTANTIATION.—INVOCATION OF SAINTS.—PURGATORY.—PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.—ADORATION OF RELICS.—DEVELOPMENT.—THE FAITH OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH NOT INDEFINITE.—UNFAITHFULNESS, UNDUTIFULNESS, AND DOUBT.—MISAPPLICATION OF THE TERM “CONVERSION.”—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NOT “SMALL.”—THE CASE OF THOSE WHO HAVE FORSAKEN HER, CONSIDERED.—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND THE MOTHER OF SAINTS.—BOOKS OF DEVOTION.—CLOSED AND OPEN CHURCHES.—NO LACK OF DEVOUTNESS IN OUR PEOPLE.—ST. GEORGE’S-IN-THE-EAST.—CONDITIONS OF A CHURCH’S EXISTENCE.—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NOT INDIFFERENT TO TRUTH.—HER LITURGY.—MEN OF “MODERATE” VIEWS.

To an unknown Correspondent.

Sir,

You have thought fit to address me on the subject of my faith; and to remonstrate with me on my ‘position,’ (as you are pleased to express it,) as a member of the Church of England. You are evidently one of those persons who have apostatised to Rome. And inasmuch as there are doubtless many to whom you or your friends will have already written in a similar style, my reply shall be made public, for *their* help and advantage. Would to God that the considerations which I am about to offer may convince, if not yourself, at least some of them; or suffice at least to arrest them,—(if they have not already gone too far,)—in their downward course!

That last clause is added advisedly: for the history and method of seceders to Romanism is too often observed to be somewhat as follows. And first, for their *history*.

1. Born perhaps of Dissenting parents,—or, to say the least, educated in what are absurdly called “*Low-Church principles* ;” (those principles being of a kind which, if faithfully carried out, must infallibly conduct their professor to the Meeting-house rather than to the Church ;)—a man of superior instincts speedily discovers the unsatisfying nature of a purely human system. He is struck by the insecurity of his position. The absurdity of Dissent, in an intellectual point of view, offends his reason: its unscriptural character alarms his conscience: the practical immorality in which it so largely results, offends and disgusts him. He is taught the nature, and becomes initiated in the principles of the Church Catholic. The new wine at first gladdens his heart: if he be weak, it well nigh turns his brain. It has been unhappily poured into an “old bottle.” This was inevitable: but is it also inevitable that the bottle shall “burst?” Not so. *That* depends on the *method* which is pursued by this weak vessel.

2. The enthusiast,—(a young person most likely, and not improbably of the gentler sex,)—instead of resorting in the first instance to some thoughtful and learned priest of the Anglican Communion; instead of seeking at his hands instruction and advice, in order that he may understand something of the History and Constitution, as well as acquire some acquaintance with the actual teaching of the Church of England; and in this way build himself up in his own most holy Faith;—the young person of whom I am thinking, begins by assuming that he shall never find in the Church of his Fathers the peculiar nutriment which he fancies that he requires. This, he also assumes, that he *shall* find in the Church of Rome. He seems to argue in

the following way:—It was Catholic teaching which he considered in the first instance; and Rome claims to be '*The Catholic Church*.' Moreover, (as if it were actually the case that the terms '*Romanist*' and '*Catholic*' are simply convertible,) that appellation is popularly conceded to her. He observes further that certain persons calling themselves "*High Churchmen*," delight in the externals of public worship; which externals *Rome* enjoys in the most profuse abundance. Certain Doctrines which he approves, and which the same persons have to maintain against popular opposition, are also observed to be by the Church of Rome taken for granted. A little coterie of persons professing thoroughly "*Catholic principles*" is now probably joined; and nowhere in the kingdom could a sect of Dissenters be found, more wedded to the tenet that outside their own peculiar chapel, —*nulla salus*. The narrowest party views are espoused. To overhear the conversation of this clique, you would imagine that a nosegay, or lighted candles, or a Gregorian chant,—(the most primitive thing in the world, all on one note!)—must certainly be in their estimation the *articuli stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ*. Some vile piece of foppery in dress, they think worthy of approval and imitation. Opposition to the teaching of the Prayer-Book, offence given to weak brethren, and disregard shown to the counsel of their Bishop, they call "*contending for a principle*." I forbear to inquire into the furniture of their private chamber; or to scan too curiously the decorations of their persons.

The rest of the story is soon told. No more pains have been taken to ascertain *the truth* about Romanism, than to understand how the case stands with their own Church. Whereas, therefore, at first, *adaptations* of Romish works of Devotion were resorted to, *now* there is a demand for the raw material. Romish manuals are at last habitually em-

ployed; and acquaintance is freely formed with those who have already lapsed to Romanism. Doubts the most preposterous are now unblushingly instilled: slanders the most gross are insinuated: misrepresentations the most discreditable are bandied from lip to lip, without rebuke or contradiction. Let there be but an ardent temperament and a lively fancy, and the conclusion of the work goes on at railroad speed. Some trifle haunts the memory: some specious saying rankles in the heart: there was an anonymous article in some third-rate Romish Review which upset the judgment: an assurance that one's "Conversion" is daily prayed for, keeps on recurring like the cadence of some half-forgotten song. The influence of a stronger mind at this stage of the business is seldom wanting . . . Now, what I wish you to observe is, that when things have come to this pass,—(not before!)—the faithless one is commonly found to bethink himself of the fact that he has been for months steadily advancing in a fatal direction; that he has now reached the very edge of the precipice; that his footing is unsteady, and that only a breath is wanted to carry him over headlong. It is *now* that he is commonly observed to make his first appeal to a priest of the Communion which he has already forsaken in heart; and which he is conscious that he shall soon forsake entirely. Looking back, while already on the road to Oscott, he remarks,—“If you have anything to say, I am perfectly ready to hear it; and have no objection to read anything you particularly desire me to read. So please to say on.” . . . Such persons have been even known to take the irrevocable step before your answer has had time to reach them! But even if there is no precipitancy, and if at this stage of the business letters are exchanged to *any* extent,—*who* so blind and unpractical as not to see at a glance how unavailing all must be? A rambling controversy, conducted on false premisses on the side of the

apostatizing spirit; and too often a weak discussion of points which do not affect the life of the question at all; concluded by a shameful act of secession to Romanism at the end of a few weeks;—such is too often, in outline, the miserable result of this form of error!

3. I have designedly entered into these particulars, and set them like a beacon in the very forefront of what I am about to say. Quite absurd is it to place an Anglican Priest in the position just described, and then to expect that his words can avail. The conscience has been too long tampered with. The poison has been too perseveringly imbibed. The antidote comes too late. A habit has been acquired which cannot be undone by a single act. No words on earth are sufficiently powerful now to break the unholy spell. . . . The supposed appeal should have been made at the outset, when the early awakening came: not at the very close of the business, when it only remains for the deluded one to set his seal to the fatal contract.

I shall yet, for the sake of others, consider your strange appeal patiently and in detail. *Arguments*, as you must be aware, you have advanced *none*. But you make a number of assertions, and you hint at a variety of considerations, which seem to be (in your judgment) a sufficient warrant why I should forsake the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic, and seek “admission” into the Romish Communion. In my next letter, something shall be said on the other side: and in my last, I will endeavour to shew you that if all your assertions were true, and if every consideration which you urge were well founded, it would still not follow by any means that Romanism must be my resource: for it shall be explained that all such points as the following,—with one single exception,—are absolutely irrelevant; and do not touch the life of the question in the least.

4. *That* solitary exception, I proceed to consider and

dispose of at once: for though you introduce the remark only in passing,—(“The very validity of the Orders of the English Church *has been doubted*,”)—I cannot permit you to suppose that a charge of this nature is like the rest of those you adduce. If our Orders are invalid, then are we indeed in a piteous case; for then are we not, properly speaking, a Church *at all*. I know nothing of a Church which has not a threefold order of Ministry. I hold no Ordination to be valid which a Bishop has not bestowed; and I cannot admit that any one is a true Bishop, whose commission and authority have not been derived to him in unbroken line from the Apostles of JESUS CHRIST Himself.

That the preachers at Rome are accustomed to class us with “the Chinese;” and to represent our Church as a schism,—our Religion as a very Babel of confusion,—ourselves as a mere nation of sectarians;—I am well aware. The Archbishop of Ferrara, last January, put forth a *Notificazione Ecclesiastica*, in which the following passage occurs:—“Da chi hanno essi la loro missione? poichè l'uomo non é obbligato in materia di Fede a credere se non a chi ha prove d'essere mandato da Dio, somma Verità, o da Chi ne tiene cospicuamente e incontrastabilmente le veci in terra.—Domandate loro quale mai, e per qual ragione, fra tante loro sette diramantisi all' infinito, meriti la preferenza d'essere ascoltata; se a mo' d'esempio la *Chiesa alta* o la *bassa*, oppur la *larga*; se il dono dell' infallibilità l'abbiano i *Puseisti*, o gli *Evangelici*, o i *Pietisti*, o gli *Ernuti*, o i *Metodisti*, o i *Quaqueri* Chiedete se almeno in qualche verità si sono ancor convenuti fra loro; poichè, non ha molto, fra 24,000 ministri anglicani non se ne trovarono due che battessero a segno in fatto di dogmatiche dottrine, sicchè, a detta di un Protestante basterebbe l'unghia del pollice per iscrivervi sopra tutte le dottrine in cui vanno essi d'accordo; e come diceva un altro, a forza di

riformare e protestare, il Protestantismo si è ridotto ad una serie di zeri."^a This kind of statement is doubtless very convenient, where none are present to contradict; and may serve to blind the people of Italy to the truth concerning the Church of England,—Heaven only knows for how many years longer. Even in France, strange to relate, the same gross misconception of our position and practices, popularly prevails. But such mistakes,—(I have no grounds for calling them wilful misrepresentations,)—cannot prevail for ever. Nor, (what is more to the purpose,) do they impress one with much respect for the controversial ability of those who put them forth. You and I, at all events, know better. That sad confusion of opinion prevails among certain members of the Church of England, is true enough: but I question whether things are not *worse* in Italy and in France. That false brethren have been among us, the recent secessions from our Communion prove plainly; and that brethren quite as false (but not nearly so conscientious) remain behind, a volume recently published, entitled "Essays and Reviews," abundantly proves. But, for all that, we are not by any means so divided, practically, as the Archbishop of Ferrara supposes; while *in theory*, we of the English Church certainly all "walk by the same rule;" and "mind the same thing." Our ancient Breviary and Missal (after the Sarum use) reformed and made "the use of the united Church of England and Ireland,"^b—is our own immemorial possession; is in the hands of us all; and constrains every one of us to speak the language of early Christendom to the present hour. Can as much be said for the congregations of Italy, France, and Spain? It is notorious that no single doctrinal tenet which can be truly called *Catholic*, is unrecognised in our author-

^a *Giornale di Roma*, 3 or 5 Jan., 1861.

^b Title-page of the *Book of Common Prayer*.

ised Books. What need to remark that "Methodists," "Quakers," and the like, are *external* to our Church, and too often its open enemies? "High Church,"—"Low Church,"—"Broad Church,"—are names colloquially employed among ourselves, to denote persons whose private tastes and prejudices incline them to take widely diverse views on all questions connected with Faith and Practice, as maintained by the Church of England; but to the authoritative teaching of that Church they nevertheless are pledged *ex animo* to conform: and we, *as a Church*, ignore their very existence. Distinctive tenets in fact these schools have *none*. As for the gift of "Infallibility," it certainly resides neither with Puseyites nor with Freethinkers; neither with so-called Evangelicals, nor with Papists.—But to return.

So long as the following words stand in the Preface to the Ordinal of the Church of England, it must be admitted that her *Theory* is Apostolic:—"It is evident unto all men diligently reading Holy Scriptures and ancient Authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in CHRIST'S Church,—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. Which offices . . . no man might presume to execute, . . . except he were . . . admitted thereunto by lawful authority. Therefore . . . no man shall be accounted . . . a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon in the Church of England, or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be . . . admitted thereunto, according to the Form, hereafter following; or hath had formerly Episcopal Consecration, or Ordination."

And if the theory be Apostolic, how about the *Practice* of the English Church? "The validity of her Orders," (you say,) "*has been doubted.*" Are you not ashamed of thus reproducing "the Nag's Head fable"? which has been again and again proved to be an absurd forgery, and

impudent calumny; ^a while, even by Romanists themselves the validity of English Orders has been elaborately maintained.^b I will not condescend to go further into this question with you, unless you will venture to give me a distinct challenge, and instead of saying that our Orders "*have been* doubted,"—(as *what* Truth has *not* been doubted, in this lower world?)—will deliberately inform me that *you*, after due inquiry, are yourself in doubt on the subject. . . . And now, to proceed a step. But not until I have modestly asked you the following question, which I shall thank you categorically to resolve.

The Church of Rome, as you are well aware, holds the Priest's *Intention* to be *essential to the validity of a Sacrament*.^c Now, since this can *never* be infallibly ascertained,—(indeed, for the most part, no security is either sought or given on the subject,)—what possible ground have you for your confident assumption that your Ordinations are valid, in *any* given instance? Where, *according to your own theory*, is your security for the validity of *any* sacramental act, except those performed by yourself individually? ^d

^a See especially, *The Story of the Ordination of our first Bishops in Queen Elizabeth's reign at the Nag's Head Tavern in Cheapside, thoroughly examined; and proved to be a late-invented, inconsistent, self-contradicting, and absurd Fable.* By Thomas Browne, B.D., 8vo. 1731, pp. 495.

^b Especially by Le P. F. le Courayer. The English reader will do well to consult the excellent Oxford Translation which appeared in 1844:—*A Dissertation on the Validity of the Ordinations of the English, and of the Succession of the Bishops of the Anglican Church, &c.*, pp. 500.

^c Concil. Trid. Sess. vii. Can. xi.

^d The Canon was opposed at the Council of Trent, on these very grounds, by one of the Bishops then present,—Catharinus, Bishop of Minosi.—Scudamore (*Letters to a Seceder*, p. 120,) quoting Sarpi's Hist. ii. p. 191, ed. 1620.

5. You are requested therefore to observe, in the next place, that I cannot allow you, even inadvertently and casually, to hint that the English Church is "*only three hundred years old.*" This is so entirely false a charge, so utterly irrational a statement,—(contradicted as it is by the unequivocal evidence of History,)—that I must insist upon its absolute withdrawal; before I condescend to argue with you for another instant.

That the Church which we founded in America, is of recent growth, is true. Yet more recent is the Church in India, in Australia, in New Zealand, at the Cape: while Central Africa is even now in process of foundation. But you ought to be aware that none of these Churches are any the worse on that account. Britain seems to have received the Gospel soon after Rome, as Rome seems to have received the Gospel soon after Jerusalem,—which is the Mother of all the Churches: but neither Rome nor England are any the worse for *that*. And the Gospel doubtless came to us, in the first instance, (as it came to Gaul,) *from Asia Minor*.

Granting however that the flame had well nigh died out when Augustine the monk visited our shores in the sixth century, and brought hither the Gallican, (not the Roman,) succession; even so, the difference will be but this,—that Rome, (in consequence of her geographical position,) was blest with its *actual* succession a few centuries before ourselves.

Then, in the church so founded, you ought to know that there was *no break* at the period of the Reformation. The Church of England did but *reform herself*. Romanists really are sometimes heard to speak of the Reformation as if "*the Protestants*" were a distinct race, who came in and drove out "*the Romanists*,"—who fled, (I suppose,) to Rome! But *you* at least ought to know better I

have heard Romanists sometimes say,—“*We built your churches.*” I should like to force them to explain what they intend to imply. They cannot mean that Rome supplied *the funds* out of which our churches were built: for the reverse is notoriously the case,—namely, that for a few hundred years before the Reformation, England was drained of a great deal of money with which *Italian* churches were erected! It cannot be pretended that the Ritual now used in the Romish Church, was before the Reformation used in the English Church; which Old English Ritual was, at the time of the Reformation, by the English Church abandoned; for the diametrical reverse is notoriously the fact. First, it is demonstrable that the ancient and the modern English Use is one and the same; and next, that our ante-Reformation Use was so widely discrepant from the Roman, that, (in the language of the most learned of modern Ritualists,)—“it may safely be affirmed that no Roman or continental priest can possibly, for many ages before the Reformation, have officiated at an English altar.”^a

What can be meant then? The same men who before *held* certain modern Romish errors, at last *shook themselves free* from those errors. The Church reformed herself. She began no new existence. She called in the aid of no fresh agents. She experienced no change in her succession. She remained what she was before,—*with the single exception of her errors.* Let the prosperous estate of England ever since be accepted as some proof that no wrath from Heaven descended upon her for what she then did! That her vitality was not impaired thereby, let her daughter-churches all over the world attest! . . . You are therefore requested to observe that you are not allowed for an instant to assert that the English Church is only *three hundred years* old. . . . And now, to proceed.

^a Freeman, *Principles of Divine Service*, Part ii. p. 84.

6. In your very first remark, you beg *the whole* question; for (1st), you assume that the teaching of the Church of Rome is *identical with* the teaching of the first three or four centuries: and (2ndly), you assert that the Church of England has *rejected* the doctrines of those early centuries. On the first of these two assumptions, you proceed to build up a considerable fabric of self-glorification: on the second, you build up a mountain of abuse, and insist that all Englishmen ought to do as you have done,—namely forsake the Church of England and join the Church of Rome.

But permit me to remind you that this is to proceed a great deal too fast. Be assured that you will find it utterly impossible to make out either position. The contradictory of the first, I propose to establish by-and-by. You shall be convinced that the Church of Rome not only does not hold the faith of the earliest age, but *does not even profess to do so*. And yet, the main thing which you have to remember is, that until you have proved that the Church of England has rejected the faith of the primitive Church, you have shown no reason whatever why I should forsake her communion. It is *conceivable*, surely, that *two* branches of the Catholic Church may hold “the Catholic Faith,” and profess “the Catholic Religion;”^a and therefore be alike entitled to retain the undivided attachment of their respective children! Now,—*In which single particular* will you pretend to tell me that the Church of England has departed from the faith of the first three centuries?

You open your indictment by informing me that “the Faith of the primitive Church is well known. We have Liturgies as far back as the times of the Apostles; St. Paul himself having quoted,” (as you say,) “from the Liturgy of St. James. And it is proved beyond a shadow of doubt by

^a Athanasian Creed.

these ancient Liturgies, as well as by letters of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, and by the Inscriptions in the Catacombs, that, in the first two centuries, Christians believed, (besides the Doctrine of the Real Presence, which is a *matter of course*,) in Transubstantiation, the Invocation of the B. Virgin and of Saints, Purgatory, Prayers for the Dead, and a reverence for Relics. What then," (you ask,) "are the 'corruptions' of which the Church of England speaks, if these doctrines were held in the first two centuries,—which she deems so pure? And how can you rejoice in belonging to a Church which confessedly rejects these doctrines?"—This is your charge.

I answer:—"The faith of the primitive Church" is indeed "well known:" but if you have been taught that (A) Liturgies of the Apostolic age,—(B) Letters of the Ante-Nicene Fathers,—and (C) Inscriptions in the Catacombs,—prove that the primitive Church held (a) Transubstantiation, (b) The Invocation of the B. Virgin, and of Saints, (c) the *Romish doctrine* of Purgatory, (d) Prayers for the Dead *as practised by the modern Church of Rome*, and (e) *Adoration* of Relics,—you have been grossly deceived, and are utterly mistaken. For in the first place,—

(A) You have to learn that there exists *no* Liturgy of the date you imagine: (I heartily wish there did:) while your notion that St. Paul quotes from the (so-called) Liturgy of St. James, is just one of those extraordinary blunders which, in the judgment of any learned person, would suffice to put you at once and for ever out of court. It shows that you are not competent even to have an opinion on the subject on which you write with such confidence: for you ought to know that the absurdity of such a notion is gross and patent. Take the truth however in the words of a learned ritualist of your own adopted communion,—Zaccaria. He

is speaking of this very Liturgy. "I cheerfully admit that the Liturgies which pass under the names of the Apostles, *are of much more recent date and are not authentic.*"^a The most ancient of all, is the (so-called) "Liturgy of Clement;" which Bona conjecturally assigns to the 2nd or 3rd Century. But, (as a plain matter of fact,) *no Liturgy seems to have been put into writing* before the latter end of the fourth century: and the Liturgy of St. James, (of which we are speaking,) contains unequivocal interpolations which may be referred to a period subsequent to the *fifth* century.^b The appellation it bears, in the opinion of a competent judge,^c is later than A.D. 380 You are convicted therefore of dogmatising on a subject which you do not understand. What is certain, without at all denying the *essential* antiquity of the primitive Liturgies, (with which our own English Liturgy entirely agrees,) I insist on your observing that the primitive Liturgies cannot be adduced as primitive (much less as *Apostolic*) evidence in support of *any* doctrines concerning which the Churches of Rome and of England are at variance.

(B) You ought to produce your *authorities* from the "Letters of the Ante-Nicene Fathers,"—not simply refer to them as if they were a known series. What letters do you allude to? Do you fancy that Cyprian, for example, held any of these errors?

(C) As for the testimony of the Catacombs, you will find it sufficiently considered from p. 223 to 258.—And now, having said all I *can* say about your supposed authorities, I

^a Quoted by Maskell, *Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England*, &c., p. xxxvi.

^b See Brett's *Dissertation* (§ 32) at the end of his *Collection of the principal Liturgies*, &c. 1720, and since reprinted. The learned reader will have recourse to the volumes of Renaudot.

^c Palmer's *Origines*, i. p. 44.

proceed to tell you something about the history of those tenets for which you are so anxious to claim not only primitive Antiquity, but even Apostolic sanction: it being perfectly clear to me that you know next to nothing about them at all.

(a) TRANSUBSTANTIATION, (as I hope you are aware,) denotes "*the change of the substance of bread and wine,*"* and no other thing. You are requested not to mix up this question with quite a distinct one,—viz. "The Doctrine of the Real Presence." Also, you are requested not to insinuate that "the doctrine of the Real Presence" is anywhere repudiated by the Church of England. To *the phrase* indeed, she lends no sanction. And why? Because she fears lest she should thereby mislead her children. But that she holds the Real Presence of CHRIST in the Holy Eucharist is sufficiently proved by her teaching that "the Body and Blood are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful, in the LORD'S Supper:" for how can anything be "*verily and indeed taken and received,*" which is not *verily and indeed* (i. e. *really*) *present*? It is only concerning *the mode of her LORD'S Sacramental presence*, that the Church of England is severely silent; because the mode of it *hath nowhere been revealed, and has never been decided*. In the meantime, concerning "Transubstantiation," she declares boldly that it "cannot be proved by Holy Writ; is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture; overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament; and hath given occasion to many superstitions."^b

Not to be tedious then, I invite your particular attention to the following words of Gelasius, who was Bishop of Rome, A.D. 492—496. That learned man was engaged in controversy with the Eutychians. Now the heresy of Eutyches consisted in *this*,—that he assumed a conversion of the

* Art. xxviii.

^b *Ibid.*

Human Nature into the Divine. He taught that the Humanity in the One Person of CHRIST was absorbed and wholly turned into the Divinity; so transubstantiated, in short, that the Human Nature existed there no longer. The ancient Fathers who opposed this heresy made use of the sacramental union between the Bread and Wine, and the Body and Blood of CHRIST, in order to illustrate the Catholic Doctrine. They thereby showed that the Human Nature of CHRIST was no more really converted into the Divinity, and so ceased to be the Human Nature, than the substance of the Bread and Wine is really converted into the substance of the Body and Blood, and thereby ceases to be both Bread and Wine. A more unequivocal proof that the Church in those days understood no such doctrine as that of Transubstantiation, can scarcely be imagined.* I invite your attention to the emphatic language of one of those Fathers whom you must allow to be a most unexceptionable witness. Gelasius says,—“The Sacrament of CHRIST’s Body and Blood, which we take, is doubtless a Divine thing, whereby we are made partakers of the Divine Nature: and yet *it ceases not to be the substance, or to have the nature, of Bread and Wine.* Doubtless also the image and likeness of CHRIST’s Body and Blood are celebrated in the celebration of those mysteries. To ourselves, therefore, it seems to be with sufficient clearness demonstrated that the self-same thing is to be thought of CHRIST our LORD, which in His image we profess [to exist, and believe that we] celebrate, and take,

* Bishop Pearson remarks,—“There can be no time in which we may observe the doctrine of the ancients so clearly, as when they write professedly against an heresy evidently known, and make use generally of the same arguments against it. Now what the heresy of Eutyches was, is certainly known, and the nature of the Sacrament was generally made use of as an argument to confute it.”—Art. iii. p. 162, *note*.

namely,—that as, by the operation of the HOLY SPIRIT, they become this Divine substance, *and yet remain in their own proper nature*,—so do they demonstrate that that other crowning mystery, whose virtue and efficacy they faithfully exhibit, remains one CHRIST, because very and entire; while yet the parts whereof He doth consist, abide in the propriety of their own nature.”^a In other words,—“One, not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, [*nor of the flesh into the Godhead*,] but by taking of the Manhood into God.”

You perceive the conclusiveness of this quotation, of course, at once. Well may the modern Roman Catholic editors write *cautè* against the place.^b It proves what was the doctrine of the Church of Rome, as declared by the Bishop of Rome, *at the end of the fifth century*:—a sufficient refutation of your notion that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is as old as the Liturgy of St. James.

It may be new to you to hear that Chrysostom had said precisely the same thing as Gelasius. He was arguing against

^a “Certe Sacramenta quæ sumimus corporis et sanguinis CHRISTI Divina res est, propter quod et per eadem Divinæ effimur consortes naturæ: et tamen esse non desinit substantia vel natura panis et vini. Et certe imago et similitudo corporis et sanguinis Christi in actione mysteriorum celebrantur. Satis ergo nobis evidenter ostenditur, hoc nobis de ipso CHRISTO DOMINO sentiendum, quod in ejus imagine profitemur, celebramus, et sumimus; ut sicut in hanc, scilicet, in Divinam, transeant, SANCTO SPIRITU perficiente, substantiam, permanentes tamen in suæ proprietate naturæ; sic illud ipsum mysterium principale, cujus nobis efficientiam virtutemque veraciter representant, ex quibus constat proprie permanentibus, unum CHRISTUM, quia integrum verumque, permanere demonstrant.”—This fragment of Gelasius may be seen in Pearson. It has also been elaborately edited by the late venerable President of Magdalen, in his *Reliquiæ*.

^b See the quotation in Pearson *On the Creed*,—with that learned prelate's remarks upon it.

the Apollinarians, whose heresy was cognate to that of the Eutychians. He says:—"As the bread before it is sanctified is called *bread*, but after Divine grace has sanctified it by the mediation of the priest, it is called bread no longer, but is accounted worthy to be called the Body of the LORD, *though the nature of bread remain in it*," &c., &c. Theodoret (A.D. 450) uses the same illustration in a well-known passage against the Eutychian heresy. To be brief, Tertullian, (A.D. 200,) Gregory, Bishop of Nyssa (A.D. 370), Augustine, Ephraem Bishop of Antioch, (A.D. 540,) Falcundus (A.D. 550,) Isidore Bishop of Seville, (A.D. 630,)—together with many others, are all witnesses to the Catholic doctrine. You may see the places at length in Bingham;^a but in fact they have been a hundred times repeated. The term Transubstantiation was unknown in the Church for upwards of a thousand years; and the doctrine was not established until A.D. 1215. And so much for your first instance.

(b) Your notion that the INVOCATION OF SAINTS, and of the Blessed Virgin, is a primitive practice, again shows your ignorance of antiquity. For not only was the worship even of Angels forbidden by the 35th Canon of the Council of Laodicea, but the early Fathers expressly discourage all prayers to Saints. All this has been shown a hundred times. "Look into the more ancient Liturgies," (says Bp. Bull,) "as particularly that described in the 'Ecclesiastical Hierarchy,' and the Clementine Liturgy, contained in the book entitled the 'Apostolical Constitutions;' and you will not find in them one prayer of any sort to Angels or Saints; no, not so much as an oblique prayer, (as they term it,) *i. e.* a prayer directed to God that He would hear the intercession of Angels and Saints for us." ^b

^a *Origines*, Book xv. ch. v.

^b *Works*, vol. ii. pp. 26-56.

You will find in Bingham's 'Antiquities,'* a sufficient proof made out,—(it can be but a negative proof, but it is complete,)—that no such worship as is now paid by the Romish Church to Saints was known in the early ages of Christianity. True enough it is that in the fifth century, we meet with a passage, perhaps with more than one, which seems to show that the exclamation, "Holy such-an-one help me!"—casually uttered, is not, in the judgment of the writer, to be reprobated. Several places of a rhetorical or of a poetical kind are also easily discoverable, which a lively imagination might torture into the 'Invocation of Saints.' But none of these places are capable of being pressed seriously into the argument. I refer you to what I have already offered on this subject, at pp. 237-41. You are requested to observe that a casual apostrophe to a departed human being, — (call it an 'Invocation' if you please,)—is a vastly different thing from those *direct prayers, for favours which GOD alone can bestow*, which the modern Church of Rome systematically offers to *Saints*. For the sake of brevity, I beg to refer you on this entire subject to Palmer's 5th Letter to Wiseman. You are requested to read from p. 51 to p. 75. In the meantime you are to observe that the burthen of proof rests entirely with yourself; and that it is not such an invocation as was above alluded to that you have to produce, but a fair specimen of *such* invocations as by the Church of Rome are addressed to the Saints at the present day. I pass on, with the remark that a greater contrast cannot be imagined, than the ancient language of the Church respecting the Blessed Virgin, and the language of the Modern Church of Rome on the same subject.

(c) and (d) I must take your next two heads together, for a reason which will speedily appear. That the early

* B. xiii. cl. iii. §§ 1, 2, 3.

Church used Prayers for the Dead is quite certain. Equally certain is it that Prayers for the Dead *as practised by the modern Church of Rome* are a corrupt innovation,—altogether unknown to the purer ages of Christianity,^a and pregnant with nothing but mischief.

For what is the Romish theory of prayers for the dead, as at present practised? It is inseparably mixed up with the received and approved doctrine that *Purgatorial fire* awaits the souls of the just after death. Purgatory is feigned to be a place and state of misery and torment, whereunto faithful souls go presently after death; and there remain until they are thoroughly purged from their dross, or delivered thence by Masses, Indulgences, &c. These pains “are supposed to be inflicted in order to satisfy the *justice* of God for the temporal punishment still remaining due for remitted mortal sin, or for venial sin still remaining.”^b For, (as the Council of Trent decrees,) “*temporal punishment remains, for the most part, to be discharged, after eternal punishment has been removed.*”^c In short, it is held that God consigns the just, on their exit from this world, for an indefinite period, to the torture of Hell-fire; and the Romish Theologians teach that the punishment of Purgatory “*is the very same as that of Hell*; its eternity only being removed.”^d Now this doctrine of *temporal punishment* is the very foundation, the key-stone of the whole Romish system, as it comes to view in respect of Satisfaction, Purgatory, Indulgences, Masses, and Prayers for the Dead. To keep now to the last-named point.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD, according to the modern Romish theory, have it for their special object *to deliver souls out*

^a See Bingham on this subject,—B. xv. ch. iii. §§ 16, 17.

^b Palmer's VIth *Letter to Wiseman*.

^c Concil. Trident. Sess. xiv.

^d See the authorities in Palmer, as above, p. 22.

of the pains of purgatory. But PURGATORY itself has been shown a hundred times to be a fiction,—without foundation in Scripture, Reason, or Primitive Tradition:^a repudiated by the Greek Church,—spoken of with hesitation by not a few of the writers of your adopted Communion,—maintained, I fear, for nothing so much as for mercenary motives. Disconnect the doctrine of Purgatory from the doctrine of Prayers for the Dead;—I mean, suppose only that this corrupt fable had never sprung up to teach the Church of England the practical danger of encouraging her children to pray for the departed;—and it may reasonably be suspected that she would have retained in her public services some more distinct recognition of this primitive practice than is actually to be found in any of them, at the present day.

And yet, I request you to observe that a Christian of the primitive Age would have been quite content with our existing practice. A few expressions in the prayers which are found in our Burial Service, and that general commemoration of all the faithful departed which we employ at the oblation of the Holy Eucharist,—(‘Finally we bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear,’)—are conceived in the true spirit of the early Church. We include in the last-mentioned eucharistic prayer, without naming her, the Blessed Virgin Mary,—*whom the primitive Church expressly named* in the corresponding part of their service. The old Roman Missals adopted this Catholic practice of praying for all Saints,—Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Evangelists, Martyrs, Confessors, Bishops, being of course therein included. But the Church of Rome adopts very different language at the present day. In a word, the Romish fable of Purgatory has given to Prayers for the Dead, as practised by the Church of Rome, quite a

^a See Stillingfleet's *Rational Account*, &c., p. iii. ch. vi.—Also Bp. Bull; Sermon iii. p. 72.

new character and complexion: and you are requested to observe that *not one* of the Patristic places you commonly see quoted in support of the Doctrine of Purgatory will sustain any part of the burthen you purpose to build upon it.

It would be easy to multiply authorities, and to draw out in detail proofs of the modernness of the practices under review. But this is not my present object. I have said enough to show you that Purgatory is the reverse of a Catholic Doctrine, and that such Prayers for the dead as Rome employs are a modern and a corrupt practice.

(e) THE ADORATION *of Relics* you will be pleased to remember is what *I* call a *modern*,—*you*, a *primitive* practice. You would appeal, I dare say, if hard pressed, to the many indications extant of *honour* paid to relics from the earliest period of the Christian Church. But *honour* is not *adoration*. We ‘honour’ *Men*: we ‘adore’ only God! You, on the contrary, pay “*Latria*,” or Divine Worship, to RELICS.

That such Adoration *is* authorised and approved in the Romish Communion, you will find demonstrated in Palmer’s 8th letter to Wiseman: and that it was unknown in the primitive Church, you will find established by Bingham in the last chapter of the last Book of his great work. It has been shown, (he says,) “that there was no religious worship given to the Relics of Saints and Martyrs for several of the first ages in the Church.” Mabillon owns that there were no Relics set upon altars even to the 10th century.

Permit me to invite your attention to a gallant challenge which was given by an English Bishop just 300 years since, but which to the end of time will not be accepted. Bishop Jewel thus spoke and wrote in 1560:—“If any learned man of all our adversaries, or if all the learned men that be alive, be able to bring any one sufficient sentence out of

any old Catholic Doctor, or Father, or out of any old general Council, or out of the Holy Scriptures of God, or any one example of the primitive Church, whereby it may be clearly and plainly proved (1) that there was any private mass in the whole world at that time, for the space of six hundred years after CHRIST; or (2) that there was then any communion ministered unto the people under one kind; or (3) that the people had their Common Prayers then in a strange tongue that they understood not; or (4) that the Bishop of Rome was then called an 'Universal Bishop,' or the 'Head of the Universal Church;' or (5) that the people was then taught to believe that CHRIST's Body is really, substantially, corporally, carnally, or naturally, in the Sacrament; or (6) that His Body is, or may be, in a thousand places or more, at one time; or (7) that the priest did then hold up the Sacrament over his head; or (8) that the people did then fall down and worship it with godly honour; or (9) that the Sacrament was then, or now ought to be, hanged up under a canopy; or (10) that in the Sacrament, after the words of Consecration, there remaineth only the accidents and shows, without the substance of bread and wine; or (11) that the Priest then divided the Sacrament in three parts, and afterwards received himself all alone; or (12) that whosoever had said the Sacrament is a figure, a pledge, a token, or a remembrance of Christ's body, had therefore been judged for an heretic; or (13) that it was lawful then to have thirty, twenty, fifteen, ten, or five masses said in one Church, in one day; or (14) that Images were then set up in the Churches to the intent the people might worship them; or (15) that the lay-people was then forbidden to read the Word of God in their own tongue.—If any man alive were able to prove any of these articles by any one clear or plain clause or sentence, either of the Scriptures, or of the old Doctors, or of any old General Council, or by any example

of the Primitive Church, *I promise them that I would give over and subscribe unto him.*"^a

I have now said enough to prove that you are utterly mistaken in supposing that the several doctrines you enumerate are sanctioned by the testimony of the first two or three centuries of the Church. You have been shown that the very reverse is the case; viz., that the evidence of the earliest ages entirely condemns those doctrines.—Give me leave to remind you however of a circumstance which you clearly lose sight of: namely that if the Doctrines in question were ever so true, it would not by any means follow that I must therefore become a Romanist. In order to convince me of the necessity of *that*, you will have further to convince me that a belief in those Doctrines is generally *necessary to Salvation*. Now pray mark how the case stands between us. While *you* cannot even pretend to assert this, *I* do most unhesitatingly assert, (with Bishop Bull,) that it positively *endangers* a man's Salvation that he should hold some of the doctrines you advocate.^b The case therefore between you and me, is somewhat peculiar.

7. You propose next to lead me a dance into the Doctrine of "Development:" but excuse me for telling you plainly that you have not the necessary powers for a prolonged discussion of this nature; which moreover, (as it ought to be plain to you,) is very little *ad rem*, after we have seen that your appeal to Antiquity has broken down. "Development" is a theory which has been invented by the apologists of modern Romanism in order to *account for* the actual corruption of Doctrine in the Romish Church; but it is attended with certain fatal inconveniences, as I can easily show you:

^a Sermon at Paul's Cross, 1560, *Works* (Parker Soc.), i. p. 20.

^b See Bp. Bull's Discourse on the *Corruptions of the Church of Rome*, sect. i. *ad. init.* *Works*, ii. p. 239.

while the argumentative worth of the theory of Development is absolutely nothing at all. Let me explain.

True enough it is that, *in a certain sense*, "there have been Developments in Religion." The "Te Deum" of the Western Church is, I believe, the beautiful development (expansion I should rather have called it) of a short Eastern Hymn; the germ of which is contained in the "Trisagion," or cry of the Seraphim,—as recorded by the prophet Isaiah, ch. vi. The Hymn of the Blessed Virgin may be regarded as a development of the song of Hannah: and the germ of both, I have always been taught to discern in the short hymn of Sarah, set down in Gen. xxi. 6. Our Litany, in like sort, may be regarded as a lawful development, (*expansion* I must again prefer to call it,) of the three-fold invocation which ritualists call, "the lesser Litany." * Somewhat thus, many parts of our Church service may be accounted for. A code of Laws is conceivable which might be regarded as the development of the Divine command,—*"Love thy neighbour as thyself."* Nay, if I understand the words of CHRIST rightly, "the Law and the Prophets" are, in a certain sense, a development of Deut. vi. 5 and Levit. xix. 18. But then it requires little wit to see that to account in this manner for the doctrine of Purgatory, for example, or for the Worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary,—is to beg the entire question. He who so argues forgets that Development may be *lawful*, or it may be *unlawful*; and that the name for an unlawful Development in respect of Doctrine, is *a corruption*. Thus the *Adoration of Relics* as practised in the Church of Rome, I hold to be a manifold abuse of a sentiment in itself not only faultless but commendable. In the Martyrdom of Polycarp, as related by the Church of Smyrna, is read as follows:—"We afterwards gathered up

* "LORD have mercy upon us, CHRIST," &c.

his bones, more valuable than gold and precious stones, and deposited them in a fitting place."* Turn from this expression of natural piety, and survey the picture sketched by myself from p. 48 to p. 56. You may call this "Development" if you please. All persons of unsophisticated understanding will hold it to be a *corruption, depravation, or abuse*.

Development again may be perfectly *lawful*: but it may be the development of some doctrine or practice which is in itself erroneous. Thus the doctrine of the *Immaculate Conception* of the Blessed Virgin seems to be a perfectly lawful development of the *Adoration* paid to the Blessed Virgin. *Indulgences* and *Pardons* are, (for aught I see to the contrary,) perfectly legitimate developments; but then they are developed from the *Romish doctrine of Purgatory*,—which is confessedly a fable.

For, (to take Analogy still for our guide; it being quite unreasonable that we should forsake Analogy when it begins to make against us:)—What is the teaching of "moral, intellectual, political, and social" life? (I accept your challenge and quote your own words. In "*vegetable* life," the exquisite phenomenon of orderly growth and increase seems to make for *you*: "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."^b But what, I ask, are the phenomena of *moral, intellectual, political, social* existence?) In the first and second, does your conscience tell you nothing which it is inconvenient just now to remember? Has not the full "development" of early faults of character caused you many a time to cry out "O miserable man that I am"? Have you never heard of corrupt institutions in the State; or have you never been the unwilling witness of a disordered civil and social fabric? Where have you lived,

* § xviii.

^b St. Mark iv. 28.

and where has your observation been, if in almost every department of human agency, you have not noticed the fatal tendency of seminal errors,—(or at least the perversion of principles which in themselves were true and good,)—to germinate into corrupt practices; and these again to branch out into endless developments for evil?... You will of course tell me that I have no right to assume that in the Church of Rome the germs of the Doctrines in dispute *were* seminal errors," or "perversions" of true principles. But I must in turn again remind you, that you are begging the whole question when you assume that they were *not*.

For (I repeat) two phenomena are before us:—The grown-up plant, gemmed all over with fruit or flower, which is the lawful and lovely result of a little insignificant seed: and, The dead man, corrupt from head to foot,—which is the lawful and loathsome result of a few particles of poison received into the constitution. It cannot, of course, be pretended that the Church of Rome shall be the field for the *exclusive* manifestation of the former class of phenomena: and all the other Churches of Christendom, including the Holy Eastern Church, the scene for the *exclusive* manifestation of the latter. This were mere folly. That the HOLY SPIRIT dwells in the Church of CHRIST, I believe as sincerely as you do; but then it cannot be thought to reside exclusively in any *one branch* of it. And as for supposing that He is the Author of all *Romish* Doctrine, I hold on the contrary that "as the Church of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of Faith."^a...The argumentative value of Development is therefore absolutely nothing; while the practical inconvenience of a theory which is as likely as not

to result in the condemnation of its advocate, is obviously fatal.

I will dismiss the subject by reminding you of a passage in Church History,—the first which comes to mind. “In the course of the correspondence” of the Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Greek Church with the Nonjurors, “the Patriarchs of the East are not sparing in their censures of the Pope of Rome.” They describe him to be “deceived by the Devil, and falling into strange novel doctrines; as revolted from the Unity of the Holy Church and cut off; tossed at a distance with constant waves and tempest, till he return to our Catholic, Oriental, immaculate faith; and be reinstated from what he was broken off.” They declare “the Purgatorial fire to have been invented by the Papists to command the purse of the ignorant, and we will by no means hear of it. For it is a fiction, and a doting fable, invented for lucre, and to deceive the simple, and in a word, has no existence but in the imagination. There is no appearance or mention of it in the Holy Scriptures, or Fathers, whatsoever the authors or abettors of it may clamour to the contrary.”^a

Now, suppose the Churches of England, Ireland, and America, (not to speak of India, New Zealand, Southern Africa, Australia, and the rest,) were one and all to endorse this opinion of the Greek Church respecting the Romish Doctrine of Purgatory, appealing as the Greek Church does to Scripture and Fathers;—what possible weight can you suppose would attach to a little babble about seeds,—and growth,—and development,—and maturity,—and perfection? Further, If Purgatorial Indulgences,—or the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin,—or *any other single doctrine to which the Church of Rome has solemnly and irrevocably pledged herself*,—may be thus disposed of,—

^a *Life of Ken*, by a Layman, 1854, p. 183, quoting Lathbury's *Hist. of the Nonjurors*, p. 350.

what, I ask, becomes of the security of all the rest?
I pause for an answer.

But let me not leave the question thus. I would rather direct your eyes in the right direction. You are requested therefore to take notice that whenever in ancient times it became necessary to define more accurately than had been done before, any single department of Christian doctrine, the *invariable* method was to appeal to Holy Scripture. I venture to say there is not to be found one single ancient exposition of Doctrine where the appeal is made to the principle of Development, or to private Tradition. *Universal belief* is indeed sometimes insisted on: but only rarely. The appeal is generally made to *Holy Scripture*; and its probable meaning, as it may be gathered from the consentient voice of ancient Fathers, and from the general analogy of Holy Writ, —is discussed, just as it is discussed by ourselves at the present day: while the unequivocal witness of the SPIRIT, (and that only,) is accounted absolutely conclusive, and altogether final.—Now, to proceed.

8. You assert that we of the English Church “have no definite Faith.” This charge is too feeble to stand. No one can read the 39 Articles and complain that we have “*no* definite Faith.” What of our Prayer-Book, with its occasional Offices? All you can mean is that Anglican teaching is not so definite as *you* wish it was, and think it ought to be: that there is *a want of definiteness of teaching* in the Anglican Church. Now, even if there were, *that* would constitute no reason whatever for my becoming a Romanist. As well might I expect to persuade a Romanist to forsake his own Communion, on the ground that, in the judgment of myself and others, *there is a vast deal too much definiteness* in Romish teaching.

But I simply deny the charge which you bring against *us*; while I deliberately bring the opposite charge against

you. I maintain that the teaching of our Prayer-Book is sufficiently definite; and is altogether Catholic,—which is more than can be said of yours. No man can be at a loss as to the Church's mind on any important point. That, within certain limits, she allows to her children considerable freedom of sentiment, is undeniable; and that they have not been slow to take advantage of her charity, is only too clear. But I have yet to learn how it can be made a grave ground of accusation against a Church that terms of communion with her are of a large, and altogether Catholic kind,—not multitudinous, narrow, and in their character often quite novel, as well as unheard-of in ancient times. The Churches of Rome and of England are constructed alike on a rock; but not only the materials out of which they are constructed, but the very method of their construction are somewhat different. The one boasts itself rigid and unyielding; the other (like the Eddystone) is observed to rock slightly in the storm. O that she may stand for ever!

Give me leave in the meantime to remind you that you are not to hug the belief that perfect unanimity of sentiment on doctrinal points prevails in the Church of Rome. Concerning Purgatory, for instance, you will find a great deal of contradictory teaching among Romish Theologians. On the doctrine of Papal Infallibility you will also find immense discrepancy of doctrine. But I forbear to enlarge on this subject.

In the meantime, I insist on your observing that no sooner do Romish controversialists find themselves hard pressed in argument, than they labour to show that their Communion is characterised by that very feature which, at other times, they make a point of casting in our teeth as a ground of reproach. They find it convenient to distinguish the doctrines and practices prevalent in the Roman Communion into two classes; “the former consisting of matters of Faith, or

doctrines defined by the Church ; the latter consisting of matters of Opinion, or doctrines not so defined. The use made of this distinction in all writings and discourses intended for those who are opposed to Romanism, is to avoid all responsibility for, and all discussion on doctrines of the latter class, by representing them as mere non-essentials, which any member of the Roman Communion may dispute or reject at pleasure ; while the attention of opponents is drawn entirely to the former class of doctrines, which being commonly proposed in general terms and with great caution, are far less assailable."

This is ingenious enough, but not honest,—as the acute living controversialist on our side of the question, just quoted, has ably shown.* At the same time, it is undeniably true that the language of the Council of Trent is to the last degree indefinite,—compared with the language of Romish Divines: the *falsity* consists, in the favourite assumption of your new friends, (whenever the assumption suits them,) that the Decrees of Trent are the only authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome.

But as you complain of the want of definite teaching in the Church of England, let me address a few words to you about the definite teaching of the Church of Rome.

For the character of her teaching, as already hinted, is characterised by no more pernicious peculiarity than this very definiteness, the want of which you object to as a grave defect. "Romanism professes to be a complete Theology. It arranges, adjusts, explains, exhausts every part of the Divine Economy. It may be said to leave no region unexplored, no heights unattempted; rounding off its doctrines with a neatness and finish *which are destructive of many of the most noble and most salutary exercises of mind in the individual Christian.* That feeling of awe which the mysteriousness of the

* Palmer's *Letters to Wiseman*, 1842.

Gospel should excite, *fades away under this fictitious illumination* which is poured over the entire Dispensation. Criticism, we know, is commonly considered fatal to poetical fervour and imagination; and in like manner this technical religion *destroys the delicacy and reverence of the Christian mind*. . . . Rome would classify and number all things; she would settle every sort of question, as if resolved to detect and compass by human reason what runs out into the next world or is lost in this. . . . Not content with what is revealed, Romanists are ever intruding into things not seen as yet, and growing familiar with mysteries; gazing upon the ark of God over boldly and long, till they venture to put out the hand and to touch it." "*This mischievous peculiarity of Romanism*," (proceeds Mr. Newman,)—"its subjecting Divine truth to the intellect, and professing to take a complete survey and to make a map of it,—it has in common with some other modern systems." ^a

And practically, the Romish method *is* mischievous. It discourages a spontaneous service of God. It encourages formalism. "It lowers the dignity and perfection of morals; it limits, by depriving, our duties,—in order to indulge human weakness, and to gain influence by indulging it." "If, indeed," (remarks the thoughtful writer already quoted,) "there is one offence more than the rest characteristic of Romanism, it is this, its indulging the carnal tastes of the multitude of men, setting a limit to their necessary obedience, and absolving them from the duty of sacrificing their whole lives to God. And this serious deceit is in no small degree the necessary consequence of that completeness and minuteness in its theology to which the doctrine of Infallibility gives rise." ^b

^a Newman's *Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church*, pp. 110–12; 123.

^b *Ibid.* p. 126.

The same writer thus sums up his charge against Rome, based on that very "definiteness," or "bold exactness in determining theological points," which seems to you so attractive; but which he justly describes as "a minute, technical, and imperative Theology, which is no part of Revelation." "It produces," (he says,) "a number of serious moral evils; is shallow in philosophy,—as professing to exclude doubt and imperfection; and is dangerous to the Christian spirit, as encouraging us to ask for more than is given us, as fostering irreverence and presumption, confidence in our reason, and a formal or carnal view of Christian obedience." *

9. You inquire,—“Do you never doubt? Do you never ask yourself, am I in the right?” . . . *Never*,—I answer. Why should I? Does the owner of ancestral acres and an ancient title, wake up some fine morning, troubled with a doubt as to the validity of his right to all he enjoys,—all his Fathers enjoyed before him? . . . Does a child ever doubt whether he is his own mother’s son, and vow that he will not rest until he has had the point demonstrated to him; as well as until he has inspected the marriage-certificate of his parents? . . . I reject your question with equal scorn and abhorrence.

You proceed,—“How do you know you are right?”

I may with far better reason rejoin,—How do *you* know that *you* are right? You say that you are as convinced about your own position as that there is a sun in Heaven.—So am I about *mine*.—The difference between us is just this. *I* am in the Church where God’s good Providence originally placed me: *you*, by a reckless exercise of the right of private judgment, have licentiously transplanted yourself into a foreign Communion. The burthen of proof rests altogether with *you*. If there be no Salvation except to members of the Romish branch of the Church Catholic,

* Newman’s Lectures, *ut supra*, pp. 126; 146; 127.

I must depend on GOD's tender mercies, with Andrewes and Hooker and all the rest of the reverend Fathers of the Church of England. But if *you* have erred, you have erred indeed !

10. You tell me that I have nothing to go by :—that I cannot appeal to the Scriptures,—for every sect finds its own tenets there : (in which by the way you are quite mistaken, for I defy you to find all of *yours* there!)—and that I cannot appeal to the English Church, because it comprises every shade of opinion :—in short that I hold certain “opinions,” but cannot pretend to any Faith at all.

You are really very saucy. Permit me to give you a plain man's view of this question.

I was born a member of the Church of England, and I bless GOD for it. Its *primâ facie* claims upon my allegiance therefore I hold to be altogether paramount. In fact, I can scarcely *conceive* any adequate cause arising for my ever quitting the Church of my Fathers. To be sure, if that Church were to commit herself irrevocably to all sorts of awful superstitions and heresies,—I might feel compelled to consider with myself what was next to be done. But, generally speaking, the errors of our Ecclesiastical rulers, (which are the Church's misfortunes,)—the unfaithfulness of individual teachers,—the growth of heresy,—the spread of unbelief;—all these things instead of driving me *out* of the Church, would only keep me the more firmly *in* it. I should simply feel that there was the more to be done; the greater mischief to be counteracted,—the more need of men to “strengthen the things which remain.” The last thing which would enter into my head would be to treat the Church as an impatient child treats a toy: namely, when out of humour with it, to inquire for another. Does an officer think of deserting his men because they are thinned by disease, and are become demoralised? Does a son think

of forsaking his parents, a husband his wife,—because of sickness,—misfortune,—loss of comeliness ?

I should have felt and acted much in the same way, I am persuaded, had I been born a Romanist : and I think I should have felt and acted rightly. The claims of that Church in the bosom of which God causes us to be bred up,—are, in the first instance, paramount. We must try to *improve* the Church of our birth, not to find excuses for *forsaking* it. To *reform* a corrupt Communion, not to work its downfall, should surely be our aim ! To resist State interference indeed, and to protect the Faith, is reserved for very few. But to maintain sound Doctrine, and strenuously to oppose every kind of error, is the province of a very large number : while to raise the standard of holiness, and to promote the growth of practical Religion, is within the power of all. . . . Such seems to me to be the business of the *individual* believer. His work is *within* the Church, —not in the camp of the enemy. To be busy *there*, is to be a traitor ! . . . The fundamental position on which these remarks are built you will perceive to be the following,—that in whatever branch of the Church Catholic God has caused our lot to be thrown, *there* we may reasonably hope to “save our souls alive,” if we make the most of the opportunities within our reach, and of the advantages we enjoy. Individual obedience,—personal holiness,—these are the only conditions requisite for blessedness.

The fundamental position in *your* remonstrance, on the other hand, seems to be this,—That men and women are not only at liberty, but are *called upon*, and positively *bound*, to doubt their position ; to weigh the claims of one section of Christendom against those of another : to exercise their right of private judgment ; and in a word, to set themselves up *above* the Church . . . Now all this kind of thing, give me leave to tell you, is an evidence of a sectarian

spirit; and shows a habit of mind to which every sound Catholic instinct is abhorrent.

11. But, (let me add,)—If such doubts and inquiries *are* to be the order of the day, then I fear your new friends will have to look out for their flocks. Inquiry, in the spirit *you* recommend, (which I altogether deprecate,) would introduce into the ranks of Romanism hopeless confusion; and a degree of insubordination which would make government impossible, and would imperil the safety of souls: for dissatisfaction and dismay would infallibly follow indiscriminate inquiry, in *that* quarter. I pray that such a spectacle as my fancy draws may not be witnessed in our own day. But I repeat,—If individuals are to be promiscuously asked, “Do you never doubt? How do you know you are in the right?” and the like,—then confusion would inevitably follow; and schism would be the result; and such a breach would be witnessed in the Romish Communion as never could be healed. “The mind seems to reel for years after it has recoiled from the Roman system,” says Archdeacon Manning: who refers his readers to Southey’s *Colloquies*, (vol. ii. pp. 16, 31,) “for the moral effects of Romanism in shaking the habit of faith.”*

But I am not at all apprehensive of any amount of inquiry which you or others may be disposed to make here at home. Rather does all my apprehension arise from the utter absence of real knowledge of the subject which I witness around me. May I ask,—Have you examined Jewel’s *Controversy with Harding*? or that of Andrewes with Bellarmine? Have you studied Laud’s *Controversy with Fisher*, and followed the question up, until it was finally closed by Stillingfleet? Do you know Bishop Bull’s *Discourses*, in answer to Bossuet? or the polemical writings of Bramhall, Ussher, and Barrow?

* Archdeacon Manning’s *Rule of Faith*, p. 109.

Have you more recently read Palmer's Controversial writings, including his Letters to Wiseman, as well as Bp. Turton's encounter with the same gentleman? and Bp. Phillpott's Letters to Butler? More recently yet, are you acquainted with Dr. Wordsworth's Letters to M. Gondon? . . . You may sneer: but you will find out, if you will inquire, that these men have all silenced their adversaries, and remained masters of the field.

And so, when you ask me "what I have to go by," and so forth, I, as an individual Englishman of very moderate learning, think, that besides the authoritative teaching of the English Church, I may with reason appeal to what the most learned Fathers and Confessors of that Church have written on the subject of her relation to Rome. When I find, in addition to the controversial ability of Ussher and Stillingfleet, Laud and Jewel, the learning and piety of Andrewes and Hooker,—Taylor and Bull,—Bramhall, Cosin and Beveridge,—Pearson, Sanderson and Hammond,—Waterland and Jackson, and the rest;—I think I may with entire safety dedicate my leisure, (which is but scant,) and my abilities, (which are not considerable,) to something better than doubt and controversy. Excuse me for saying that when I survey this list of names,—ever increasing in number and in splendour,—the insolences of such an one as yourself appear to me unspeakably paltry and worthless. What sufficed for *them*, may surely, I say to myself, suffice for *me* also!

12. When therefore you talk of "converting me," I really must trouble you to consider what a preposterous abuse of language you are guilty of. *From* what, and *to* what do you propose to "convert" me? You wish to see me converted from being an *Anglo*-Catholic to becoming a *Roman*-Catholic! And can such an arbitrary *transfer of allegiance* be confounded with the blessed act of the soul's *conversion to God*? Have you then so entirely forgotten the Scriptural and Catholic

teaching of the Church of England, as to address me as if I were a worshipper of false deities, or addicted to heathen rites? The same Bible with yourself, (all but the Apocryphal books):—the same three Creeds which you acknowledge, (not, of course, adding thereto the Creed of Pope Pius IV.):—the same Litany as yourself, (bating the Invocations of Saints):—much the same Missal and Breviary, (all but the fabulous legends):—the self-same Collects, (only that we have not put them to wrongs, as you have):—the same two Sacraments above all,—the same Priesthood,—the same Councils and Fathers which you yourselves acknowledge; all, all our own! Good Heavens, then,—what an abuse of terms is this! that a man should be persuaded to uproot himself from one branch of the Church Catholic, and to plant himself down in another; and flatter himself that he has thereby been “converted;”—the Conversion resulting in his being *now* compelled, under pain of anathema, to believe in the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary! Why, you must either be mad yourself, or you must think *me* so, to think that I can seriously contemplate such a “Conversion” as this!

13. As for your insinuations about fewness of number, (the “*little* Church of England,” and so forth,) I counsel you to get up the statistics of the question a little more carefully, before you so speak. I might indeed invite you to remember that when the Ten Tribes fell away from the primitive standard, the Truth remained with the tribe of Judah; while “of [little] Benjamin he said, The beloved of the LORD shall dwell in safety by Him; and the LORD shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between His shoulders.” (Deut. xxxiii. 12.) But I have no wish to resort to such an argument. The Church of England,—whether absolutely or relatively considered,—is *not* little. Her numbers are *not* small. She counts her tens of mil-

lions even in this country. She is stretching out on the right hand and on the left, and is ready to colonise the globe. Already does the sun never set upon her altars. She has already extended her Religion, and is destined yet more effectually to extend it, over the whole World.

14. But I have not yet replied to all your charges. Let me be briefer with those which remain.—You ask me how it comes to pass that several men of undoubted piety and ability and learning have left us?

Really, I am not concerned to account for the unfaithfulness of these men: but the argument derivable from their apostasy is worthless. That a few of the Clergy and Laity should have left the Church of England, during a period of unusual excitement, is not at all surprising: neither is it strange that these should have been the more earnest of her sons. Such a contingency was, on the contrary, to have been expected. Far more than a full set-off, however, against the supposed importance of the unfaithfulness of those few men, is the unwavering fidelity of the multitude who have remained behind.

You appeal with especial satisfaction to the names of three or four considerable authors, who were once accomplished English Divines. I bid you note how, (like Sampson on the lap of Delilah,) their strength has already “gone from them, and they have become weak, and like any other men.”^a I request you further to tell me why these writers are more to be listened to at one stage of their motley history than at another? The question I am now asking is of the following nature:—

A gentleman who became an Archdeacon in the Church of England,—who had been a fellow of his college, and was known to be a man of considerable ability and learning,—

^a Judges xvi. 17.

in the maturity of his powers produced a work on the "Rule of Faith," which went through two editions, and on which he bestowed considerable labour.^a He proved that "the Roman Church, how much soever it may appeal in words to Antiquity, does in practice, *oppose* Antiquity and universal Tradition:" (p. 100) "has introduced *new* doctrines unknown to the Apostles of CHRIST:" (p. 103) "*undermines the foundation* upon which Christianity itself is built;" (p. 104) and so forth. He explained "the *Catholic* Rule of Faith," and proved "that it is distinctly recognised by the English and the early Church." "We may now go on," (he said,) "to consider the following rules, which have been in later ages, adopted by the Church; both therefore *modern*, and condemned as novel, by universal tradition: I mean, *the rule of the Roman Church*, and the rule that is held by all Protestant bodies, *except the British and American Churches*." (p. 81.) The learned writer proceeded "to define the Roman rule and *to contrast it with the Catholic*:" (p. vi., referring to p. 82.) elaborately setting forth the *Catholic* method of the Church of England, in opposition to the *un-Catholic* method of the Church of Rome; and insisting that "the Church of England protests against the Church of Rome for departing from the *universal* tradition of the Apostles, and for bringing in *particular traditions, having their origin in an equal neglect of Scripture and Antiquity*." (p. 84.)—Now, I ask, how can such a writer expect to be heard when, a few years after, he comes forth as the vehement assailant of the English Church, and the strenuous advocate of Popery?

Again. An energetic parish priest, who produced a series of "Discourses on Romanism and Dissent" which went

^a "The Rule of Faith," &c., by Rev. H. E. Manning, consisting of a Sermon, (pp. 56,) and an Appendix, (pp. 136,) 2nd ed. 1839.

through several editions, declared, as the result of his study of the question, "that the real fact of the case is this;—that out of eighteen centuries, during which the Church of England has existed, *somewhat less than four centuries and a half were passed under the usurped domination of the see of Rome*: so great is the *absurdity*, and *palpable ignorance of historical facts*, evinced by those who represent the Church of England as a separating branch from the Romish communion. Let it be remembered, that all which the Reformers of our Church aimed at, and which they so happily *accomplished*, was to bring back the Church of England to *the same state of purity which it enjoyed previous to the imposition of the Papal yoke*. They put forth no new doctrines; they only divested the old ones of the corruptions which had been fastened on them. In all essential points,—in Doctrine, in the Sacraments, in the unbroken succession of ministers,—*the Church of England is at this day the same which it was in primitive times*."^a—The same judicious writer further defines the "gulph between us and the Roman Church which *we* can never pass(!) and which the members of that corrupt Communion can only pass by giving up all that is peculiar to their own creed We can have no fellowship," (he says) "with those who practically exalt the Virgin Mary, (who, though ever blessed, was a creature, by nature corrupt and sinful as ourselves,) to a coequality with CHRIST, as the ground of their dependance and trust. We can have no communion with those who assign to the traditions of men the same authority with the inspired Word of God, and who corrupt and overthrow the nature of the Sacraments."^b "The kingdom of England," (he proceeds,) "is not in the diocese of the Bishop of Rome, nor yet in the patriarchate of Rome.

^a Disc. viii. pp. 8-9.^b *Ibid.* pp. 4-5.

. . . . When, therefore, the Church of Rome charges us with breaking the unity of the body of CHRIST, our reply is, that *no such unity as she contends for was known in Apostolic or Primitive times*. Let her cease from her attempts to tyrannise over other bishoprics not her own; let her cleanse herself from corruptions; let her revive sound and Apostolic doctrines; give the sacraments to her people in their simplicity and purity; and cancel the decrees of the schismatical Council of Trent;—and we will joyfully reunite with her, in the same sense that the Church of Corinth was united to the Church of Jerusalem.” As for “the charge brought against the Church of England, that she herself has set the example of schism to the Dissenters, by her own separation from the Church of Rome,—common as the notion is in our day that our Church did so separate,—there never was a more groundless notion, or one more contrary to fact. *The Church of England never separated from the Church of Rome, or from any other Church*. When she sank under the usurpation and corrupting influence of the Church of Rome, she did not thereby lose her own existence; neither did she forfeit her right to release herself from that cruel bondage, when God put it into the hearts of his servants to attempt it, and enabled them to succeed in the attempt.”^a

Now will you pretend to tell me that when the selfsame individual who wrote these words changes his religion, (as a man would change his coat,) and is heard flatly to deny what yesterday he had logically established,—his *second* opinion is to outweigh his *first*; or rather, cause that we should overlook it altogether?

It were easy to multiply illustrations *ad nauseam*, and to show what a miserably weak and foolish figure our own

^a Dodsworth, *On Romanism and Dissent*. Disc. i. pp. 16–18.

writers cut, when having been "once enlightened, and having tasted of the heavenly gift, and been made partakers of the HOLY GHOST, and tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come," (Heb. vi. 4, 5,) they thus fall away. The Rev. T. W. Allies, in 1846, wrote 204 pages, the gist of which was sufficiently expressed by their title,—*"The Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism."* In 1854, the same gentleman altered his mind,—discovered that "the See of St. Peter" is "the Rock of the Church, *the source of jurisdiction, and the centre of unity*;" recanted all his former professions; reversed all his solid proofs; and in short, apostatised! The "Lecturer on the Philosophy of History in the Catholic University" (wherever and whatever that precious institution may happen to be!),—for by this new title the late "Rector of Launton and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London" now designates himself,—T. W. Allies, M.A. in 1854, writes 203 pages, to quite the opposite tune; winding-up his labours with this kind of thing:—"Whither then shall I turn, but to thee, O glorious Roman Church, &c., &c. Thine alone are the Keys of Peter, and the sharp sword of Paul" Can any one forbear a contemptuous smile when he glances from *that* picture to *this*? . . . Take one more example.

"If we are induced" (says Mr. Newman,) "to believe the professions of Rome, and make advances towards her as if a sister or a mother Church, which in theory she is, we shall find too late that we are *in the arms of a pitiless and unnatural relative, who will but triumph in the arts which have inveigled us within her reach* Let us be sure that she is our enemy, and will do us a mischief when she can We need not depart from Christian charity towards her. We must deal with her as we would towards a friend *who is visited by derangement*; in great

affliction, with all affectionate tender thoughts, with tearful regret and a broken heart, but still with a steady eye and a firm hand. For in truth *she is a Church beside herself*, abounding in noble gifts and rightful titles, but *unable to use them religiously; crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural, as madmen are*. Or rather she may be said *to resemble a demoniac* Thus she is her real self only in name; and, *till GOD vouchsafe to restore her, we must treat her as if she were that Evil One which governs her*." So wrote the Rev. J. H. Newman in 1838. Four or five years after, he was "inveigled" into the arms of this same "pitiless and unnatural relation." He submitted himself to this "deranged" Church. He enlisted his splendid abilities under that banner where "noble gifts" are not "used religiously." He received a second Baptism, and fresh Orders from this (so-called) "Demoniac." To that Church which "the Evil One governs,"—(a terrible sentiment surely to utter or to subscribe to!)—he entirely submitted himself Heaven forgive him! Heaven help and guide us *all* in the exercise of our powers,—be they considerable, or be they very slender!

. . . But will *you* pretend to mention such conduct with any self-congratulation? It seems to me, that the less said about such acts, the better! He who being bred in ignorance, (whatever the Church of his profession,) on due inquiry changes sides,—is at least entitled to a hearing. But he who is first, on deliberate conviction, a powerful controversialist on the side of the Church of England,—and then, a far more vehement (but not nearly so powerful) combatant on the other; this man, I cannot think is entitled to any hearing at all.

To confess the truth, instead of feeling that the apostasy of certain literary Priests of the English Communion makes against that Communion, I can view their act only in refer-

ence to themselves. Next to astonishment at their infatuation, a sense of the absurdity of their actual position, overcomes me. It is *too late* for them now to rail against the Church of their Fathers. They have demonstrated its purity and its primitiveness, long since! It is worse than absurd for them now to vaunt the Romish claims. They have long ago disproved them! In an unguarded hour, *they wrote a book*. Happily, "*litera scripta manet*,"—*atque in æternum manebit*.

Then, as for the gifts and graces of these men,—their zeal and earnestness,—their self-denial and learning,—what need to point out that every one of these are of *English*, not Roman, growth! Nay, Rome has proved herself incapable of maintaining in their purity, the spirits which spontaneously have joined her ranks. For, one and all, these men are found to have become demoralised and debased by their new connection. They may say what they will, moreover; but I am *persuaded* that they are not happy where they are. They may be as vehement in their protestations as they please; but the more learned among them *must* repent the step they have taken. They have discovered, long since, that they have lost something which they could not afford to part with, as well as gained something which they used to think they could not live without. But, in the meantime, the fruition has not proved by any means what they expected; and the gain, they discover, is not unmixed; and the practical deformities of Romanism have long since become painfully apparent. Moreover, there has been sorrow inflicted, and confidence outraged, and precious ties severed; and, what is more, grand opportunities have been lost for ever, and sacred pledges have been violated, and solemn trusts have been broken, and Ordination vows have been scattered to the winds.

You are evidently struck by the strangeness of seeing our

Anglican Communion forsaken by such men : but stranger sights will be witnessed "in the last days," let me remind you,—far stranger spectacles than we and our Fathers have hitherto witnessed. Our LORD declares that "there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and *shall shew great signs and wonders*; insomuch that, if it were possible, *they shall deceive the very elect.*"^a

15. Another of your charges against the Church of England is that "it has not produced considerable Saints."—How, I should like to be informed, do you know *that*?

If you ask me to name a set of men equal to Francois de Sales, Vincent de Paul, and so on, I really think I shall find no difficulty at all in doing so. The Annals of the English Church will supply me with as bright a galaxy of names as are to be found in any sky. But I prefer making a different, and (as I think) a fairer answer. I would rather remind you that to every Church must be allowed its own proper glory. It is conceivable that the result of the teaching of the Romish Church may be to produce exceptional cases of extraordinary personal sanctity, and occasional acts of altogether heroic devotion; while the great bulk of the population shall be grossly vicious and immoral; and the ranks of its very Clergy, largely infected by the poisonous taint. On the other hand, while our Bishop Wilsons at home, and our Henry Martyns abroad, are few, it seems to me that the result of our Church's teaching is to produce a far higher standard of average morality. Permit me, for my own part, to declare that I conceive our own to be herein the higher felicity: our own, the greater glory. Our domestic life is more pure; our homes are more sacred; our national truthfulness is far higher, than that of any Roman Catholic country. I believe there is more *average goodness*, more

^a St. Matt. xxiv. 24.

general piety, here, than anywhere else in the world. . . . It shall suffice to have indicated thus much. What need to remark however that all this is *nothing at all to the point*? Suppose the Church of England could be *proved* not to have bred so many great Saints as the Church of Rome; *what then*?

16. You complain further that we are destitute of Books of Devotion, and have got no good Commentaries. One of these charges, if you please, at a time.

Pray have you ever taken the trouble to inquire how many books of Devotion the English Church actually possesses? Have you had recourse to Andrewes, and Taylor, and Cosin, and Laud, and Leighton, and Sutton, and Patrick, and Spinckes, and Ken, and Beveridge, and Wilson, and Hale, and Keble, and Williams,—and found them all insufficient?

Permit me however to say that I decline following your lead any further in this direction. You are assuming that the best Church *must* be that which provides the best devotional Manuals for her children;—a position which I altogether deny. (Nay, you are implying that a man's duty will be to unite himself to that branch of the Church which boasts itself most rich in this department of sacred literature.) I, on the contrary, am bold to assert that *that* Church is most faithful which most encourages her children to make *the pure Word of God* their habitual strength, and help, and consolation. *The English Prayer-Book* is *the Englishman's* habitual Book of Devotions: and *the Psalms of David* he prefers,—with the Saints of all ages,—to all the paltry “little gardens of lilies,” and “little gardens of Roses,” and “little Paradises of dainty devices,” in the world.

You will please to take notice, therefore, that I repel your charge against the English Church, (that she is destitute of Devotional Manuals,) with indignation, on every ground.

As a matter of fact, we have a *vast number* of such works. As a matter of taste, I prefer the honest homely flavour of the worst of ours, to the very best of yours; so mawkish and unreal in their tone,—so unscriptural and unsound in their teaching,—so alien and strange in their manner,—so *Sectarian and un-Catholic* in their whole method and tendency!—But the chief point to which I invite your attention is, that *we* have human helps the fewer, because we have Divine helps the more! *We* habitually resort to,—*the Bible*: your people, (the lay sort, I mean,) read,—a vast amount of religious *trash*. . . . When a devout Anglican wants spiritual entertainment, his obvious resource is to turn to *the Gospel of Jesus CHRIST*. He would rather hear one of those four blessed Saints discourse to him concerning his SAVIOUR'S acts or sayings, than read any merely human book of cogitations. Next to the Gospel, he loves the Psalter. If he is very sad, the book of Job, or the penitential Psalms, are quite sad enough for *him*! He seldom seems to want anything more, for devotional purposes, than the Bible, or the Book of Common-Prayer, supplies.

But if he does, (and this reminds me of the other charge you bring against us,) one of Bp. Andrewes', or one of Dr. Mill's, or one of the late Charles Marriott's sermons, gives him plenty to think about,—if he happens to feel as I do. (But every man to his own special taste, in this matter!) You complain that we have but few Commentaries. There is no denying it. (Your new friends, let me tell you, have not got many *good* ones, either!) But instead of reckoning up those we have, I will take the liberty of saying that England's true exegetical strength is to be sought and found *in the Sermons and Treatises of her greatest Divines*,—in the writings of Pearson, Bull, Sanderson, Cosin, Andrewes, Waterland, and so on. A man will find that he understands the texts which relate to Holy Baptism infinitely better by

reading Wall's celebrated treatise, or that of Bp. Bethell, than by dipping into any number of Commentaries. Mill's five Sermons on the Temptation are better than any system of Notes on that portion of the Gospel. But I must absolutely turn away from the train of thought thus opening to me. I pass on, with one remark, which I earnestly recommend to your attention; or rather, to the attention of those who are likely to be seduced by your bad example, and to fall into the common *cant* of depreciating the stores of English Divinity:—namely, that before gentlemen of a Romanizing tendency make up their minds that they must seek for help at the hands of writers of the Romish Communion; or before another, equally undutiful, class of spirits resort to *Germany* for help; it would be well if both would take the trouble to ascertain *what their own language and literature supplies, of purely English growth*. How many excellent writers there are, (as Jackson, Horbery, Townson, and others) who, (certainly for no fault of theirs,) experience systematic neglect at the hands of Englishmen;—the very Englishmen who yet pretend to be familiar with Continental Divinity! Many a man, believe me, has lost his way with the Germans, or been misled by writers of the Romish school, who never read a line of Beveridge, or Bramhall, or Bull. But I must absolutely pass on.

17. Your complaint that our Churches are “never open, whereas Romish Churches are never shut,”—is just another of those utterly irrelevant matters, as well as very incorrect statements, which I am surprised to see you so confidently urge. The Roman Basilicas are always open indeed,—just as the English Cathedrals are: but the same can be said of no other Churches in Rome. From 12 o'clock till 2 or 4 P.M. *all* Churches are closed: while there are scores of Churches at Rome which are shut all the week. You have to send for the key,—just as in London: while, to

some of the Churches, you will find it *impossible to obtain access at all*. I remember trying in vain to discover where the key of S. Saba is kept. Many of those lesser Churches, (though very curious,) are *not opened from one end of the year to the other*: or Divine Service is celebrated in them *once a-year*.

But,—let me ask,—what has this to do with the question? *The methods* of the two Churches are wholly different. Our practice of Family-worship, together with the superior conveniences we enjoy for private devotion in our dwelling-houses, partly explains why our Churches are not so systematically kept open as the Churches at Rome. The difference of our public Service from theirs, (a subject which has been largely remarked upon from p. 36 to p. 89 of the present volume,) further helps to account for it. There may be a difference in our social instincts, and general traditions. Lastly, I freely confess that it is to be wished our Churches *were* more generally open than they actually are. But yet,—when all has been said,—I see not what it can be thought to have to do with the question before us; which is,—whether I am bound to transfer my allegiance from the Church of England to the Church of Rome? This is the *only* question between you and me!

18. Your remarks are, (many of them,) purely sentimental. I expect, at every instant, that you are going to say something next about *the climate* of Italy; or to urge, by way of argument, the sweet Vespers of the little nuns at the Trinità di Monte! I am sure if the facts were reversed about *the popular style of Architecture* of the two countries, (Italy and England,) we should have had a paragraph about *that too*! What a pity that stained-glass windows, the glory of our English churches, should be unknown in Rome!

Why, how irrelevant as well as how untrue is all you say

about the comparative devoutness of the people! You seem to imply that reverence is to be found only among Romanists; irreverence only among Anglicans. Where can you have been living, and what must your powers of accurate observation be? Enough in praise of the popular religion of Rome, (enough and to spare perhaps!) has been said in some of the foregoing pages. But do you mean to tell me that a Roman Catholic Church during the time of public prayer is as devotional and reverential a spectacle as an *English* Church? Will you tell me too that either the highest, or the lowest ranks, exhibit the externals of devotion more strikingly in Italy than in England? And pray, are we to be so besotted as to identify intensity of devotion with purity of Faith? Who more devout than a good Turk?

But I *deny* your position entirely. I will not track the worshippers into private life, or inquire how they conduct themselves *there*; and so, set off the "pure religion and undefiled" of the one, against the other. I will confine myself to the Sanctuary; and I boldly insist that, as a matter of fact, there is *more* reverence, on the whole, among our own people, than among your new friends.—You must not ask me, Why then is no one ever seen in the corner of an English Church on week-days, &c.? I reply,—You have to consider the difference of the two systems. *We* promise no Indulgences *applicable to souls in Purgatory*, for slender religious exercises! I make little doubt that if we did; if, for example, there were a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the church of the village in which I write; and if beneath it there were an inscription stating that the Archbishop of Canterbury, (I really beg his Grace's pardon for so wild a supposition,) granted in perpetuity a hundred days of indulgence to every one who once a day devoutly kissed its foot, and recited a single "Ave Maria,"—(as in the instance spe-

cified at p. 61 of the present volume);—if this were the *English* method, I say, I make no doubt that the same interesting spectacles would be witnessed here, as in Italy. But would not that be to buy such treats at somewhat too dear a rate?

19. Lastly, you are eloquent about the disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East,—the number of sects in England,—the intense worldliness of a great commercial country like ours,—and so forth. I cannot prevent you from thus mixing up the discussion of things which are purely irrelevant, if you are determined to do so. I can but say that all such considerations are simply beside the question; and that I am not prepared to be the apologist of these, or of any other blemishes or shortcomings or sins of our people. There is, (whatever you may be pleased to insinuate,) a vast amount of real practical piety among our great merchants and traders, and a very munificent religious spirit at work also, here and there; although it may be that the City of London, and our great commercial towns generally, are deplorably secularised. Let me ask, however,—Has as much been done for them hitherto as might easily have been done? and, (excuse me for adding!) do you not think that you would have been much better employed in trying to diminish the evil complained of, than where you are?—Many of the sects, misguided as we know them to be, yet hold much of saving Truth; are in earnest, we hope, about the matter of their salvation, and therefore are in a better way than practical unbelievers. As for the late scandalous disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East, you should be aware that such disgraceful outrages are not without precedent in the very best times of Church history. It was the mob,—the mere rabble-rout of the metropolis,—who were the offenders on the late occasion; miscreants who rejoiced in *any* excuse for dishonouring the House of God,—*any* opportunity of dis-

turbing the worship of the ALMIGHTY. It was not *the parishioners* of St. George's-in-the-East who reproduced those scenes, worthy of Constantinople or Alexandria in the fifth century. *Who* sees not, moreover, that an incumbent with two grains of common sense might have prevented the whole scandal? . . . But, I must again and again repeat, all such matters do not touch the question before us, the least in the world. I should be grieved indeed to see "toleration," (in our popular and *practical* sense of the word,) established in Italy: but suppose the principle once recognised; and—*how many* St. George's-in-the-East do you imagine would be witnessed *there*?

20. It may not be uninteresting or useless, to some persons at least, that even so humble a hand as mine should venture to trace out certain very unfavourable conditions, under which nevertheless any independent Church might safely hope to maintain a healthy existence. I draw the portrait as follows,—perfectly conscious that the result will not be very attractive: but taking leave to remark that an *attractive* portrait, is not the thing which it was proposed to draw.

If a Church be but constituted on the Apostolic model,—namely, with three orders of lawful ministers:—If the pure Word of God be but "preached, and the Sacraments duly ministered, according to CHRIST's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same:"* (what need to declare that the Cup of the LORD is not to be denied to the lay-people?)—If the Bible be but freely read, and the three Creeds faithfully maintained by the Church:—If there be but set forms of Prayer; (what need to say that public Prayer in the Church must be *in a known tongue*?)—If no *new dogmas* are added to the Faith (ἀπαξ) "*once for all* delivered to the Saints:"—If *truly* Catholic obser-

* Art. xix.

vances be but retained ; and if care be but taken that in all rites and ceremonies of the Church which are of purely human authority, all things be done to edifying :—If, lastly, in all cases of doubt or difficulty, the appeal be but invariably made first to Scripture, then to primitive Antiquity :—If all this, I say, may but be predicated of any Church,—then, no one of its members can pretend to doubt of his safety in that Church ; or, on the contrary, presume to quit it, *without endangering his own Salvation*.

It would be idle to object to such a Church that its shrines are not open all the week, or that the State oppresses it : that some of its Ministers, (or of its lay-members,) are unworthy, or unlearned, or at logger-heads, or unsound in Doctrine : that some of its teachers deny Baptismal Regeneration, and disclaim or repudiate Apostolical Succession : that heresy is winked at, and Immorality not quite unknown : that Discipline is slack, and good books of Devotion scarce : that Lent and Easter are badly kept, and the Saints-Days altogether neglected : that great irreverence prevails, and not a little unbelief : that there are as serious divisions among its members, and as many party names, as when St. Paul had done preaching at Corinth : that great Saints are very uncommon, and real Martyrs rarer still : that its ritual is not very ornate, and that the people would not like it if it *were* : that most populous towns are practically in a very heathen state, and that scenes which have been recently witnessed in any given Church, are a great scandal. I might, to be sure, make reprisals ; and draw up such a parallel catalogue of supposed or real blemishes in your own adopted Communion, as would drive you mad. But I spare you. Let me advise you, however, not to provoke one who has been an attentive observer of the practical working of the Romish system, to become the aggressor ; for verily, in such case, you will find it *impossible* to hold

your own!) All this kind of thing, multiplied a hundred-fold, you are requested to take notice, is all as irrelevant to the matter in hand; just as little affects *the life* of the question,—as the expression on my friend's face, or the rent in his clothes, or the mud upon his boots, or the amount of business he has on his hands, or the going of his watch, or his being hot and weary, or his having a detestable wife living somewhere in Westminster, (*not that he or I at all desire a divorce, remember!*), or the way he is forced to wear his hat,—affects *the life of the man* It is absurd to mix up points so purely irrelevant, with the real,—the only real and vital question!

You will perceive, (I desire to write without levity,) that your correspondent is prepared for much graver troubles falling on the Church of England than she has hitherto experienced, without yet feeling the least anxiety concerning *her life*, and therefore concerning *his own position*. She may have (God forbid!) her Liturgy disfigured, and her rightful temporal inheritance taken from her. Her enemies, (under the name of a "Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control,"*) may succeed in bringing her very low. She may be forbidden the use of her Liturgy. She may see her decisions reversed by the Temporal power, and her Doctrines practically set aside. (I am not for an instant meaning that these things *are* coming upon her: but I say they are, one and all, conceivable.) Heresies may arise among us, which will rend the very Church asunder. It may become the fashion of our Clergy to imitate the Reverend authors of "Essays and Reviews," and to present to the world the immoral spectacle of Ministers of Religion professing one thing,—but, in reality, teaching and believing quite another. All this and more is conceivable. But it would not destroy the life of the

* See Archd. Hale's recent pamphlet. Rivingtons. (1861.)

Church ; much less would it make it the duty of a member of the Church of England, to become a member of the Church of Rome. The truly loyal heart and dutiful spirit, the man with ever so little of Christian chivalry in his composition, would feel it *impossible*, in days dark as I have been imagining, to forsake the Communion of his Fathers. Suppose him a man of loftiest parts and of most admirable genius,—of truly primitive piety and of real learning ;—what would be his resource ? He would do as Richard Hooker did, when he put forth his Books “Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity ;” and so, depart in peace. I can never read the magnificent opening words of Hooker’s preface, (addressed “To them that seek (as they term it) the reformation of laws and orders Ecclesiastical, in the Church of England,”) without feeling my heart beat faster, and my whole spirit stirred with unutterable sympathy :—“Though for no other cause, yet for this ; that posterity may know we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be for men’s information extant thus much concerning the present state of the Church of God established amongst us ; and their careful endeavour which would have upheld the same” He would do as Bishop Butler did, when he observed as follows :—“It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry ; but that it is, now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly, they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all persons of discernment ; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world”^a Seeing *this*, Bishop Butler produced his immortal “*Analogy*.” In some such

^a Advertisement to the *Analogy*, 1736.

way, I repeat, every loyal heart, according to his opportunities, would certainly act. The last thought which would ever occur to a noble spirit would be to *turn Romanist*.

21. It is quite idle therefore in you to tell me that "one of the most striking points of contrast between the Church of England and the primitive Church, is that every shade of unsound doctrine may be held within the former, and treated as a harmless speculation." For first, *it is not true* that "every shade of unsound doctrine" may be held without rebuke. Romanizers on the one hand, Essayists and Reviewers on the other, are *not* tolerated. You have lately seen the indignation of the whole English Church aroused by a single volume, and finding authoritative expression through the entire Bench of Bishops and both Houses of Convocation; while a hundred individuals have come forward to refute the erroneous doctrines, and by no means harmless speculations, of certain false brethren; and in the boldest and most unequivocal language, to denounce them. Secondly, *it is not true* that the primitive Church knew nothing of such scandals: although it is perfectly evident that *you* know next to nothing of the *primitive Church*.

Considerable diversity of opinion, I freely admit, prevails within our Communion. *A considerable latitude is allowed, even to the Ministers of Religion.* But let me advise you not to be too saucy on this subject. For I shall be constrained to remind you that outward uniformity may be purchased at too dear a rate. An ignorant Clergy, a superstitious people, and a country under a spiritual thralldom,—these are widely dissimilar conditions from those under which *we* exist. You are to consider that in periods of transition, and in an age of great mental activity, and in a country where the freest discussion is allowed, and where the Bible is in the hands of all,—we must *expect* much in

the practical working of the Church, to distress and to sadden. The questions to be asked by a fair observer are such as the following:—Is the march of things upwards, or downwards? Does Heresy go unrebuked? What is the prevailing tone of the Divinity which is issued weekly from the press? What are the counterbalancing advantages of the system under which we in England live? Are there no indications of immense activity and earnestness among our people? Above all,—What is the *authoritative teaching of the Church* on the several subjects in dispute?

22. And so, with respect to our Liturgy, which you are so rash as to bring into the question. All parties, (you say,) wish to see it altered. This I deny altogether. True it is that many object to a few expressions, in the Burial service,—and many, to a clause in the Athanasian Creed. Some think the Table of Lessons capable of improvement, and others desire that the Services might be shortened. Yet more wish, (not unreasonably,) for a second Evening Service. But we may hope that men will generally see the danger of uniting for the redress of their several supposed grievances; as we believe that the generality are content with the Prayer-Book as it is. On *this*, at least, I insist emphatically,—that the several “small peculiar” wishes of individuals are not to be spoken of, in the lump, as a national desire for a revision of the Liturgy. An excellent and aged friend of mine, (his name would command respect if I were to mention it,) proposed to confide to me, many years ago, a scruple he had in the use of the Liturgy. I was all attention. “That expression,—‘Changes and *chances* of this mortal life,’ troubles me,” said he; and you can imagine the reason why. . . . In the meantime, suffer me to remind you that it is better to have a Liturgy which many find fault with, than to have no Liturgy at all. For, (as I have in an earlier part of this volume fully shown,) your

own adopted communion has practically parted with her ancient inheritance, and is *without* a Prayer-Book !

23. I quite feel the fun and smartness of your satire on men of "moderate views." You are, doubtless, right in supposing that the most saintly mediæval bishops on record would not have looked about for such men to work within their dioceses. But pray be fair. To every age its own appropriate praise. And even *you* will not pretend that any objection is entertained in England to a man however *immoderately good* and *earnest*,—however *immoderately self-denying* and *laborious* he may be. No. What we all hate is a reverend coxcomb,—whose religion displays itself, at first, in the style of his *millinery*, and next in the warmth of his Romish sympathies. Then comes an ultramontane system of teaching, and a half-emptied Church. Last of all the reverend gentleman probably carries his strangely-cut coat, and empty head over to the Church of Rome. *Such* is the kind of individual, be it remarked in passing, who has brought Ritualism itself into disrepute, and caused that "men of moderate views" should be inquired after. The phrase (be assured) does but denote persons who are not likely to make *immoderate* fools of themselves.

In conclusion. You are requested to observe that we are quite agreed as to the Church being the Ark,—outside which are the whelming waters: the Fold,—outside which are ravening wolves. I entirely subscribe to the axiom, *extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*. Like yourself, I hold that the Catholic Church is the Church which CHRIST commissioned to teach all nations, and in which His HOLY SPIRIT dwells. All this I firmly believe and maintain. The only question between us is, *What is the Catholic Church?* We are quite agreed that with the world there can be no compromise; and that "the Church holds on her awful way,

through storm and sunshine, waiting for the coming of her LORD." We are *quite* agreed about all *that*. But *you* are absurdly assuming all the while, that to be in the Church means,—*to acknowledge the Papal supremacy!* You are forgetting that CHRIST (not Rome) is the Vine, and we (Rome and England) are [two of] *the branches* :—limbs of the Body they; and He, the Head! You evidently require to be taught, (and I proceed next to show you,) that for many hundred years the Church of Rome put forth no such claims as those she now advances; and that, in the best ages of the Church, the doctrine you so coolly seek to impose upon me, was simply unknown.

LETTER XXV.

SHORTCOMINGS DISCOVERABLE IN THE ROMISH, AS WELL AS IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—IDOLATRY.—DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY AND INDULGENCES.—MARIOLATRY.—SUPERSTITION.—ENTIRE SYSTEM OF PUBLIC WORSHIP IN THE ROMISH CHURCH.—NEGLECT OF ANTIQUITY.—RE-BAPTIZATION.

To the same.

Sir,

I have been content hitherto to stand on the defensive. You have brought sundry charges against the Church of England, which I have been content to repel. You clearly overlook two important considerations; the first,—(I.) That if the shortcomings of the Church of England are to be so industriously raked up,—then, some notice must be taken of the shortcomings of the Church of Rome also: since it is not to be imagined for an instant that the Communion into which you have lately sought admission is immaculate; and that only *we* have something to deplore. Next,—(II.) You forget that if the shortcomings of the English Church were much more considerable than you attempt to make out, they would constitute no adequate reason for forsaking her. On both these two heads, in this and my next letter, I propose to offer a few words.

I am not about to multiply charges against the Church of Rome, as I easily might. I will confine myself to a few points: and,—

1. The first charge I bring against her is, that SHE IS AN

IDOLATROUS CHURCH. By which I chiefly mean to say that she not only permits, but encourages, *the worship of Images*.

You may not attempt to elude this accusation by the old shift of distinguishing between different degrees of worship: and telling me, (what is undeniable,) that the Greek word *Doulia* means one thing,—the Greek word *Latria*, another. Such philological subtleties, however commendable in their proper place, are altogether foreign to the matter in hand. For we are not going to discuss what two Greek words *mean*, but what the Romish church actually *does*. Moreover, distinctions like these, however plausible in theory, altogether disappear in practice,—as you ought to know very well. Above all, the 2nd Commandment is express and unconditional: "*Thou shalt not bow down to worship them,*"—whether with one kind of worship or with another. Neither may you attempt to persuade me, (even if you have succeeded in persuading yourself,) that the graven image is *not* worshipped, but that through the representation the worshipper looks up to the being represented. I shall show you that the worshipper *is taught to do nothing of the kind*: and the authority which teaches him, is none other than one which you think infallible,—that, namely, of the Bishop of Rome himself.

For, if the idol is nothing, but the object represented everything,—how does it come to pass that *one idol is preferred before another*? If the intention of the Romish Church is to lift the thoughts of her children heavenward, how does it happen that worship, (whether *Doulia* or *Latria*,) offered to *one* image or picture rather than another, is encouraged by the highest authority? If the direct result of the Romish system is not to arrest the heavenward aspirations, and to restrain them to the earthly image,

how does it come to pass that *miracles* are ascribed to so many of the representations of the Saints? * And if this result is deprecated by the authorities in the Romish Communion, how does it happen that a volume pretending to authenticate those miracles has been publicly put forth by authority? . . . You will find these questions hard indeed to answer. The volume of which I speak will be presently again alluded to.

You will tell me, I doubt not, that *the theory* of the Romish Church does not countenance Idolatry, however fatally that plague may have developed itself in the Romish Communion. I am sorry that I cannot altogether admit the validity of your plea. You are to observe that the Romish Church does nothing to check or discourage,—but, on the contrary, does much to promote and encourage,—image-worship. The statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Church of St. Agostino, at Rome, (described by me at pp. 60–1,) would be quite sufficient to prove what I say: for the papal indulgence engraven on its base can be attended with only one result; *can* have been put there with only one intention. The same may be said of every image set up in Roman Catholic Churches, so long as the people are taught to visit it with especial veneration. *Practically*, the veneration paid to Images has reproduced the method of heathendom. “Notre Dame de Fourvières,” for example, is as much the tutelary goddess of Lyon, as ever was Minerva at Athens, or Diana at Ephesus.—Permit me to

* One has not far to look for examples.—“Vi è una Madonna detta di S. Gregorio, della quale si dice, che un giorno passando il detto Pontifice, e non salutandola, gli dicesse,” &c. (*Rom. Modern. Gior.* 5. Rion. di Campetalli.)—Ad sanctum Paulum, ubi vidimus ligneam Crucifixi; Imaginem, quem sancta Brigida sibi loquentem audiisse perhibetur.” (*Mabill. D. Italic.* p. 133.)—“Imaginem Sanctæ Mariæ custodem Ecclesiæ allocutam et Alexii singularem pietatem commendasse.” (*Durant, De Rots.* l. i. c. 5.)

refer you to the exhibition already described by myself, at p. 59,—in which the Pope took a conspicuous part. Are such transactions, (and they are very common in countries of the Romish obedience !) to be severed from the theory of the Romish system ? *

Leaving the question of image-worship, I have to remind you that your Church stands charged with being, in not a few respects, DOCTRINALLY CORRUPT. It shall suffice to indicate only a few points.

2.—Your doctrine of Purgatory and Indulgences needs only to be stated, I should think, to proclaim its own sufficient and entire refutation. Concerning the former Doctrine I have already said enough. But what is to be said of the complicated superstructure of error which has been built up on the foundation of that gross fiction ? The superfluous merits of the Saints departed are assumed to be deposited in a kind of Bank, in conjunction, (shocking to relate !) with the merits and satisfaction of our SAVIOUR. Of this Treasury, the Bishop of Rome keeps the key ; and over it, he has unlimited authority. He is thought to enjoy the privilege of drawing upon this fund at pleasure ; and to be at liberty, by a stroke of his pen, to apportion some of it to whomsoever he pleases. Nay, he claims to be able to appropriate the merits of any definite Saint to any indefinite person. Thus, over a Chapel in the transept of the Basilica of S. Lorenzo, at Rome, you read :—" This is that tomb out of the catacomb of St. Cyriaca, which is celebrated throughout the world. Whosoever here celebrates Mass for the Dead,

* See the Rev. W. Palmer's VIIIth *Letter to Wiseman*, (1842.) wherein he demonstrates that "direct and formal Idolatry,—*what Romanists themselves admit to be Idolatry*,—is authorised and approved in the Romish Communion, and that Romanists are prevented by their own principles from condemning it." See p. 9.—The reader should also refer to *Stillingfleet, Works*, vol. v. p. 459.

will deliver their souls from Purgatorial pains, *through the merits of St. Laurence.*"^a

This kind of inscription is even common. In the Church of S. Onuphrio, what follows is framed, in the second chapel to the right as you enter:—"Altare privilegiato nel quale *si libera dal Purgatorio* quell' anima per la quale si prega, come si celebrasse all' altare di San Gregorio di Roma" . . . Again, in the Church of S. Carlo, is to be read as follows, (in the Chapel of the Assumption):—"Innocentius XI. P.M. concessit ut quandocumq. in hoc Deiparae altari pro anima cujuscumq. fidelis sacrificium fuerit, *ipsa a Purgat. poenis liberetur.*" . . . It is needless to multiply examples.^b You are hopelessly blind if you are not struck with the senseless profanity of a system which can develope such phenomena as these.

^a "Hæc est tumba illa toto orbe terrarum celeberrima ex Cœmeterio S. Ciriacæ matronæ, ubi sacrum siquis fecerit pro defunctis, eorum animas a Purgatorii poenis *Divi Laurentii meritis evocabit.*"

^b A few may be added in a note. Framed and glazed in the church of S. Maria Traspontina is the following:—"La santa Memoria di Papa Paolo quinto, ad istanza del Card. Domen^{co}. Pinelli vescovo di Porto e protettore dell' Ordine Carmelitano *concede la liberazione d'un anima dal Purgatorio a qualsivoglia sacerdote che celebra in ques to altare* intitolato delle colonne dove furono flagellati i gloriosi Apostoli S. Pietro e S. Paolo, come piu amplamente appare dal suo breve spedito dal Vaticano li sci Aprile mdcvi." . . . On the right of the altar in the dilapidated but curious church of S. Bartolomeo:—"Gregorius XIII. P. O. M. . . . apostolica auctoritate concessit cuilibet ex eâdem familiâ [*sc. Franciscana*] sacerdoti qui domum hanc S. Bartholomæi incoletet si in capellâ hac DEI Matri dedicata quam sanctam appellant, sacrificium pro defunctis offerret *animam illam liberaret a Purgatorii poenis, pro qua sacrificaret*, idque diplomate sanxit, Romæ, xi. Kul. Septem. mdcxxx." . . . Under the Basilica of Santa Croce, on a title affixed to the iron gate of the Capella di Pietà, is read: "Celebrandosi la S. Messa in questo altare *si libera un' anima dal Purgatorio*, come risulta dalla bolla della S. M. di Gregorio XIII."—Over the altar of S. Maria Scala Coeli:—"Celebrans hic animam a poenis Purgatorii liberat."

This whole article of papal "Indulgences" is a sad blot on the Romish system. You may find it briefly discussed in a manner you will find unanswerable, by not a few of our Theologians.^a Not to wade into the depths of this iniquity, and to uncover the revolting consequences of this sad corruption of the primitive Faith, I am content to ask, *What* more transparently worthless than such promises as are attached to the performance of almost every public religious act? Think only of *a hundred days* of indulgence for kissing the foot of a statue and saying one Ave-Maria!^b *seven years* of indulgence for a visit paid to certain Relics! *plenary* indulgence for eighteen visits paid with prayer, after confessing and communicating!^c But "plenary indulgence" is more easily attainable still. It appertains to him who attends five of the public catechisings, and *is applicable to souls in purgatory*.^d So are the *nine years* of indulgence which accrue to him who once ascends to Scala Sancta devoutly^e . . . Surely such fables are as foolish as they are profane!^f You may think as you please

^a See, for example, Bp. Bull, *Works*, vol. ii. pp. 282-87. The reader is also referred to Newman's *Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church*, pp. 145-47.

^b See p. 61.—As you enter the Coliseum, on either hand you see in the wall a plain marble inlaid cross. Beneath is written:—"Baciando la Santa Croce si acquista un' anno e xl giorni d'Indulgenza."

^c See p. 50.

^d See p. 68.

^e See p. 75.

^f As monstrous an instance as I ever met with, is the following, written over the altar of the Crocifisso, in the basilica of S. Lorenzo:—"Quisquis devoto ac contrito corde accedit ad istam crucem et ad alteram, plenariam omnium suorum peccatorum indulgentiam consequitur."(!) . . . Above the confessional in the same church;—"Hoc sub fornice tumultata jacent corpora Ssr. Stephani protomartyris, Laurentii Diaconi, et Justinii presbyteri et mart. ubi est quotidie a summis Pontificibus concessa indulgentia plenaria." . . . The following inscription occurs perpetually over the doors of Churches at Rome, *e. g.* over the door of S. Vincenzo Anastasio:—"Indul-

on the subject: but let me tell you the mischief of such Doctrines must infinitely outweigh, in the judgment of persons of sense and candour, any of the practical inconveniences which are experienced in our own branch of the Church Catholic How *modern* this entire system is, has been repeatedly shown; as well as to what monstrous scandals it has paved the way. The sale of Indulgences became at last so flagrant an abuse that it produced the Reformation.

3. The next serious charge which I bring against your adopted Communion, is, that IT PUTS THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE PLACE OF GOD. I have already sufficiently established this statement, at pp. 102-4; but so gross and patent a fact calls for repeated protest, as well as admits of varied modern illustration. Thus, at Lyons, under the pictures of "Notre Dame de Fourvières" is read,—"*O Marie, écoutez favorablement les vœux et les prières de vos fidèles serviteurs.*" Behind,—"*Souvenez vous, O très miséricordieuse Vierge Marie, qu'on n'a jamais ouï dire qu'aucun de ceux qui ont eu recours à votre protection ait été abandonné. Plein de cette confiance, O ma tendre Mère, je viens à vous; et gémissant sous les poids de mes péchés, je me prosterne à vos pieds. Écoutez favorablement ma prière, et daignez l'exaucer.*" Now let any honest person say whether this be not addressing the Blessed Virgin as if she were God? Instead of "our Father," it is "my Mother," "at whose feet" the sinner "groaning beneath the burthen of his sins" "prostrates himself." To *her* he addresses "his prayer." At *her* hands, he asks to have it granted. . . . Is it not a mere trifling with the Truth to affect to doubt whether this be a breaking of the commandment or not?

Approach the capital, and see whether things are *congentia plenaria perpetua—pro vivis et defunctis.*" What does this precisely mean?

ducted differently *there*. Can anything be worse than the *ex-voto* tablets which bid fair soon to cover the walls of Notre Dame des Victoires at Paris?—*e. g.*, “J’ai prié Marie pendant 8 ans pour une œuvre impossible : et j’ai été exaucé, le 8 Dec. 1859.”—“Amour et reconnaissance envers Marie *qui a sauvé ma fille*, 30 Juillet, 1856.” “J’ai prié Jésus, Marie, et Joseph. J’ai été exaucée le 15 Nov. 1856.”—“O Marie, *qui nous a conservée notre enfant*,” &c.—“O Marie, je vous remercie *d’avoir sauvé mon père*. C.D.G. 29 Mars, 1857,” &c. &c. &c.

As for Rome, the extent to which this kind of thing is there carried, is almost incredible. An inscription outside the Church of the Minerva records the height to which the Tiber rose in the inundation of 1530, with this inscription : “Huc Tiber ascendit, jamque obruta tota fuisset Roma, nisi huic celerem Virgo tulisset opem.”—The same is said elsewhere concerning an earthquake which threatened the city in 1703.—In the Church of S. Carlo, in the Chapel of the Assumption, (over a picture representing the legend), is inscribed,—“Tu sola universas haereses interemisti.” But I have already shown that the young and the illiterate are taught by the popular books of devotion to fly to the Virgin in every danger, as well as to build upon *her* their confidence in death :^a and that she enjoys a far larger amount of popular worship even than our SAVIOUR CHRIST Himself.

The glaring offence against Catholic antiquity and scriptural Truth which Rome committed in 1854, when she proclaimed the blasphemous dogma of the Immaculate Conception, has been already sufficiently adverted to at p. 103. It is of course *the* crowning iniquity of modern Romanism, —a step which must inevitably bring down the wrath of God on that branch of the Catholic Church. For this

^a See above, pp. 102–3.

reason I have made the worship of the Blessed Virgin a separate head of complaint against your Church.*

As might be expected, the veneration with which *she* is regarded, is freely extended to other Saints. In the Church of S. Geneviève at Paris, you read on the *ex-voto* tablets, as follows:—"J'ai invoqué S. Geneviève pendant une incendie, elle m'a exaucée le 28 Oct. 1859. C. G."—"J'ai prié S. Geneviève pour la santé de mon fils, et j'ai été exaucée. E. C."—"J'ai prié S. Geneviève pendant la maladie de ma fille. *Elle l'a sauvée.*"—Will you pretend to tell me, that the persons who so write do not mean what they say? or mean any other thing than that S. Geneviève is "God, to kill and to make alive?"

4. If I do not dwell on the unscriptural practice of your adopted Church of denying the Cup to all but the consecrating Priest in the Holy Communion, it is not because I think this a light matter, but because it is needless to enlarge on what is so patent a violation of the Divine Command.^b The sinfulness of HALF-COMMUNION has been often exposed,^c and ought not to require explaining. That the practice is of quite modern date, *who* knows not?^d

5. I declare next that the Romish Church is GROSSLY

* The fatal consequences of the introduction of this new dogma, and the blasphemy which it implies, may be seen ably stated in the Bp. of Oxford's recent sermon,—*Rome's New Dogma and our Duties*. At the end, is printed Dr. Mill's Catena of Catholic evidence on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

^b St. John vi. 53. St. Matth. xxvi. 26, 27.

^c See the Sequel to Dr. Wordsworth's *Letter to M. Gondon*,—p. 107, &c. Letters V. and VI.

^d "Habet enim magnam vocem Christi sanguis in terrâ, cum eo recepto ab omnibus gentibus respondetur, Amen." [Augustin. *cont. Faust. Manich.* lib. xii. c. 10. Opp. viii. 382. B.] "Quare," (remarks Bp. Andrews,) "duo hic egregia habemus. 1. *Universam Ecclesiam participem esse Calicis.* 2. Cum accipimus, dicere, Amen." [Works, xi. p. 157.]

SUPERSTITIOUS. It would be easy to fill a volume with illustrations of this statement, but I am about to do nothing of the kind. I am content to refer you to what has been already offered on the subject of RELICS, p. 48 to p. 56 : and shall only remind you of a few additional particulars.

What think you then of the following inscription? It occurs on the right of the underground Chapel (of the Presepe) in the Sistine Chapel, in the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore:—"Hic, S. Cajetanus, auspice Divo Hieronymo, cujus ossa non procul jacent, in ipsa natalitia Christi nocte, accepit a Deipara in ulnas suas puerum Jesum." Now, does any one in his senses really believe that the Blessed Virgin put the Infant SAVIOUR, (who now "sitteth at the Right Hand of God!") into Cajetan's arms? But even supposing that she did (!), what on earth can Jerome's bones have had to do with the circumstance? . . . You *must* feel that a Church which can perpetrate such absurdities, however successful she may be in conciliating indulgence, has yet need to be very slow in pointing out the shortcomings of any other Communion under the sun.

And then, what is to be thought of the superstitions attaching to images and pictures at Rome and elsewhere? * I earnestly invite you to obtain access to the little volume already alluded to, which was put forth only sixty-four years ago, under the highest authority; entitled, *De' Prodigii avvenuti in molte sagre Immagini, specialmente di Maria Santissima, secondo gli autentici Processi compilati in Roma, memorie, estratte e ragionate da D. Gio. Marchetti, Esaminatore Apostolico del Clero e Presidente del Gesù. Con breve ragguaglio di altri simili Prodigii comprovati nelle Curie Vescovili dello Stato Pontificio.—Roma, 1797.*—I recur to this curious publication, (which I believe is

* See p. 58. .

sufficiently rare,) because here is authentic evidence on the subject under consideration. It exhibits small engravings of 26 images,—24 of which are representations of the Virgin.—The locality of each image is carefully specified; and the opening and shutting of eyes performed by each, as vouched for by 86 witnesses, is duly recorded. At p. 221, is the autograph attestation of Cardinal Della Somaglia, the Vicar General of that day, to the whole inquiry, which he had been delegated to conduct in person. This is followed by a considerable Supplement and Appendix of duly-certified wonders of the same description. The book was translated into English, but most rigorously suppressed.

I have no wish to be hard upon you, and therefore will pass on. But I scruple not to say that the superstitious legends of fabulous Saints in the Roman Breviary, are alone a fatal blot: for these at least are put forth by the very highest authority and compromise the whole church. It would be endless to specify all the instances of gross superstition which have presented themselves to any single observer of the practices of your adopted Communion.

6. Lastly, I must freely say that THE ENTIRE SYSTEM OF PUBLIC WORSHIP of your new friends is open to the gravest objections. I have already written sufficiently largely on this subject, from p. 36 to p. 98; and even *you* will not accuse me of having written those remarks in an unkind spirit. I made the best of everything at Rome. But when you twit me with my “position,” &c. it seems to be high time that I should remind you a little of *yours*.

Suppose, moreover, instead of remaining at Rome, we transport ourselves in thought to the capital of “the eldest son of the Church.” It is Sunday morning at Paris. The open shops,—the noisy traffic,—the cries,—the din,—the whirl of vehicles,—the throng,—all is oppressive and strange. Is this the way Sunday is observed in the first of Roman

Catholic countries,—and in the very capital? You inquire for the principal church, and you proceed to the Madeleine. Surely, (you say to yourself as you approach it,) this must be the shrine of some heathen deity; not a Christian church! The churches at Rome, (like our own city churches,) are sufficiently unecclesiastical in their structure; but *this* is a bonâ fide *Temple*.

Enter; and if Divine Service is going on, is it not your first impression that you have lost your way, and inadvertently entered a play-house? What else can be the meaning of that multitude of personages in white, decked with blue and pink sashes, lilac silk, transparent muslin, black capes, red caps, gold fringe, lace, and fur; and all performing in such a strange histrionic style in front of a pyramidal group of angels, lighted up by eighty or ninety candles, while boys are carrying tall candles, and young men are throwing and catching censer-boxes,—far more like jugglers playing a trick, than persons assisting at the worship of the LORD of Hosts? Are these melodramatic evolutions sanctioned by Breviary or Missal? and are those mountebanks? or are they persons of the clerical order?

Oh, but all this is mere prejudice, (I shall be told.) A theatrical nation, fond of the picturesque in Religion, as in everything else, has adopted a gaudier ritual than your cold northern taste is altogether able to approve. A boy may wear a pink dress, I suppose, with white muslin over it, if he likes, without endangering Antiquity?—Allowed. Let us inquire then what is the order of the Service for the day, and ascertain what these performers are all actually about. “Aujourd’hui, 5 Février, Septuagésime. Au chœur on célèbre la Solemnité de la Présentation de N. S. et de la S. Vierge.—A 8¼ h. la première grande Messe (du Dimanche) suivie du Prône par M. le Curé.—A 10¾ h. la Bénédiction des cièrges, l’Aspersion, et la seconde grande Messe.—

A 1 h. la dernière Messe.—A 2 h. None, Vespres, Sermon, ...et la Salut.—Le soir, à 8 h. Réunion de la Confrérie et Procession.” In other words, the sacred solemnities of the Feast of the Purification (2nd February) have been *transferred* to Septuagesima,—the ensuing Sunday (5th Feb.) in defiance of propriety and of the Prayer-Book. The Sacrament of the LORD’s Supper is celebrated *by the clergy* in the hearing of such of the lay people as choose to attend, thrice in the morning,—the earliest occasion being at a quarter to 9 (!). A short address, a blessing of candles, and Aspersion, complete the programme. Nones and Vespers, (by accumulation !) at 2 o’clock^a (!) are followed by a Sermon. Where then are Matins, Lauds, and Prime ? The fancy-prayers of a confraternity (!) and “Procession,” close the day. . . . If you admire this representation of the *Catholic* method,—(and you will please to observe that we have resorted for it to the first *Roman* Catholic nation in the world ; and ascertained how it is exhibited in the best Church of the French metropolis,)—I am sorry for you. Commend *me* to the Catholic method as it is to be seen in the best Churches of the metropolis of *Anglo-Catholic* England.

And next, for the effect of all this on the people. The *public* religion of the Parisians, as it may be called, is to be seen in the utter desecration of the Sunday practised universally *out* of church. The *veritable* “Théâtre” begins a few hours later ! There will also be buying and selling going on till half-past 10 at night, in the public streets.

. . . *In Church*, where are the *men* ? Why do all sit,—whisper,—look unconcerned,—or read books *not* of the Service ? Why this coming in and going out, at all hours ? Why so much gathering of money ? And then, that offen-

^a At S. Roch, the second church in Paris, Vespers, &c. are at 1.30.

sive chaisière, coming for her vile two or three sous, in the middle of the Service! Could no other way be devised of paying for being uncomfortable? . . . To be brief. "The *Gallican* use" seen through Liturgical spectacles at the end of a vista of a thousand years, looks picturesque and venerable enough. So does the Roman Use. So does the Use of Sarum. But *you* seem to make Church-membership an open question; and talk as if you were "an *unattached Christian*," (as Lady — wittily described herself;) and as if every one was "in search of a Religion." Now, if contrasting of methods is to be the order of the day, then I have but to request that you will contrast like with like, and contrast fairly; and I have no misgiving whatever as to what will be the result. You may not, at all events, describe Romanism as it is to be seen set off to the greatest advantage in one of the best appointed and most sumptuous Churches in Rome; and straightway contrast the imposing and attractive result with our Anglican method, as it is to be seen in the ill-served church of a neglected village in one of our remoter English provinces.

No doubt I shall be told that the Madeleine is a gay and fashionable Church, and that I ought not to go there for a sample of the Romish devotion of the French capital. So, in truth I thought; and frankly stated my sentiments to a very pious person. "Go," (she said,) "to Notre Dame des Victoires, at 7 in the evening;" and I went.

Part of the result will be found chronicled above, at p. 108. The devoutness of the congregation of that Church delighted me, I confess; but *it was the devotion of a Meeting-House*. About five hundred were assembled, all of the humbler class. The prayers were altogether modern, and very wretched compositions. The people *sat* while the Psalms were being chanted. True, that most of them joined in them heartily: but they had not come together for *com-*

mon Prayer. I tried to look over their books, and ascertained that only *some* had come provided with the manual of the confraternity: the rest were otherwise employed. One near me was reading the "*Manuel des pieuses domestiques*." A single priest officiated, and the service lasted exactly two hours and a half. It was *called*, "*Vespers of the Virgin*,"—for *she* is the presiding Deity of Romanism, whether in, or out of Rome. As for the Sermon, it was as worthless and weak as possible; but the speaker was fluent and earnest.—Now this is a true picture of popular Romanism as it is to be seen in Paris, since the great Revival effected by M. Desgenettes. Does it appear to you particularly attractive? Does it, at all events warrant any saucy remarks in disparagement of our Anglican method?

7. I might prolong this kind of discussion indefinitely. If I were to attempt to enumerate all the vices in the theory, all the mischiefs in the Practical working, of the Romish system, the task before me would be endless. I should have to give you a lecture "*on Romanism as neglectful of Antiquity*:"* and should have to preface it by a

* "However we explain it, so much is clear, that the Fathers are only so far of use in the eyes of Romanists *as they prove the Roman doctrines*; and in no sense are allowed to interfere with the conclusions which the Church has adopted; that they are of authority when they seem to agree with Rome, of none if they differ. . . . How hopeless then is it to contend with Romanists, as if they practically agreed with us as to the foundation of faith, however much they pretend to it! Ours is Antiquity, theirs the existing Church. . . .

"I make one remark more. Enough has been said to show the hopefulness of our own prospects in the controversy with Rome. We have her own avowal that the Fathers ought to be followed, and again *that she does not follow them*; what more can we require than her witness against herself which is here supplied us? If such inconsistency is not at once fatal to her claims, which it would seem to be, at least it is a most encouraging omen in our contest with her.

Lecture on Romanism as *neglectful of Scripture*. "She assumes," (says Dr. Wordsworth,) "a superiority over the Fathers and Councils of the Ancient Church. This she has shown *à priori* by affirming, that if Councils or Fathers speak in opposition to her, they are to be regarded as *pro tanto*, of no authority. Secondly, she exercises this assumed superiority in practice, by mutilating, (or, as she terms it, correcting) the records of the Early Church. Sixtus Senensis^a commended Pope Pius V. for the care he took "in purging all the compositions of Catholic writers, and specially those of the ancient Fathers:" and the mode in which this work of purgation was performed may be conceived from the following examples. Augustine says, "Faith only justifies:"—"Our works cannot save us:"—"Marriage is allowed to all:"—"Peter erred in the question of clean and unclean meats:"—"St. John cautions us against the invocation of Saints." The holy Bishop, (says the Church of Rome,) is to be corrected in all these places.^b Chrysostom teaches that "CHRIST forbids heretics to be put to death;" that "to adore martyrs is antichristian;" that "the reading of Scripture is needful to all;" that "there

We have but to remain pertinaciously and immovably fixed on the ground of Antiquity: and as truth is ours, so will the victory be also." —Newman's *Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church*, pp. 84, 68, 100. The reader is also referred to Letters IV. to X. of the present volume.

^a Epist. dedicat. ad Pium V. P. M. "Expurgari et emaculari curâsti omnia Catholicorum scriptorum ac præcipuè veterum Patrum scripta."

^b I copy these passages from the *Index Expurgatorius* Impensis Lazari, 1599. This Index was not to be published. See Præf. B. 6. "Prælati in omnibus urbibus ubi bibliopolæ inhabitant unum et item alterum sibi deligere poterunt, quos idoneos judicabunt, sedulos et fideles: iique ipsi privatim nullisque consociis apud se Indicem expurgatorium habebunt, quem eundem neque aliis communicabunt, neque ejus exemplum ulli dabunt."

is no merit but from CHRIST;" that it is "a proud thing to detract from or add to Scripture;" that "Bishops and Priests are subject to the higher powers;" that the "Prophets had wives." The venerable Patriarch must be freed from all these heretical notions. Epiphanius affirms that "no creature is to be worshipped." This is an error, and must be expunged. Jerome asserts that "all Bishops are equal;" he must here be amended. And further, the Fathers are not only to be corrected by subtraction, but by addition also. Thus Cyprian is to be made say, "hic Petro primatus datur," and "qui cathedram Petri, super quam fundata est Ecclesia deserit, in Ecclesiâ se esse confidit?"^a against his own practice, for which he has been condemned by Bellarmine as guilty of mortal sin. All this is not wonderful, since the Church of Rome has not spared even the Word of God. In the Roman index^b we read "deletur illud 'Abraham fide justus,' " which is the assertion of St. Paul.^c

8. If I were bent on prolonging this discussion, I might easily draw out a most heavy charge against your adopted Communion of having *added fresh articles to the Faith*,—not for the first time in 1854; and for requiring assent to them under pain of Anathema. (I allude especially to the Creed of Pope Pius IV.) I should have to reproach the Church of Rome with *setting an example of schism* by setting up rival Bishops in our sees at home and abroad,—in defiance of the Canons of Œcumenical Councils, and the Laws of all the Churches.^d A Bible *withheld from the*

^a See Dr. James *On the Corruption of the True Fathers*, p. 114, ed. 1688.

^b P. 48. See other passages of Scripture, expunged by the Church of Rome, in Dr. James's work, p. 427.

^c Gal. iii. 6. Rom. iv. 3.

^d "As the imperial City of Constantinople was the centre of Catholic communion in the East, so once was imperial Rome in the

people,—and Divine Service *in an unknown tongue*,—alas, it would be a long, long catalogue, if I were to undertake to give you every reason why I think the Church of England an infinitely better Church to live and die in than the Church of Rome! Moral considerations would have to be introduced also; and I should feel it my duty to direct your attention to Spain, and to other parts of France and Italy besides Paris and Rome. But I desist. To my next, which will be a much longer letter, I beg to invite your very special attention. One only question do I feel disposed to put to you at parting:—"On what possible principle can you defend the universal practice of your new friends of rebaptizing, — *insisting upon the Rebaptization*,—of such members of the Church of England as seek to unite themselves to the Church of Rome? . . . I have heard that anxiety is feigned lest the person so seeking admission into another branch of CHRIST'S Holy Catholic Church should never have been only baptized. But, two awkward considerations here present themselves:—First, Why should an English priest be supposed to be a less trustworthy agent than any old woman,—to whom the Romish (*not* the English!) Church expressly gives authority, in case of need, to administer the Sacrament of Baptism? And secondly, since (according to the Romish view,) *Inten-*

West, until her Bishops effecting an universal supremacy, she became the author of her own schism, by which she still divides the Christian world. Then, it may be, for her punishment, she was permitted to wander from the straight and narrow path of scriptural truth, into the broad road of error; adding, at her own will, novel and strange doctrines, unknown to the Apostles or articles of Faith: until, in this our day, as if to perpetuate her character of the Great Schismatic, she has invaded the rights of other independent churches, setting up altar against altar, and pretended Bishops, who, being *secundi*, are by the nominal rule of the Church, *nulli*."—*Life of Bp. Ken, by a Layman*, 1854, p. 132.

tion is necessary to the validity of a Sacrament, what security have you that, in any given instance, the Sacrament of Baptism is administered, by a Romish Priest, *at all?* I am really curious for an explanation. Let me only request you to disabuse your mind of the notion that the alleged plea of *doubt* is the true reason why Rome pursues this sinful course. For, even when a learned English Priest, (as in a well-known instance,) has given a written assurance that the Sacrament was only administered by his own hands, Rome has insisted on the repetition of the solemn rite. Now, you are of course aware that *Reiteration of Baptism is sacrilege.*

LETTER XXVI.

THE ONLY REAL QUESTION REMAINS YET TO BE DISCUSSED : NAMELY, THE VALIDITY OF THE PAPAL CLAIM TO UNIVERSAL SUPREMACY.—FIVE THEORIES BRIEFLY CONSIDERED. — THE PATRIARCHAL CLAIM. — THE CLAIM OF CONVERSION.—THE CLAIM OF IMMEMORIAL POSSESSION.—THE CLAIM FROM INFALLIBILITY. — THE CLAIM, BASED ON SCRIPTURE AND FATHERS, OF BEING THE SUCCESSOR OF ST. PETER.—NO PRIMACY OF AUTHORITY GIVEN TO ST. PETER.—ST. PETER NOT THE FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH OF ROME : NOR THE FIRST BISHOP OF ROME : NOR RECOGNISED AS HAVING ANY SUPREMACY BY EARLY COUNCILS AND FATHERS.—CYPRIAN'S EVIDENCE.—CONCLUSION.

Sir,

It is high time to bring the question before us to a definite issue. Not one of the various considerations urged in your letter, to which I have hitherto directed my remarks, affects the real question before us, in the least ; and I am surprised that you, and the many others, (I thought they had been chiefly young ladies ?)—who adopt the same language, do not perceive how utterly inconsequential and weak it is. Whether the primitive Liturgies are full of Romish doctrine, or whether they are not ;—on which side of the Alps there is more of Sanctity or ungodliness ;—whether or no Images wink, and whether or no they ought to be worshipped even if they do wink :—all such points as these are absolutely irrelevant to the question which you bring before me. *You urge me to become a Romanist.* In other words you invite me to look upon the English Church as a simply schismatic body ;—a body to which it is impossible to belong without such imminent danger to one's soul, that

every one ought positively to withdraw himself from it. You invite me further to show by my acts that I think the way of safety is to seek admission into the Church of Rome. This, if I understand you rightly, is the actual gist of your letter.

Now, in order to persuade me to take so serious and solemn a step as this; in order to induce me to reverse my existing convictions, and then to set up my own private opinion against the collective wisdom, learning, and piety, of the English Church; it is clear that no small amount of logic is required on your part. It will not suffice to show me that the advantages of Romanism,—the disadvantages of Anglicanism,—are manifold. The retort is obvious and fatal. It will not suffice to appeal to the fact that the Bishop of Rome now *claims* supreme authority over all the Churches of Christendom. *That* is precisely the circumstance which underlies the whole question,—the very claim which requires to be made out.

In a word. The one thing you have to establish is *the validity of the Romish claim to universal Supremacy*: or at least, you have to demonstrate the rightful authority of the Bishop of Rome over the English Church. I, for my part, as you are aware, assert that “the Bishop of Rome hath *no* jurisdiction in this Realm of England.”^a You, with your new friends, adopt precisely the opposite language: nay, the most expert of your controversialists declare that the Pope’s Supremacy is the fundamental doctrine of Romanism. “On this doctrine,” (says Bellarmine,) “the whole cause of Christianity,” (he means *Romish* Christianity,) “depends.”^b

^a Art. xxxvii.

^b “De quâ re agitur cum de Primatu Pontificis agitur? brevissime dicam; *de summâ rei Christianæ*.”—Vol. i. p. 494, ed. 1577,—quoted by Wordsworth.

I must give you yet another warning. It will not suffice for you, in order to make out the validity of the Papal claim, to do any of the following things: *one or more of which every writer has done, who has hitherto written on your side of the question*, viz., (1) You may not *assume* that "a Primacy of authority" is given in Scripture to St. Peter over the rest of the Apostles. You must *prove* it. (2) You must not invite me to accept the remarkable favour which occasionally attends the mention of *St. Peter's* name in the Gospels and Acts, as any proof whatever of a thing with which *I* deny that it has any manner of connection; viz., the claim to Infallibility, and universal Supremacy set up, in modern times, by *the Bishop of Rome*: (3) I must caution you against quoting, (as Dr. Wiseman has been convicted of doing,) ^a spurious writings in support of the Romish side of the question. (4) You must be on your guard against urging in argument, divorced from their context, short scraps of Fathers, which prove on examination to be garbled extracts which entirely misrepresent the mind and meaning of the author. ^b (5) You must be denied the privi-

^a See Rev. W. Palmer's *Vth Letter to Wiseman*, (1841,) p. 15 to p. 32.

^b I allude to such a collection of shreds and patches as Archd. Wilberforce accumulates at p. 131,—references taken wholesale by himself, (as he informs us,) and by Mr. Allies, from Passaglia "*De Prerogativis B. Petri*." Such utterly worthless specimens of patristic lore, again, as Mr. Allies sweeps together at p. 11, and indeed throughout his book, are what I here condemn. The strange underlying fallacy of those writers, and indeed of all who have taken the same side of the question, is,—that laudatory expressions concerning *St. Peter* are one and all assumed to be, *ipso facto*, applicable to the *Seal of the Papacy*! And again, that language of *high respect* used concerning Rome, is tantamount to a recognition of modern claims, of its Pontiff to spiritual supremacy! This, and the further fallacy that wherever *the Church* is anywhere, and by anybody, mentioned, the *Romish branch* of the Church is exclusively intended,—really

lege of quoting *in English* what was originally written *in Greek or in Latin*; with a vague reference at the foot of the page to "S. Cyprian," "S. Optatus," "S. Ambrose," and so forth: for I positively declare that such cheap, (and generally *incorrect*, Patristic) lore is wholly inadmissible into so grave a question. We must really be allowed to see clearly, and be quite sure of, what it is we are talking about. Under these very obvious conditions, I shall be happy to attend to everything you are pleased to urge. (6) What need to say that I will put up with no fanciful analogies, as if they were proofs? This is too grave a question to be settled on sentimental grounds. We are not now going to discuss such an expression as the "Rock of Peter," or the "Chair of Peter," or the "See of Peter," or any other mere flourish of rhetoric, as if it were an argument. However laudatory the language which, in the fifth or sixth century, may have been applied to the Romish Church, it is clearly *no* proof that the Bishop of Rome enjoyed any supremacy whatever over the other Churches of Christendom.—None of these tricks of controversy will I allow you to palm off upon me for an instant. You may not imitate Archdeacon Wilberforce, in the logically worthless volume with which he went over to Rome:^a nor Mr. Allies, (who is a yet greater offender in the same way,) in the little book which

makes the sum of what nine-tenths of those who have written on the other side will be found to have delivered concerning the Romish question . . . Their method, to describe it in a few words, seems to be this:—*Given the truth of all Romish Doctrine*, how may the language of Scripture, and the facts of antiquity be warped into agreement with it? Now, *our* method is precisely the reverse of this. Assuming Holy Scripture to be worthy of all acceptance; and assuming that deference is due to Antiquity, *how does Modern Romanism appear when tested by this twofold standard?*

^a *An Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority; or My Reasons for Recalling my Subscription to the Royal Supremacy.* 8vo. 1854.

he put forth when he apostatised.* I refuse to admit any such methods as valid.

Do not imagine from this preamble that I am about to inflict upon you a complete argument against the Papal claim to universal authority. I am about to do nothing of the kind. Our Anglican position has at least this advantage in all discussions of this nature; namely that the burthen of proofs rests wholly with yourselves. The hollowness of the pretensions generally set up, and the insufficiency of the arguments generally urged, is easily shown. I must nevertheless proceed methodically, and cannot dismiss the subject without reminding you that those who argue on your side of the question are bound to make out their case on some definite ground. What you have to prove is *the Papal authority in England*, and you are at liberty to adopt whichever of the following theories you please:—

I. You may pretend that England belongs to the Western Patriarchate, and that the Pope is the Patriarch of the West.

II. Or you may pretend that the right of authority was acquired by the Bishop of Rome, and conveyed to his successors in perpetuity, on the ground of having converted England.

III. Or you may assert that he has a prescriptive right to jurisdiction in England, grounded on immemorial Possession.

IV. Or you may set up the Pope's Infallibility; and infer the deference due to an unerring guide.

V. Or lastly, you may stand on Scripture and the Fathers: and attempt to prove the universal Pastorship of the Bishop of Rome, as the successor of St. Peter.

Let it only be remarked concerning all these good reasons, that they are somewhat inconsistent with one another. If

* *The See of S. Peter the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction and the Centre of Unity.* 12mo, 1855.

the Bishop of Rome claims to be *universal* Bishop, then, why talk of his *Patriarchal* jurisdiction? much less of his right based on our Conversion. If he has *rights*,—then, why appeal to his pretended immemorial *possession*?—I proceed briefly to refute the five pleas already stated.

I. The plea of the Pope's Patriarchal authority over England is easily disposed of. We appeal to the celebrated language of the Council of Nicæa (A.D. 325):—"Let the ancient usages prevail, which are received in Egypt,"^a &c. "And . . . let the privileges of the Church be preserved."^b We appeal also to the decree of Ephesus:—"No bishop shall interfere in other provinces which have not, from the very first, been under himself and his predecessors. . . . But if any one should have taken (a province), or have caused it to be subject to him by compulsion, he shall restore it."—"To these canons of Nicæa and Ephesus," (says Palmer,) "we appeal with confidence. They establish all jurisdictions existing at the time when they were enacted; they forbid all usurpation of authority by one Church over another. The British churches were perfectly independent of Rome in the time of those synods: it was therefore unlawful for Rome to assume authority over them. That authority was an abuse; it ought to have been relinquished by Rome: it was rightfully corrected by our churches."^c

For, (as Fullwood, following Bramhall and many others, has shown,) the territorial independence of the English Church is matter of historical notoriety. It is a simple fact that the ancient Patriarchate of Rome *did not include* England. "According to Ruffinus, (a Roman, who lived not long after the Council of Nicæa,) it was limited to the suburbicary cities;

^a Even the plain language of the Canon has been trifled with by Bellarmine and others. See Fullwood, pp. 34-5.

^b Routh, *Opuscula*, vol. i. p. 358.

^c *Ibid*, pp. 100-1.

i. e. a part of Italy, and their Islands, Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica: much less did it ever pretend to Britain, either by custom, canon, or edict of any of our princes." ^a But I must be content to refer you on this subject to the pages of our own learned Bingham.^b What need to remind you of the answer of the British Bishops to Augustine the Monk? — their bold and emphatic *assertion of their ancient independence*? This evidence, remember, is express, and ought to be decisive,—if the testimony of History be worth anything at all.

The Pope, I repeat, must say nothing about his claim as a *Patriarch* if he pretend to be *Universal Bishop*,—for the two claims are inconsistent; as Fullwood, (after Bramhall,) has convincingly shown.^c

II. And next, for the plea of CONVERSION, it may happily be disposed of in few words. Even supposing that Christianity had been, in fact, introduced into England, and our Churches founded, by missionaries from Rome,—by what process of reasoning is it concluded that such circumstances necessarily or equitably confer on the see of Rome a right of Patriarchal jurisdiction? Gratitude, and love, and veneration, would doubtless have been due, in large measure, to the benefactor on the part of the benefited: "but on what principle of equity it can be proved that such a nation, when formed into Churches, and governed by its own Bishops, is bound to place itself *under the jurisdiction* of this benefactor,—it would be difficult to conceive." The testimony of the early Church, and the experience of history, point unmistakably the other way.^d

"The argument," (says Fullwood,) "must run thus: If

^a Fullwood, p. 35.

^b *Eccles. Antiq.* Book ix. ch. i. §§ 9–12.

^c *Ibid*, pp. 37–8.

^d Palmer's *Episcopacy of the British Churches vindicated against Dr. Wiseman*, (1840,) ch. xiii.

the Bishop of Rome was the means of the English Church's Conversion, then the English Church oweth obedience to him and his successors. We deny both propositions :—
 (a) that the Pope was the means of our first Conversion :
 (b) that if he had been so, it would not follow that we *now owe obedience* to that see."^a

"Eusebius, who wrote nearer to the time of the Apostles than Bede did to that of Eleutherius, declares that Britain was visited by the Apostles themselves; and Theodoret says that St. Paul preached the Gospel here."^b "Our adversaries, while insisting that the grace of Orders was communicated to this Island by Gregory, do not seem to be aware that the very words of Pope Gregory establish two points in direct opposition to the right of Ordination claimed by the Roman see: first, that the bishops of England were '*always, for the future,*' to appoint and consecrate their metropolitans; secondly, that those metropolitans were to consecrate the bishops of their provinces. 'We concede to thee,' (he writes to Augustine,) 'the use of the pallium,' (the well-known mark of authority as vicar of the Roman see,) 'that you may *ordain in several places twelve bishops* to be subject to your jurisdiction, since the bishop of the city of London *ought always in future to be consecrated by his own synod*, and to receive the pallium of honour from this apostolical see. We wish you also to send a bishop to the city of York, who also is to *ordain twelve bishops*, and to enjoy the honour of metropolitan.' Thus the ordination of the bishops and metropolitans of England was given, according to the canons, not to the Roman see, but to the English Church itself. The present discipline of our churches is therefore entirely conformable to that which Pope Gregory instituted."^c

^a *Roma Ruit*, &c., pp. 28-9.

^b Palmer, *ut supra*, p. 117.

^c *Ibid*, pp. 118-19.

III. The plea of Prescription, and Immemorial Possession, is simply *untrue*. "For nearly twelve centuries, the Bishops of Rome did not confirm or ordain our metropolitans; nor did they acquire such powers over our Bishops, till the 14th century, and then only by the aid of the temporal power. These powers were not given to the see of Rome by any Œcumenical Council, nor by any English or Irish Synod. They were usurped, as a matter of Divine Right, by the Roman Pontiff; who, on the same ground, claimed the right of confirming or naming all Bishops, Metropolitans, and Patriarchs whatever." *

The *facts* of the case, (for the full establishment of the details you must be referred elsewhere,) are briefly these:—"The English Church, according to Pope Gregory, was always to ordain its own prelates without having recourse to Rome; two Bishops of Rome assisted in the maintenance of the English hierarchy on occasions of absolute necessity; another uncanonically disturbed the jurisdiction of an English metropolitan: the sees of Canterbury and York, at a late period, voluntarily made the see of Rome the arbiter of their disputes: the metropolitans of Ireland never received palliums from Rome till the twelfth century." This is what Mr. Palmer has proved in opposition to Cardinal Wiseman; "and most assuredly, it is altogether insufficient to prove the patriarchal jurisdiction of the Roman see in general over our churches; or in particular, to show that the ordinations of our bishops or metropolitans in any degree belonged to the Bishop of Rome."

You may like to have a more detailed and definite statement of this matter. "From the time of the Apostles till

* Palmer's *Jurisdiction of the British Episcopacy vindicated*, pp. 30-1. The reader is particularly invited to read the detailed examination of the question contained in Sect. ix. pp 99-115. See also what follows, down to p. 138; the end of Sections X. and XI.

the twelfth century of our æra, amongst all the metropolitans of our churches, only two individuals were consecrated by the Bishop of Rome or his legates. There is not a trace of such ordination in our churches during the ages which elapsed previously to the arrival of Augustine. Pope Gregory did not claim the ordination of that prelate, but wrote to the Bishop of Arles to consecrate him bishop; and afterwards directed that in all future times the metropolitans of England should be appointed by their own provincial synods, as the sacred canons enjoin. And accordingly, out of forty-one archbishops of Canterbury, from A.D. 597 to A.D. 1188, only two were consecrated by the Bishop of Rome, namely, Theodore of Tarsus in 668, and Plegmund in 889; the former of whom was only so ordained in a case of absolute necessity Of the twenty-seven archbishops of York who lived from A.D. 625 to A.D. 1119, *not one* was ordained by the Roman Pontiff or his legates. In the twelfth century, in consequence of disputed elections, (which contending parties referred to Rome,) the Roman Pontiffs took occasion gradually to usurp the ordination of our metropolitans; but even in 1162, and in 1234, Thomas à Becket and Edmond Rich were elected and consecrated in England according to the ancient custom. Therefore the Bishop of Rome has no immemorial right to consecrate our metropolitans.

“Nor has he any immemorial right to *confirm* their elections; for the learned Roman Catholic Thomassinus has proved, that the metropolitans of France, England, Spain, and Africa, up to the year 800, were not confirmed by the Roman patriarch, but by their own provincial synods. In particular he shows that the confirmation and ordination of metropolitans in England was reserved to the English Church itself, by Pope Gregory; and that the confirmation of the Papal See was not to be waited for. In fine, he

proves, that the confirmation and consecration of the metropolitans and bishops of the West, by the bishops of Rome, commenced in the tenth and eleventh centuries, in consequence of references being made to Rome to determine doubtful or disputed elections. It does not seem, indeed, that there is any clear instance of the Pope's confirming the elections of English metropolitans, till the time of Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1174, and Hubert in 1194; in both which cases, the elections were disputed, and the difference referred to Rome. In the following century similar disputes afforded an opportunity to the popes to usurp the confirmation and even the election of English metropolitans.

"So far were the Roman pontiffs from confirming the elections of our bishops and metropolitans generally in those ages, that they did not even confirm in cases when Bishops were *translated*, and in which their interference would have been especially called for, had they possessed any power over our episcopal elections. On this subject Thomassinus has proved that in the time of Charlemagne and his successors, the Gallican and the German churches always enjoyed the ancient right of making translations. And the Anglican likewise.

"We, therefore, conclude that the Roman Pontiff has no right, by immemorial or ancient custom, either to redeem or to confirm our metropolitans or bishops."*

Yet another word on this head: for the singular phenomenon is before us of foreign jurisdiction, *de facto* if not *de jure*, submitted to in the 13th and two following centuries. Now it is much to be noticed,—

(1) That during the 13th and two following centuries, *our clergy were ignorant of the ancient canons*; the

* Palmer, *ubi supra*, p. 124 to p. 131.—For the authorities, &c. ad-
duced by the learned writer, his work must be referred to.

only collections then known being those of Gratian and Gregory IX., which included and were based on *the false decretals*. It is not to be wondered at, that under such circumstances, our clergy did not object to the papal confirmation of metropolitans, or to the assumption of jurisdiction in other respects. They imagined that they were acting on the canons and precedents of the purest antiquity in so doing; while in reality they were merely *guided by a series of forgeries of the eighth or ninth centuries*. And as our bishops were thus entirely unconscious of their rights or duties in reference to the See of Rome, their acquiescence could not afford any sanction to its usurpations."^a

But (2) the Romish dominion, even down to a late period, was *not* submitted to without remonstrance or opposition. Instead of indirect historical evidence, hear William the Conqueror addressing Pope Gregory VII., who had claimed him as a feudatory of the Papal See:—"Hubert, thy legate, holy Father, coming to me on thy behalf, has admonished me to do fealty to thee and to thy successors; as well as to think better of the money which my ancestors were wont to send to the Romish Church. This last claim I assent to: to the former claim I assent *not*. To do fealty I neither have been willing, nor am I willing now; inasmuch as neither have I done it in times past, nor can I find that my ancestors have been in the habit of doing it to thine."^b

I have quoted this letter of an early king, because it occurs to my memory as a piece of evidence not commonly introduced into this controversy. But you are not to fancy that the remonstrant voices which were raised against the usurpations of the Papacy in this country, even at that late

^a Palmer, *ut supra*, pp. 132-3.

^b Sir H. Ellis, *Original Letters*, Third Series, Vol. i. See also Letter VIII., from Lanfranc to the same.

period, were confined to a few. As for the earlier centuries of our history, the records of the Church are plain and emphatic. Our kings and councils refused to yield obedience to persuasion, injunctions, sentences, and legates. Our ancestors unanimously resisted the Papal claims of whatever kind. You will find the subject carefully worked out by Fullwood from p. 39 to p. 160, (Ch. V. to Ch. XIV. inclusive,) of his admirable little volume.

You are requested, in passing on, to observe, that there remains deeply and distinctly graven on our ancient English Ritual the witness of the original independence of this Church and nation. The wide discrepancy between the English and the Roman rite has been already noticed. By far the most important point of discrepancy, Mr. Freeman discourses of as follows:—"The claim of Divine Adoration, as properly due to the Elements from the moment of their consecration, was indeed inculcated on English ground, as elsewhere, from about the time of the Lateran Council, or perhaps even earlier. But there was this remarkable and important difference between the English Church and all others throughout Europe,—that her regular, written, and authorised ritual *contained no recognition of that claim*. The consecrated Bread was indeed ordered to be elevated, so that it might be seen by the people; and there were various diocesan or episcopal injunctions for its being revered by them. But the direction which was embodied in the rubrics of all other Churches and monastic bodies of the West, for the celebrant to *kneel and worship the Element, never found footing in those of the English Church*; and if not in her rubrics, we may be sure not in her practice either, since in all these points the rubric was always rigidly adhered to. And this peculiarity continued down to the very time of the Revision of the Offices in the sixteenth century. The Communion Offices of the various dioceses

of Salisbury, of York, of Hereford, or of Bangor, in whatever else they might differ, agreed in this point:—an unanimity, it must be admitted, most striking and even astonishing, when the universal prevalence of this direction elsewhere throughout the West, and the immense importance attached to it, are taken into consideration.

“It clearly appears,” (adds the same learned writer,) “that the *written* ritual, at any rate, of the English Church, retained its original soundness in this particular, amid the universal corruption of the whole of Europe beside. It exhibited all along in the West an almost perfect parallel, as far as concerned its letter and its authoritative contents, to the Liturgies of the East. The doctrine of elemental annihilation,—however proclaimed, almost from the very hour of its invention, from archiepiscopal thrones, and followed up by divers injunctions, based upon it, in diocesan decrees,—wrought no material change in the liturgical forms of the English Church. From whatever causes, the accredited ritual expression of that doctrine, elsewhere universally imposed by the Roman See, found here no place. Viewed in its theoretic structure, the stream of Liturgical service in this country flowed almost unimpaired, in this particular, from the Apostolic fountain-head.”^a

It is scarcely necessary to add, “that what Augustine introduced was not, strictly speaking, the Roman Daily Offices at all; but only a kindred, though very closely allied member of the family or stock of Offices to which the Roman belonged.”^b Mr. Freeman has in fact proved that the English and Roman ordinary Offices, though closely akin, were quite *distinct*. He shows that Cassian and Leo were probably co-originators of the Roman rite,—Cassian alone

^a Freeman's *Principles of Divine Service*, Introd. to Part II., pp. 84–6.

^b *Ibid.* p. 41.

of the English,—but on the old Western basis : and that it was Cassian's rite which was brought to England by Augustine. But I must refer you to the delightful pages* of that excellent ritualist and divine for the details of a subject which only indirectly bears on the matter in hand.

IV. The argument for the Pope's universal authority derived from his Infallibility, need hardly occupy us long. It is a plea which runs up at once into the next, that, namely, which is derived from his being the Divinely appointed and Universal Pastor of the Church.

Enough for my purpose to remind you that Rome " cannot even in theory give an answer to the question *how* individuals are to know for certain that she is infallible ; " nor in the next place *where* the gift resides, supposing it to have been vouchsafed. It neither determines who or what is " infallible, or why." Little room as there is in the Romish controversy for novelty or surprise, yet it does raise fresh and fresh amazement, the more we think of it, that Romanists should not have been able to agree among themselves *where* that Infallibility is lodged, which is the keystone of their system ! Archbishop Bramhall reckons no less than six distinct opinions on the subject. " Bellarmine maintains that at least the Pope in General Council is infallible : but even granting this, " " yet it is not a matter of faith, (that is, it has not been formally determined,) what Popes have been true Popes ; which of the many *de facto*, or rival Popes, are to be acknowledged ; nor again which of the many professed General Councils are really so." . . . " The theologians of Romanism cannot complete their system in its most important and essential point. They

* Freeman's *Principles of Divine Service*, Introd. to Part II., pp. 245-54.

can determine in theory the nature, degree, extent, and object of the Infallibility which they claim; they cannot agree among themselves where it resides. As in the building of Babel, the LORD hath confounded their language; and the structure stands half finished, a monument at once of human daring and its failure.”^a

V. The favourite claim remains to be considered. The most popular plea of all, doubtless, is this last,—namely, that the Bishop of Rome, because he is Universal Pastor and Supreme Head of the Church here on earth, has authority over our Church of England, and is entitled to her submission.

The first thing which strikes me in this plea, (which, unlike I. II. and III., is not particular in its effect but universal,) is, that the Holy Eastern Church, at all events, has never admitted, and to this hour knows nothing of such a claim on the part of the Bishop of Rome. Let us however consider it on its own merits. The nature of the Papal claim, then, seems to be of the following nature:—

(1.) It is pretended that to St. Peter was given by our LORD a Primacy of Authority over the rest of the Apostolic Body.

(2.) It is pretended that St. Peter founded the Church of Rome.

(3.) It is pretended that St. Peter became the first Bishop of that See.

(4.) It is pretended that the pretended authority of St. Peter over the rest of the Apostles, was transmitted by St. Peter to his successor in the See of Rome; and, when transmitted, assumed the shape of a Primacy of authority over the rest of the Bishops of Christendom.

^a Newman, *ubi supra*, pp. 148–52.—The plea of Infallibility may be seen very closely and minutely argued in Fullwood's *Roma Ruit*, pp. 161–81.

(5.) It is pretended that the pretended authority so pretended to have been transmitted, and pretended to be of such a nature, has descended in regular succession to every Bishop of that See which St. Peter is pretended to have founded, down to the present day.

Shall I hesitate to declare that such a chain of frivolous argumentation,—endangered as it is at every link by a fresh improbability,—seems to me the very weakest instrument by which it was ever intended to support a serious claim? Let me briefly remind you that:—

(1.) *No Primacy of Authority* over the rest of the Apostles is anywhere in the Gospel given by our LORD to St. Peter. Look the sacred pages through; and although you will find a hint in St. Matt. x. 2, that a priority of order was enjoyed by St. Peter, you cannot possibly pretend to infer therefrom that the same Apostle enjoyed any the least priority of authority. Simon Peter was but *primus inter pares*. Wherever there is order of sequence there must be priority and there must be posteriority; and, accordingly, in the catalogues of the Twelve Apostles, it is three times implied, (St. Mark iii. 16: St. Luke vi. 14: Acts i. 13,) and once distinctly stated, (St. Matth. x. 2,) that among them came "*first*, Peter." But, as I have already said, they were all twelve, (to use the words of Cyprian,) "*pari consortio praediti et honoris et potestatis:*"* "*endowed with an equal share of honour and power.*"

Again, that singular favour and honour was occasionally shown to St. Peter, is certain;—in conjunction with St. James and St. John, (as in St. Mark v. 37: St. Matthew xvii. 1: xxvi. 37 and 40:) to him in conjunction with St. John only, (as in St. Luke xxii. 8:) to him singly, (as in St. Matthew xvi. 15–19: xvii. 25–27: St. Luke xxii. 32:

* The passage in which this sentence occurs will be given in full presently.

St. John xxi. 15-19.) He is mentioned in a very remarkable way in Acts v. 15. But you surely cannot require to be reminded that *favour enjoyed* by an Apostle is not the same thing as *authority given* to him! To whom was greater favour shown than to St. John, "the disciple whom JESUS loved"? See St. John xii. 23-25, (consider xxi. 20 :) and xix. 26, 27 : also xxi. 22 : lastly, Rev. i. 1, 2, 10-18. Now, as Cyprian has pointed out, and as it has been a thousand times remarked since, the selfsame powers were conveyed by our LORD to *all* the Apostles, in St. Matthew xviii. 18, and St. John xx. 21-23. *All* had the same Commission given them to teach, in St. Matthew xxviii. 19, 20.

On the other hand, St. Peter is conspicuous for his fall, (St. Matthew xxvi. 69-74 :) for his inferiority in spiritual perception to St. John, (St. John xx. 8, compared with St. Luke xxiv. 12 : St. John xxi. 7 :) for his imperfect faith on a memorable occasion, (St. Matthew xiv. 29-31.) Once, when he spoke to our LORD, he received for answer,—“Get thee behind Me, Satan, thou art an offence unto Me.”* At Antioch, St. Paul “withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed ;” indeed, he rebuked St. Peter with a severity of language which must be admitted to be extraordinary, and quite irreconcilable with the notion that St. Peter enjoyed anything like a ‘Primacy’ in the Apostolic body. (See Gal. ii. 11-14.) But the one passage which sets the question for ever at rest, is the account which St. Luke gives us, in the Acts of the Apostles, (ch. xv. 6-29,) of the part taken by St. Peter in the first Council which was held at Jerusalem,—A.D. 52.

You are requested to attend specially to this circumstance ; because the transaction recorded took place subsequently to the day of Pentecost,—belongs to the period

* St. Matth. xvi. 23.

when the Apostles were in the full enjoyment of their ecclesiastical powers,—and exhibits them to us in their official character, engaged in the performance of one of the most august of their official acts. I will not enlarge upon St. Luke's brief, but most significant and emphatic narrative. The order of the Council proves to have been as follows:—*(a)* The Apostles and Elders, with others (v. 12) came together: *(b)* There was “much disputing:” *(c)* St. Peter spoke: *(d)* St. Barnabas and St. Paul spoke: *(e)* St. James, (our LORD's cousin,)—being the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and evidently president of the Council,—summed up what had been delivered, and gave his sentence. *He* evidently,—St. James *the Bishop of Jerusalem*,—presided, of right, over the Council, and was supreme head of the Church in Jerusalem. With whatever *respect* St. Peter might reasonably have been regarded by all present, it is evident that *primacy of Authority* as yet he had *none!* And so much for the scriptural evidence on the subject. We cannot but conclude that no chief ecclesiastical authority was ever given by our LORD to St. Peter, seeing that he not only is never related to have exercised any, but is even exhibited to us in the Gospel as one over whom Ecclesiastical authority was exercised.—I pass on.

(2.) The pretence that the Church of Rome was founded by St. Peter is not only destitute of foundation, but is demonstrably untrue. If St. Peter was ever at Rome, (and I am aware of no valid reason for doubting that at some time of his life he was there,) it is manifest, both from the Acts of the Apostles, and from St. Paul's Epistles, that St. Paul was there before him: while the Epistle to the Romans proves incontestably, that the Church of Rome was not *founded* by St. Peter.

“But even if it was, the church of Rome was no more entitled to supremacy on that account, than the church of

Jerusalem. Nor was it more entitled, than the churches of Ephesus, Thessalonica, and other churches founded by St. Paul, whose authority was not inferior to that of St. Peter. Still less was it entitled to this supremacy from the mere circumstance, that St. Peter *presided* over the church of Rome: for the same argument would give supremacy to every other church, over which either St. Peter or St. Paul presided."*

(3.) Equally destitute of truth is the statement that S. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome. For,—

(a) St. Peter being *an Apostle*, can never have been the *Bishop* of any individual see. Four notes of difference between the Apostolical and the Episcopal office are commonly enumerated; one of which is, "universality of commission."

(b) Tested by an appeal to History, the worthlessness of the statement becomes apparent. The Catalogue of Bucherius, (a document of the fourth century,) after declaring that St. Peter became Bishop of Rome *in the next year after our LORD's death* (!) and that he governed that see for 25 years, adds that he was succeeded by Linus, whose episcopate lasted for 12 y. (or rather 11 y.) 4 m. 12 d.—But $25 + 11 = 36$; which, added to A.D. 29, (the year of our LORD's Crucifixion,) brings us to A.D. 65,—which is precisely the year assigned to S. Peter's martyrdom! The supposed 25 years of St. Peter's Episcopate, therefore, belong not by any means to the years he presided over the Romish see; but, (according to the showing of the most respectable of your friends,) to the beginning of the period during which (according to Romish writers) he presided over *the Universal Church*!

(c) The favourite escape from this difficulty is to feign that Linus was St. Peter's *vicar*: but, (as the late learned

* Marsh's *Comparative View*, note D.

President of Magdalen points out,*) those same ancient catalogues on which we depend for the chronology of the early Bishops of Rome, say nothing at all about the ‘ vicarship ’ of Linus. They are express in the statement that Linus was *Bishop* of Rome.

(d) Neither may it be pretended that, in some way, St. Peter transferred the Episcopal office from himself to Linus: for Linus (since his episcopate lasted from about A.D. 54 to A.D. 65) proves to have been Bishop of Rome about the time when St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans, which was *before that Apostle’s visit to Rome*, and therefore before St. Peter is pretended to have been there either.

(e) Lastly, the most venerable ecclesiastical traditions extant lend no countenance to the theory under review. Irenæus, (A.D. 179,) does not reckon St. Peter among the Bishops of Rome: neither does Eusebius, (A.D. 320.)

The last-named father does indeed state that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Antioch. The truth is, the Churches of Antiquity, eager to identify themselves with the Apostles of CHRIST, caught at any tradition by which they could connect their origin with the chiefest saints. Hence the venerable fiction which we have been considering, by which it was sought to increase the fame and to establish the importance of the Romish See. True indeed it is that, in later ecclesiastical writings, the name of the Apostle Peter

* That venerable Divine, in 1848, called my attention to most of what is here stated, by reading to me, or rather making me read to him, (for the print was too small for his aged eyes,) a note in the fifth volume of his own *Reliquiæ*,—p. 369. “ You will find this worth your attention, sir ;”—and (lest it should flag,) he kept tapping my shoulder while I read the words,—“ Et velim advertas, decantatos Petri viginti quinque annos ad episcopatum pertinere universæ ecclesiæ, non unius Romanæ,” &c. &c.—The President of Magdalen reprinted that note, with important additions and corrections, in 1853, in a valuable little tract, “ De Episcopis.”

heads the series of the early Bishops of Rome. True that the Church of Rome by several of the early Fathers is styled the 'see of Peter,' and the like. But vague, ambiguous phrases, and rhetorical expressions like these, as any unprejudiced person of good understanding must perceive at a glance, will not sustain the weight which it is proposed to lay upon them, and to which, in truth, they lend no countenance. In a word,—there is *no* reason for assuming that St. Peter was ever Bishop of Rome at all : there is abundant reason for supposing that he was *not*.

(4 and 5.) Without inquiring too curiously into the nature of the extraordinary privilege supposed to have been conveyed to the first Bishops of Rome, or into the manner of its transmission, it is obvious to insist that, if it existed at all, unmistakable traces of its existence ought to be discoverable in the earlier pages of Ecclesiastical History. If the evidence of Scripture is adverse ; if Councils and Fathers, for many centuries are not only silent, but even yield distinctly hostile testimony also : then, (whatever *other* theory may be invented in order to prop up the unfounded claims of the Bishop of Rome to universal authority,) it is plain that the usual appeal to Scripture and Antiquity must be abandoned. Let us see then briefly how the case stands.

I suppose we cannot do better than turn to the history of the first four General Councils,—Nicæa, (A.D. 325,) Constantinople, (A.D. 381,) Ephesus, (A.D. 431,) Chalcedon, (A.D. 451 ;) and survey their Canons, if we would ascertain in what account precisely Rome was held in those palmy days of the Church. Now it is a memorable fact that at the first Œcumenical Council, (that of Nicæa,) the Bishop of Rome was not only not present, but *he was not even represented*. Turn to the Canons of that and the succeeding Councils ; and so far from acknowledging the supremacy of

the Romish see, it will appear conclusively that the reverend Fathers then assembled knew nothing at all about it. They prescribe the limits of the authority of individual Churches, and show jealousy respecting the independence of each several Province. "Let the ancient usages in Egypt, and Libya, and Pentapolis, prevail" (say they); "that the Bishop of Alexandria have authority over them all,—since this is also the usage with the Bishop who is at Rome. In like manner also as regards Antioch, and in the other Provinces, let the privileges of the Churches be preserved." Cases of dispute are anticipated, and provided against. But nowhere is there so much as a hint let fall that *Rome* was the centre of authority, or enjoyed any kind of supremacy over the rest of Christendom.

Nay, the very contrary is hopelessly established against the seat of the Papacy by the 28th Canon of the Council of Chalcedon.

The 150 Bishops who had met at Constantinople (A D. 381,) having decreed that the Bp. of Constantinople should have next precedence after the Bishop of Rome, on the ground that Constantinople was "New, (or rather *young*,) Rome,"* the 630 Bishops who met at Chalcedon 70 years after, confirmed the decree in the following remarkable language:—"We, every where following the decrees of the holy Fathers, and acknowledging the Canon which has been just read of the 150 Bishops most beloved of God, do also ourselves decree and vote the same things concerning the privileges (προσβεία) of the most Holy Church of Constantinople,—Rome the Younger; for the Fathers, with reason, gave precedency to the throne of Rome the Elder, because she was the imperial city: " [*not*, (you are requested

* Τὸν μέντοι Κωνσταντινουπόλεως ἐπίσκοπον ἔχειν τὰ προσβεία τῆς τιμῆς μετὰ τὸν τῆς Ῥώμης ἐπίσκοπον, διὰ τὸ εἶναι αὐτὴν νέαν Ῥώμην.—
Can. iii.

to observe,) because she claimed to be Divinely invested with *Supremacy* over the other Churches of Christendom : *not* because she was traditionally accounted to enjoy any sort of Ecclesiastical *Primacy* : nothing of the kind. “ The fathers with reason gave precedency to throne of the Elder Rome, *because she was the imperial city* : ”] “ and the 150 Bishops most beloved of God, moved by the same consideration, awarded equal precedency to the most holy throne of Rome the Younger, *reasonably judging that the city which is honoured with the government and senate, should enjoy equal privileges with the elder Queen Rome* ; and be magnified, like her, in ecclesiastical matters, having the second place after her.” ^a

The very opposition raised to this Canon by the Roman legates is important : for (1) that opposition was not based, (as one would have expected,) on the plea of an infringement of the privileges of the Romish see, but on quite different grounds : and (2) it established in the fullest manner the mind of the whole assembly, (including the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem, Heraclea, and upwards of twenty metropolitans ;) who ratified their decree by a fresh vote. So that “ this is beyond denial,—that we have, so late as the middle of the fifth century, *the concurrent testimony of the largest assembly of bishops ever collected together*, that the claim for the precedency of the See of Rome in the Christian Church, does not rest on the vain pretence of the Bishop of that See being the chief or sole successor of St. Peter ; but simply and solely on this, —namely *that the city of his bishopric had been the seat of the civil government*.” ^b

Scarcely less important, as bearing on the present ques-

^a For convenience, the English reader is referred to *The Roman Schism, illustrated from the Records of the Catholic Church*, by the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval, 1836, p. 42.

^b *Ibid.* p. 60.

tion, is the 9th Canon of the same Council of Chalcedon : which ordains that,—“ If any clergyman have a matter against his own Bishop, or against another, let it be judged by the Synod of the Province. But if a Bishop or clergyman have a dispute with the Metropolitan of the Province, let him appeal either to the Exarch of the Diocese, or *to the throne of Imperial Constantinople*, and let it be there judged.”

Here is a canon of admitted genuineness, which was passed in the presence and with the approbation of the Roman legates ; and to which the Bishop of Rome, when it was reported to him, offered no objection ! “ The undeniable meaning of it is, that from the decision of a Metropolitan and his Synod, an appeal lay to the Patriarch of the Patriarchate in which the province was situated ; or, if the parties preferred it, directly to the See of Constantinople ; which is thus (apparently) by the authority of a general Council, *vested with greater pre-eminence than any other bishopric has ever received from the same source.*” *

What at least is quite certain, the total silence here as to any appeal *to Rome*, is conclusive evidence that, whatever the pretensions of that see may have been, they were wholly unrecognised so late as *the middle of the fifth century*.

It is worse than absurd to overlook testimony emphatic and considerable as this ; infinitely more important than any strong expression of an individual Father, however learned. Cyprian, (says a recent pervert,) “ speaks of the Church of Rome as ‘ the root and mother of the Catholic Church.’ ”^b Cyprian cannot with truth be said to do anything of the kind. On the other hand, the 150 Bishops

* *The Roman Schism, illustrated from the Records of the Catholic Church*, by the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval, 1836, pp. 42–57.

^b Archd. Wilberforce, *Principles*, &c. p. 104.

at Constantinople, in their synodical epistle to the Western Bishops assembled at Rome, declared that they "acknowledged the most venerable Cyril, most beloved of God, to be Bishop of *the Church of Jerusalem,—which,*" (say they,) "*is the Mother of all the Churches*"^a The decrees of the first four General Councils were deservedly held in supreme reverence by the Universal Church. How shall it be thought credible that so *very* important a circumstance as the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome could have remained unknown to those many hundred Bishops of early Christendom?^b How, still more, is it conceivable that, knowing it, they should have met on four several occasions, at long intervals of time, and enacted Canons, the direct effect of which was to assert the independence of other dioceses; and to provide for the settlement of disputes, without any reference whatever to the supposed necessity of an appeal to Rome? How did it come to pass that the see of Rome was legislated for like any other see of ancient Christendom, without complaint or remonstrance on her part? or *with* remonstrance—which the rest of Christendom overruled and set aside?

But we need not linger over those early times; still less need we adduce the language of others concerning the early Bishops of Rome. We may come on boldly to the end of the sixth century, and hear the truth from the pious lips of one of the greatest ornaments of the Romish See,—Gregory the Great. Addressing the Emperor Mauricius, (relative to the conduct of John IV., Archbishop of Constantinople, A.D. 582-95,) Gregory says:—"It is plain to all who are acquainted with the Gospel, that by our LORD's own lips the care of the whole Church was committed to St. Peter,

^a Perceval, *ibid.* p. 32, quoting Concil. ii. 966.

^b At Nicæa, 318 Bishops; at Constantinople, 150; at Ephesus, 200; at Chalcedon, 630.

the chief of all the Apostles; inasmuch as to him was said,"—(then follows St. John xxi. 17 :) "to him,"—(then follows St. Luke xxii. 31 :) "to him,"—(then follows St. Matthew xvi. 18.) "Lo, he received the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; to him the power of binding and loosing was assigned; to him the care and headship of the whole Church was committed. Yet even he is not called 'Universal Apostle.' Whereas that right holy man, my fellow-priest John, seeks to be called 'Universal Bishop!' I am compelled to exclaim, 'O the times! O the manners!' . . . Who then is this, who, contrary to the precepts of the Gospel, contrary to the Canons, presumes to usurp and assume this new title? . . . If any one in that Church arrogates to himself that name, the whole Church will fall to pieces (God forbid!) when he falls who is called universal.' Far be that name of blasphemy, however, from all Christian hearts; whereby the honour of all other priests suffers diminution, while it is senselessly arrogated to himself by one.

"It was out of honour, truly, for St. Peter, chief of the Apostles, that by the venerable Council of Chalcedon the said title was offered to the Roman Pontiff. But never did any one of my predecessors consent to use this title of singularity; lest, while a private title is bestowed upon one Priest, all the rest should be deprived of the honour which is their due. How comes it to pass, that whereas *we* covet not the glory of this appellation, even when it is offered us, this man presumes to arrogate it to himself, though to him it has never been offered at all?"^a

There are not a few points worthy of attention in this passage. (α) The title of "Universal Bishop," so far from being confessedly the immemorial privilege of the Roman See, is, in the sixth century, claimed by the Archbishop of

^a Gregorii M. *Opera*, vol. ii. p. 748 B.

Constantinople. (b) The Bishop of Rome condemns his assumption of the title, not on the ground of its being an infringement of his own prerogative, but of the manifest *impropriety* of it, by whomsoever claimed. (c) It had never been claimed at all by the Bishops of Rome, but had been offered to them by the Council of Chalcedon. (d) Yet not as any admission of their acknowledged rights, but simply out of compliment to St. Peter, the reputed founder of their Church. (e) It had been declined when so offered, and had never been borne by any of Gregory the Great's predecessors. (f) Gregory rejects it with indignation, and something like horror, calling it a "name of blasphemy." Lastly, (g,) not least interesting as an inference from what goes before, is the distinction which the venerable writer, by implication, emphatically draws between the privileges accorded by our SAVIOUR to *St. Peter*, and any privileges, (of which Gregory evidently knew nothing,) supposed to be inherent in the *See of Rome*.

This last point is thought worthy of attention; because the circumstance of the entire absence of connection between the premisses, and the conclusion of the popular argument for the Papal Supremacy, is so strangely ignored by modern Romanists. Whatever is said in commendation of St. Peter in the Gospel is at once transferred, for some unexplained reason, to the occupants of the Papacy in perpetuity. Not only is the Romish Church called "the bark of Peter," but *the Pope* is identified with *St. Peter* himself. Remind a Romish priest that nothing is discoverable from Scripture to warrant the assumption that not to be in communion with Rome is not to be within the pale of the Church Catholic, and you are at once met with "Tu es Petrus;" or "Pasce oves meas:" just as if those words had been addressed to Pope Pius IX.!

Really, to see the prominent place given to the text Tu

ES PETRUS, &c., all round the base of the dome of St. Peter's, and to hear its perpetual recurrence on the lips of Romanists, one is led to conclude that it must contain the pith and marrow of the whole matter.

It was under this impression that once (by the help of the Indexes) I went through as many of the Fathers as I could conveniently refer to, in order to ascertain what they made of the passage. The result of that inquiry effectually established the following proposition,—That there existed in no part of the ancient church any tradition which connected the text in question with the Romish see; or which favoured the claims of the Papacy, even in their most moderate form. For (1) a surprising number of the Fathers offer no interpretation of that text whatever: (2) not a few of them expressly deny that our LORD on that occasion applied the word "Rock" to St. Peter *at all!* They interpret our LORD's words, (strangely enough,) of St. Peter's *faith*; or they declare plainly that the Rock spoken of is *CHRIST* The mere *silence* of many Fathers would have been enough to prove that there existed no ecclesiastical Tradition on the subject; but this express *denial* sets the question entirely at rest: (3) some are undecided, as Chrysostom,—who in one place says the Rock was "the faith of the confession;"^a and in two places implies that St. Peter was the Rock.^b (4) Those Fathers who consider, (with Pearson and the whole body of our best Divines,) that our SAVIOUR meant that *St. Peter* was the Rock on which He built his Church,—even they, *never* let fall a word, either directly or indirectly serving to identify St. Peter with the Church of Rome; or connecting the famous declaration which our LORD made to *him*, with the Bishop of the same see. Let me briefly establish what I have said.

^a Τουτέστι, τῇ πίστει τῆς ὁμολογίας. Opp. vii. 548.

^b Opp. ii. 300. vi. 124, 282.

Augustine, in his latest work,^a says that when he was a Presbyter he had on one occasion interpreted St. Matt. xvi. 18, as if the words meant that the Church was founded *upon St. Peter*: but since that, he had often interpreted “this rock” of CHRIST, and taught that the Church was founded *upon Him whom St. Peter had confessed*.^b—I am not defending Augustine for thus “retracting.” I humbly think, (in common with the most learned of English Divines,) that this eminent Father was mistaken in this particular. But I request you to attend to the deliberate dictum of Augustine,—the greatest of the Fathers,—shortly before the end of his episcopate in the year A.D. 430.

Only one other Patristic witness shall be quoted: but he is a most unexceptionable one, certainly. I allude to Gregory the Great, Bishop of Rome, A.D. 590–604. This writer explains that in his opinion *CHRIST* is the “Rock” spoken of in St. Matt. xvi. 18.^c He further declares that the words, “Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth,” &c., were addressed by our LORD *to the Universal Church*.^d

Such passages, coming from such a quarter, are really decisive of the question at issue: for how *could* Gregory, Bishop of Rome, be ignorant of the traditional interpretation of words which concerned his see so nearly, if any such traditional interpretation existed?—But I must add yet

^a *Retract.* Lib. I. c. 21. Vol. i. p. 32 B.

^b As in the following passage:—“Super hanc ergo, inquit, petram quam confessus es, ædificabo Ecclesiam meam. *Petra enim erat CHRISTUS, super quod fundamentum etiam ipse ædificatus est Petrus.* . . . Ecclesia ergo, quæ fundatur in CHRISTO, claves ab eo regni cælorum accepit in Petro.”—*Tract. in Joan.* cxxiv.

^c *Opera*, vol. iii. p. 532 A. Compare the following passage:—“In petrâ Moyses ponitur, ut DEI speciem contemplatur: quia nisi quis fidei soliditatem tenuerit, divinam præsentiam non agnoscit. *De quâ soliditate DOMINUS ait, ‘Super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam.’*”—*Opp.* i. 1149 B.

^d *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 387 E.

another extract from a more ancient and far more important witness, Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, A.D. 250. His testimony on this subject has been often quoted, but often quoted incorrectly. I shall give his words at length; and request you to attend to the very important circumstance that they are not thrown out incidentally; but that they embody a grave and deliberate opinion. The following passage is found in the midst of a Treatise on the very question at issue,—namely *On the Unity of the Church Catholic*. Cyprian's words are,—“The LORD is speaking to Peter. ‘I say unto thee,’ (saith He,) ‘that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in Heaven.’ He builds His Church upon one: and although, after His Resurrection, *He gives like power to all the Apostles*, and says, ‘As My FATHER hath sent Me, even so send I you. Receive yet the HOLY GHOST. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them: and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained,’—nevertheless, that he might make the Unity manifest, He ordained by His own authority the source of the same Unity, beginning from one. *What Peter was, that certainly the rest of the Apostles were also, endowed with an equal share of honour and power*; but the commencement sets out from Unity, in order that the Church might be set before us as one. . . . Doth he who holdeth not this Unity of the Church, believe that he holdeth the faith? Doth he who striveth against the Church, and resisteth her, flatter himself that he is in the Church?”*

* *De Cathol. Eccl. Unitat.* c. iii.—I have employed the text as recently established in the laborious edition of J. G. Krabinger, (a learned Romanist.)—Tubingæ, 1853. 8vo.

I am at a loss to see how a primitive Father could have spoken more plainly, or more emphatically, against the Romish claims. Nothing can well be imagined more simple, or more Scriptural, than Cyprian's view. He is insisting, (with St. Paul in a well-known place,—Eph. iv. 5,) on the *Oneness* of the Church; and appeals to "the origination of the Church, which was so disposed by CHRIST that the Unity might be expressed. For whereas all the rest of the Apostles had equal power and honour with St. Peter; yet CHRIST did particularly give that power to St. Peter, to shew the Unity of the Church which He intended to build upon the foundation of the Apostles."^a

If Cyprian had known anything of the modern Romish theory, how did it come to pass that he made no allusion to it on such an occasion as this?^b

Identically of the same opinion with Cyprian was Augustine; whose very interesting and instructive remarks on this subject, (Augustine being so considerable a Father), have been transferred in a note to the foot of the page.^c

^a Bp. Pearson on the *Creed*, Art. ix.

^b Cyprian in another place (Ep. xxvii.) gathers from the same text of St. Matthew not the Bishop of Rome's supremacy, but simply the *Doctrine of Episcopacy*; and Firmilian, (Bishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia,) addressing Cyprian in another epistle, (Ep. lxxv.) in the most striking manner infers from our LORD's words,—not Rome's supremacy, (of which indeed he speaks in terms the reverse of respectful,) but,—that the power of remitting sins was given "to the Apostles, and to the Churches which they founded, (being sent by CHRIST,) and to the Bishops who were their successors."

^c "Inter [apostolos] pene ubique solus Petrus, totius Ecclesiæ meruit gestare personam. Propter ipsam personam, quam totius Ecclesiæ solus gestabat, audere meruit, 'Tibi dabo claves regni Cœlorum.' Has enim claves non homo unus, sed unitas accepit Ecclesiæ. Hinc ergo Petri excellentia prædicatur, quia ipsius universitatis et unitatis Ecclesiæ figuram gessit, quando ei dictum est, 'Tibi trado, quod omnibus traditum est. Nam ut noveritis Ecclesiam accepisse claves regni cœlorum, audite in alio loco quod DOMINUS dicat

A careless reader with Romish predilections, would possibly carry away from a hasty perusal of the place, the notion that Augustine is there delivering something highly complimentary to the see of Rome ; and yet it is perfectly evident, both from the letter and from the spirit of the passage, as well as from its whole logical bearing, that *the Church of Rome* was not so much as in the learned writer's thoughts while he wrote. He meant what Cyprian meant, —and no other thing. Both Fathers require to be largely interpolated in order to bring out the proposed sectarian teaching, and to graft a modern corruption upon the ancient stock.

It is much to be noticed, however, that the foregoing passage of Cyprian is one of the very passages on which Romanists most rely in support of their claim. How have they proceeded? Why truly *by falsifying*, in the most unprincipled manner *Cyprian's text*. This subject is so important, and the passage in hand affords so apt an illustration of the controversial method of our opponents, as well as of the bad faith with which they habitually handle historical evidence, that I claim your attention for a few moments longer. Behold, then, the passage as it has been interpolated by those who make it their business to prove, in

omnibus Apostolis suis." (Then follows St. John xx. 22, 23.) "Hoc ad claves pertinet, de quibus dictum est, 'Quæ solveritis in—cælo.' Sed hoc Petri dixit. Ut scias quia Petrus universæ Ecclesiæ personam tunc gerebat, audi quid ipsi dicatur, quid omnibus fidelibus sanctis." (Then follows St. Matth. xviii. 15, &c.)

Augustine has much to the same effect, in his Commentary on St. John, *e. g.* "Si hoc Petro tantum dictum est, non facit hoc Ecclesia. . . . Si hoc in Ecclesiæ fit, Petrus quando claves accepit, Ecclesiam sanctam significavit." — *Tract.* 1. "Ei dicitur 'Tibi dabo claves regni cælorum,' tanquam ligandi et solvendi solus acceperit potentatem, cum et illud unus pro omnibus dixerit, et hoc cum omnibus tanquam personam gerens ipsius unitatis. Ideo, unus pro omnibus, quia unitas est in omnibus." — *Tract.* cxviii.

opposition to Scripture and to Fathers, "the necessity of one Head of the Church upon earth, and to show that the Bishop of Rome is that one Head by virtue of his succession from St. Peter."^a What follows is transcribed *verbatim* from the Benedictine edition of Cyprian's Works,—the spurious additions being indicated by italics and enclosed within brackets.

"Loquitur Dominus ad Petrum, Ego tibi dico," &c. [*Et iterum eidem post Resurrectionem suam dicit Pasce oves Meas.*] Super [*illum*] unum ædificat ecclesiam [*suam et illi pascendas mandat oves suas.*] Et quamvis Apostolis omnibus post Resurrectionem suam parem potestatem tribuat et dicat," &c. "tamen ut unitatem manifestaret, unitatis ejusdem originem ab uno incipientem suâ auctoritate disposuit. Hoc erant utique et cæteri Apostoli quod fuit Petrus pari consortio præditi, et honoris et potestatis, sed exordium ab unitate proficiscitur [*et primatus Petro datur*] ut [*una*] Christi ecclesia [*et cathedra*] una monstretur. [*Et pastores sunt omnes, et grex unus ostenditur, qui ab apostolis omnibus unanimi consensione pascatur, ut ecclesia Christi una monstretur.*] . . . Hanc ecclesiæ unitatem qui non tenet, tenere se fidem credit? Qui ecclesiæ renititur et resistit, [*qui cathedram Petri, super quem fundata est ecclesia, deserit,*] in ecclesiâ se esse confidit?" (pp. 194-5.)

You will, of course, exclaim, (and certainly with reason,) that I am making a large demand upon your good-nature when I invite you to receive my simple assurance of what the true text of Cyprian is, in opposition to the Benedictine editor of its works. Baluzius (you will say) was a man of candour and judgment; and his edition of Cyprian was the matured result of his experience and learning. Is it likely that he would have adopted a corrupt text of an important passage like this?

^a Bp. Pearson, *ubi suprâ*.

Please to listen to a plain tale.

Baluzius did nothing of the sort. He easily convinced himself of the highly corrupt state of the foregoing passage, and rejected it accordingly,—assigning his reasons for so doing, (quite overwhelming they are, be assured!) in his notes.* But before his edition of Cyprian could appear, Baluzius died, at the age of 88, in 1718. It was not until 1724 that Denis de Sainte Marthe, (Superior of the Benedictines of S. Maur,) put the sheet into the hands of a nameless monk of the same Order; and this anonymous gentleman, in 1726, produced, (as he himself informs us in his Preface,) the edition of Cyprian which passes as that of Baluzius. Not a few things in the last named learned writer's notes, this unknown Romanist altered: (he would have altered more, if he could have done it "commode," he says:^b) and page 195, which contains the passage under consideration, *he had the immorality, just before sending the volume forth to the world,^c to cancel: substituting for the text which Baluzius had deliberately adopted, the interpolated text of the older editions,^d which you have already seen; which Baluzius had rejected; and which the editor of his labours knew to be spurious ...* I trust I have

* See p. 545 of the (so-called) "Stephani Baluzii Notæ ad Cyprianum." The reasons were, that the bracketed matter (1) is not found in MSS. of Cyprian: (2) nor in the early printed editions: and (3) was unknown to the ancient bishops of Rome and others who expressly quoted this place in Cyprian.

^b "Quinetiam necesse fuit (!) in Baluzii Notis non pauca mutare, ac plura essent mutata, id si commode fieri potuisset."—*Ibid.*

^c This is proved by the statement in the Preface, p. x: also by an examination of the pagination of the notes. It will be perceived that *two leaves* (i. e. four pages) *were cancelled*. The pages which intervene between p. 542 and p. 551 bear *a double pagination*; showing that these sheets were tampered with after the work was completed.

^d "Reposita fuere in textu, propterea quod servata fuerunt in omnibus editionibus, quæ in Galliâ ab annis centum et quinquaginta prodierunt, etiam in Rigaltiana."—*Ibid.*

said enough. You may convince yourself of the accuracy of every word I have stated by reading p. i. and the beginning of p. x. of the Preface,—page 545 of the [garbled] Notes of Baluzius,—and by examining the inside edge of page 195 Verily, a cause which has to be supported by tricks of this disreputable nature, must be a very rotten cause indeed!

Only one word more before I conclude. Will you be surprised to hear me say, that after such an instance of bad faith as this,—(and it is but a specimen of the method of your new friends!),—I habitually distrust their citations? I desiderate a fresh collation of the text of the Fathers, (in all passages of a certain kind,) by men at least of common probity, if not of learning and candour. . . . And, with this, I finish.

Farewell, Sir. I will not delay you even while I make a summary of what has been offered. But I can and do assure you that, in my small way, I have laid before you, (hastily and imperfectly indeed, but not unadvisedly nor, as I think, with any material inaccuracy,) a body of evidence on the question, which you will find it very hard to dispose of. As Archbishop Laud said of the Jesuit, (not that I presume to compare myself to Laud, because I recall and venture to appropriate his quaint language:)—“He did but skip up and downe, and labour to pick a hole, here and there, where he thought he might fasten; and where it was too hard for him, let it alone. But I have gone thorough with him; and I hope, given him a full confutation, or at least such a bone to gnaw as may shake his teeth, if he look not to it.”*

Again farewell, Sir! You have ~~have~~ urged me to forsake the Church of England, and to seek admission into the Church of Rome. I have explained to you at considerable

* Laud's Letter to K. Charles I., prefixed to his *Relation of the Conference*, &c. 1639.

length why I cannot do so. I have done more. . . . "No man," (to adopt the noble language of Bramhall,) "can justly blame me for honouring my spiritual mother, the Church of England, in whose womb I was conceived, at whose breasts I was nourished, and in whose bosom I hope to die. Bees, by the instinct of nature, do love their hives, and birds their nests. But, God is my witness, that, according to my utmost talent and poor understanding, I have endeavoured to set down the naked truth impartially . . . And if I should mistake the right Catholic Church out of human frailty or ignorance, (which, for my part, I have no reason in the world to suspect; yet it is not impossible, when the Romanists themselves are divided into five or six several opinions, what this Catholic Church, or what their Infallible Judge is,) I do implicitly and in the preparation of my mind submit myself to the True Catholic Church, the Spouse of Christ, the Mother of the Saints, the Pillar of Truth. And seeing my adherence is firmer to the Infallible Rule of Faith, (that is, *the Holy Scriptures interpreted by the Catholic Church,*) than to mine own private judgment or opinions; although I should unwittingly fall into an error, yet this cordial submission is an implicit retractation thereof; and I am confident will be so accepted by the Father of Mercies, both from me and all others who seriously and sincerely do seek after peace and truth."

Your obedient servant.

Houghton Conquest,

7th Sept. 1861.

